



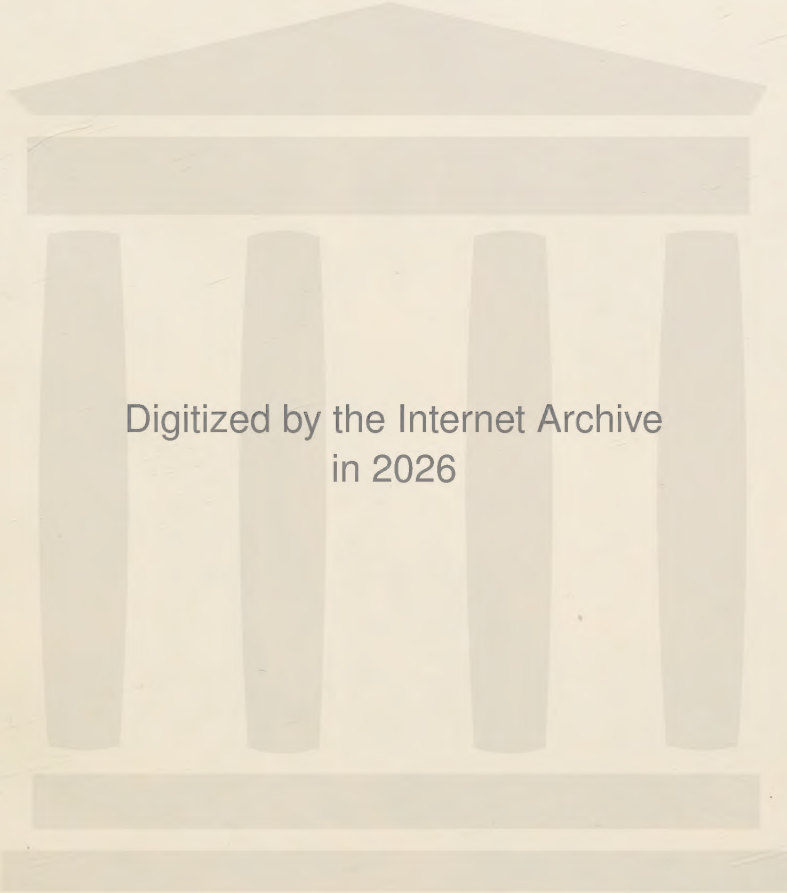
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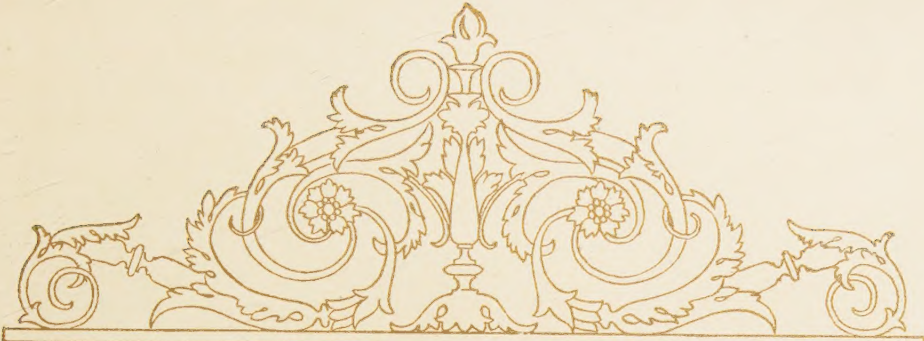
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DICTIONARY AND EXPLANATORY NOTES.

INTRODUCTIONS BY ANDREW LANG AND
DONALD G. MITCHELL (IK MARVEL)

COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY NATHAN HASKELL DOLE,
FORREST MORGAN, AND CAROLINE TICKNOR

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THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

SWEET AUBURN! loveliest village of the plain;
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, where every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.

No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries;
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the moldering wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay :
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made :
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man;
For him light labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more :
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose,
And every want to opulence allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brightened all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs — and God has given my share —
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,

Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose :
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw ;
And, as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return — and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
How happy he who crowns in shades like these
A youth of labor with an age of ease ;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly !
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep ;
Nor surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate ;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending Virtue's friend ;
Bends to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way ;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past !

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.
There, as I past with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below ;
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watchdog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind ; —
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
For all the bloomy flush of life is fled.
All but yon widowed, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring :

She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place;
Unpracticed he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain:
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds or tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;
And as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,

And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed:
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew:
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew:
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge:
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill;
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumphed is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the signpost caught the passing eye,

Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
 Where graybeard mirth and smiling toil retired,
 Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
 And news much older than their ale went round.
 Imagination fondly stoops to trace
 The parlor splendors of that festive place:
 The whitewashed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
 The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;
 The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
 A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
 The pictures placed for ornament and use,
 The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
 The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
 With aspen boughs and flowers and fennel gay;
 While broken teacups, wisely kept for show,
 Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Vain transitory splendors! could not all
 Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
 Obscure its sinks, nor shall it more impart
 An hour's importance to the poor man's heart.
 Thither no more the peasant shall repair
 To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
 No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
 No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
 No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
 Relax his ponderous strength, and learn to hear;
 The host himself no longer shall be found
 Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
 Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
 Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
 These simple blessings of the lowly train;
 To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
 One native charm, than all the gloss of art;
 Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play,
 The soul adopts, and owns their firstborn sway;
 Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
 Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.
 But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
 With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed,—
 In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
 The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
 And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
 The heart distrusting asks if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey



“Even children followed, with endearing wile”

The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds:
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robbed the neighboring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green:
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies;
While thus the land adorned for pleasure all
In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female unadorned and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slight every borrowed charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress.
Thus fares the land by luxury betrayed:
In Nature's simplest charms at first arrayed,
But verging to decline, its splendors rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourged by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band.
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms — a garden and a grave.

Where then, ah! where, shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits strayed
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And even the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped — what waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;

To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see those joys the sons of pleasure know
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies his sickly trade;
Here while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign
Here richly decked admits the gorgeous train:
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts? — Ah, turn thine eye
Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distress;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue, fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And, pinched with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, — thine, the loveliest train, —
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?

Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!

Ah, no! To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charmed before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods, where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crowned,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around,
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake,
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,

And savage men more murderous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only sheltered thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloomed that parting day,
That called them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked their last,
And took a long farewell, and wished in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main,
And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Returned and wept, and still returned to weep.
The good old sire the first prepared to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wished for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for her father's arms.
With louder complaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blest the cot where every pleasure rose,
And kissed her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly dear,
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigor not their own.
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
Till sapped their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

Even now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,

Downward they move, a melancholy band,
 Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
 Contented toil, and hospitable care,
 And kind connubial tenderness, are there;
 And piety with wishes placed above,
 And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
 And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
 Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
 Unfit in these degenerate times of shame
 To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
 Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
 My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
 Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
 That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
 Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
 Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well!
 Farewell, and O! where'er thy voice be tried,
 On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
 Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
 Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
 Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
 Redress the rigors of the inclement clime;
 Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain;
 Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain:
 Teach him that states of native strength possess,
 Though very poor, may still be very blest;
 That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
 As ocean sweeps the labored mole away;
 While self-dependent power can time defy,
 As rocks resist the billows and the sky.



PASSAGES FROM A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

BY LAURENCE STERNE.

[LAURENCE STERNE : An English novelist; born at Clonmel, Ireland, November 24, 1713; died at London, March 18, 1768. He was the great-grandson of Dr. Richard Sterne, archbishop of York, and after attending Jesus College, Cambridge, he was ordained a minister of the Church of England and received the living of Stillington, near Sutton. In January, 1760, he published two volumes of "Tristram Shandy," under the pen name of Yorick. The book took the public by storm, and Sterne was immediately ranked with the greatest novelists of the day. He was given the living of Coxwold by Lord Falconbridge, and was the eager and delighted recipient of all the honors that the English could bestow.

“Tristram Shandy” was completed in nine volumes (1760–1767), and steadily increased in popularity. He also published: “A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy” (1768), “The Sermons of Mr. Yorick” (1760), and “Letters to his Most Intimate Friends,” posthumous (1775).]

THE PULSE.

HAIL, ye small sweet courtesies of life, for smooth do ye make the road of it ; like grace and beauty, which beget inclinations to love at first sight : 'tis ye who open this door, and let the stranger in.

— Pray, Madame, said I, have the goodness to tell me which way I must turn to go to the *Opéra Comique*.

— Most willingly, Monsieur, said she, laying aside her work.

I had given a cast with my eye into half a dozen shops as I came along, in search of a face not likely to be disordered by such an interruption, till, at last, this hitting my fancy, I had walked in.

She was working a pair of ruffles as she sat on a low chair on the far side of the shop facing the door.

— *Très volontiers* ; most willingly, said she, laying her work down upon a chair next her, and rising up from the low chair she was sitting in, with so cheerful a movement and so cheerful a look, that, had I been laying out fifty louis d'or with her, I should have said — “This woman is grateful.”

You must turn, Monsieur, said she, going with me to the door of the shop, and pointing the way down the street I was to take, — you must turn first to your left hand, — *mais prenez garde*, — there are two turns ; and be so good as to take the second, — then go down a little way, and you'll see a church, and when you are past it, give yourself the trouble to turn directly to the right, and that will lead you to the foot of the *Pont-Neuf*, which you must cross, and there any one will do himself the pleasure to show you.

She repeated her instructions three times over to me, with the same good-natured patience the third time as the first ; — and if *tones and manners* have a meaning, which certainly they have, unless to hearts which shut them out, — she seemed really interested that I should not lose myself.

I will not suppose it was the woman's beauty, notwithstanding she was the handsomest *grisette*, I think, I ever saw, which had much to do with the sense I had of her courtesy ; only I

remember, when I told her how much I was obliged to her, that I looked very full in her eyes, — and that I repeated my thanks as often as she had done her instructions.

I had not got ten paces from the door, before I found I had forgot every tittle of what she had said : — so looking back, and seeing her still standing in the door of her shop, as if to look whether I went right or not, — I returned back, to ask her whether the first turn was to my right or left, for that I had absolutely forgot. — Is it possible ? said she, half laughing. — 'Tis very possible, replied I, when a man is thinking more of a woman than of her good advice.

As this was the real truth, she took it, as every woman takes a matter of right, with a slight courtesy.

— *Attendez*, said she, laying her hand upon my arm to detain me, whilst she called a lad out of the back shop to get ready a parcel of gloves. I am just going to send him, said she, with a packet into that quarter ; and if you will have the complaisance to step in, it will be ready in a moment, and he shall attend you to the place. So I walked in with her to the far side of the shop ; and taking up the ruffle in my hands which she laid upon the chair, as if I had a mind to sit, she sat down herself in her low chair, and I instantly sat myself down beside her.

— He will be ready, Monsieur, said she, in a moment. — And in that moment, replied I, most willingly would I say something very civil to you for all these courtesies. Any one may do a casual act of good nature, but a continuation of them shows it is a part of the temperature ; and certainly, added I, if it is the same blood which comes from the heart, which descends to the extremes (touching her wrist), I am sure you must have one of the best pulses of any woman in the world. — Feel it, said she, holding out her arm. So, laying down my hat, I took hold of her fingers in one hand, and applied the two fore-fingers of my other to the artery.

Would to Heaven ! my dear Eugenius, thou hadst passed by, and beheld me sitting in my black coat, and in my lackadaisical manner, counting the throbs of it, one by one, with as much true devotion as if I had been watching the critical ebb or flow of her fever ! How wouldst thou have laughed and moralized upon my new profession ! — and thou shouldst have laughed and moralized on. — Trust me, my dear Eugenius, I should have said, “there are worse occupations in this world

than feeling a woman's pulse." — But a *grisette's* ! thou wouldst have said, — and in an open shop, Yorick !

— So much the better : for when my views are direct, Eugenius, I care not if all the world saw me feel it.

THE HUSBAND.

I had counted twenty pulsations, and was going on fast towards the fortieth, when her husband, coming unexpectedly from a back parlor into the shop, put me a little out of my reckoning. — 'Twas nobody but her husband, she said — so I began a fresh score. — Monsieur is so good, quoth she, as he passed by us, as to give himself the trouble of feeling my pulse. — The husband took off his hat, and, making me a bow, said, I did him too much honor ; and having said that, he put on his hat and walked out.

Good God ! said I to myself, as he went out, — and can this man be the husband of this woman ?

Let it not torment the few who know what must have been the grounds of this exclamation, if I explain it to those who do not.

In London, a shopkeeper and a shopkeeper's wife seem to be one bone and one flesh. In the several endowments of mind and body, sometimes the one, and sometimes the other, has it, so as in general to be upon a par, and to tally with each other as nearly as a man and wife need to do.

In Paris, there are scarce two orders of beings more different ; for the legislative and executive powers of the shop not resting in the husband, he seldom comes there : — in some dark and dismal room behind, he sits commerceless in his thrum nightcap, the same rough son of Nature that Nature left him.

The genius of a people where nothing but the monarchy is *salique* having ceded this department, with sundry others, totally to the women — by a continual higgling with customers of all ranks and sizes from morning to night, like so many rough pebbles shook long together in a bag, by amicable collisions, they have worn down their asperities and sharp angles, and not only become round and smooth, but will receive, some of them, a polish like a brilliant — Monsieur *le Mari* is little better than the stone under your foot.

— Surely, — surely, man ! it is not good for thee to sit alone, thou wast made for social intercourse and gentle greet-

ings; and this improvement of our natures from it, I appeal to, as my evidence.

— And how does it beat, Monsieur? said she. — With all the benignity, said I, looking quietly in her eyes, that I expected. — She was going to say something civil in return, but the lad came into the shop with the gloves. — *À propos*, said I, I want a couple of pairs myself.

THE GLOVES.

The beautiful *grisette* rose up when I said this, and, going behind the counter, reached down a parcel, and untied it: I advanced to the side over against her: they were all too large. The beautiful *grisette* measured them one by one across my hand, — it would not alter the dimensions. — She begged I would try a single pair, which seemed to be the least. — She held it open; — my hand slipped into it at once. — It will not do, said I, shaking my head a little. — No, said she, doing the same thing.

There are certain combined looks of simple subtlety, — where whim, and sense, and seriousness, and nonsense, are so blended, that all the languages of Babel let loose together could not express them — they are communicated and caught so instantaneously that you can scarce say which party is the infector. I leave it to your men of words to swell pages about it, — it is enough in the present to say, again, the gloves would not do; so, folding our hands within our arms, we both lolled upon the counter; — it was narrow, and there was just room for the parcel to lie between us.

The beautiful *grisette* looked sometimes at the gloves, — then sideways to the window, then at the gloves, — and then at me. I was not disposed to break silence; — I followed her example: so I looked at the gloves, then to the window, then at the gloves, and then at her — and so on alternately.

I found I lost considerably in every attack: — she had a quick black eye, and shot through two such long and silken eyelashes with such penetration that she looked into my very heart and veins. — It may seem strange, but I could actually feel she did.

— It is no matter, said I, taking up a couple of the pairs next me, and putting them into my pocket.

I was sensible the beautiful *grisette* had not asked a single

livre above the price. I wished she had asked a livre more, and was puzzling my brains how to bring the matter about. — Do you think, my dear sir, said she, mistaking my embarrassment, that I could ask a sous too much of a stranger — and of a stranger whose politeness, more than his want of gloves, has done me the honor to lay himself at my mercy? — *Men croyez-vous capable?* — Faith! not I, said I; and if you were, you are welcome. So, counting the money into her hand, and with a lower bow than one generally makes to a shopkeeper's wife, I went out; and her lad with his parcel followed me.



FOOTE'S JESTS.

[SAMUEL FOOTE, English dramatist and actor, was born at Truro, Cornwall, in 1720. After squandering a small fortune in London, he turned to the stage as a means of support and made an unsuccessful début in "Othello." In 1747, however, in a small theater in the Haymarket, he began to give a series of farces and variety entertainments, including imitations of the principal actors and other celebrities of the day, and at once found himself famous. He wrote over twenty dramatic pieces, of which the best are: "An Auction of Pictures," "The Liar," "The Minor," "The Nabob," and "The Mayor of Garratt." He died at Dover, October 21, 1777.]

IRISH HOSPITALITY.

FOOTE praising the hospitalities of the Irish, after one of his trips from the sister kingdom, a gentleman present asked him whether he had ever been in *Cork*. "No, sir," said he, quickly, "but I have seen a great many drawings of it."

DR. KENRICK.

One of the performers, coming up to Foote in the green room, with a long face, said he had just heard that Dr. Kenrick was going to give a public critique on his last new comedy of "The Cozeners at Marybone Gardens." "Is he so?" said Foote: "well, let the doctor take care of the fate of our first parents, a fall in the garden."

DINING BADLY.

Foote, returning from dining with a lord of the admiralty, was met by a friend, who asked him what sort of a day he had had. "Very indifferent indeed: bad company and a worse dinner." "I wonder at that," said the other, "as I thought the

admiral a good jolly fellow." "Why, as to that, he may be a good sea-lord, but take it from me, he is a very bad land-lord."

THE POINT OF FEMALE BEAUTY.

Being asked at what time of life he thought female beauty began to decline, he replied: "Woman is to be counted like a game of piquet: twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight, twenty-nine, — sixty!"

TREES IN SCOTLAND.

On his return from Scotland, being asked by a lady whether there was any truth in the report that there were no trees in Scotland, "A very malicious report indeed, my lady," said he; "for, just as I was crossing Port Patrick to Donaghadee, I saw two blackbirds perched on *as fine a thistle* as ever I saw in my life."

IRISH HUMOR.

Foote always acknowledged the humor and naïveté of the Irish, and gave many instances of it in the course of his convivial hours. One frosty day, he said, as he was crossing the ferry near Dublin, a passenger was put into the boat quite drunk, who was at first very ungovernable. This occasioned many remarks. One said "how beastly drunk he was;" another, "that he ought to be thrown overboard," etc. At last, the boatman, looking at him, seemingly with an eye of compassion, exclaimed: "Why, to be sure, good people, the man is bad enough; but, bad as he is, I wish I had half his disorder about me."

FEMALE ROBBERY.

A lady of fashion having suddenly eloped to avoid her creditors, a circle of her former friends were, as usual, sitting in judgment on her character, and relating different anecdotes which fell within their respective knowledge. Among the rest, Lady Betty D—— was violently severe against her, for robbing her ladyship of a fine new set of teeth, which she borrowed of her for the feigned purpose of getting a new set like them. "Nay," said Foote, "now, Lady Betty, that's no such great matter after all." "What! no great matter, sir, to rob me of my teeth?" "Why, no, I really think not; for, at the worst, you know it was only biting the biter."

WALTER ROSS.

Foote having occasion for the testimony of Walter Ross, of Edinburgh, in some theatrical lawsuit, the latter (who was a Scotchman) traveled all the way up to town in a post chaise under the character of writer to the signet, for which he charged Foote the whole of his expenses.

The cause, when it came to a hearing, was determined against Foote, and, as it was then said, on the incompetency of the evidence of Ross, which created some little coolness between the parties. Friends, however, interfering, they were reconciled, and dined together the day before Ross went out of town; during which meeting Foote asked him, in the course of conversation, how he intended to travel back. "On foot," said the wag, taking him in his own way. "I am heartily sorry for that," said the other, "as I know of no man who more richly deserves horsing."

BARON NEWMAN.

This celebrated gambler (well known about town thirty years ago by the title of the "left-handed Baron") being detected, in the rooms at Bath, in the act of secreting a card, the company, in the warmth of their resentment, threw him out of the window of a one-pair-of-stairs room, where they were playing. The Baron, meeting Foote some time afterwards, loudly complained of this usage, and asked him what he should do to repair his injured honor. "Do!" said the wit, "why, 'tis a plain case; never play so high again as long as you live."

THE FARO BANK.

A gentleman having lost his money at a faro bank, where he suspected the lady of the house, he communicated his suspicions to Foote; who comforted him by saying, "that he might depend upon it, 'twas all *fair* play."

APOLOGY FOR ABSENCE.

A conceited young man asking Foote what apology he should make for not being one of the party the day before to which he had a card of invitation, "Oh, my dear sir!" replied the wit, "say nothing about it; you were never missed."

ARCHIBALD HAMILTON.

Somebody praising Mr. Hamilton as a well-read man, Foote said he did not see much of that about him. "I grant you, he reads a great many proofs; but there are no proofs of his reading."

GARRICK'S PARSIMONY.

Foote and Garrick supping together at the Bedford, the former, in pulling out his purse to pay the reckoning, dropped a guinea, which rolled in such a direction that they could not readily find it. "Where the deuce," says Foote, "can it be gone to?" "Gone to the devil, I suppose," said Garrick. "Well said, David, you are always what I took you for: ever contriving to make a guinea go farther than any other man."

PERSONATION.

On the morning before he set out for Dover, an old performer belonging to the Haymarket Theater called to take leave of him. "Well," said Foote, "what's the matter with you this morning, you look so ruefully?" "Why, I don't know how it is, but I find I'm not myself to-day." "No! then I heartily wish you joy; for though I don't know who you are now, you must certainly be a gainer by the change."

DR. PAUL HIFFERMAN.

Paul was fond of laying, or rather offering, wagers. One day, in the heat of argument, he cried out, "I'll lay my head you are wrong upon that point." "Well," said Foote, "I accept the wager; any trifle among friends has a value."

THE DANGER OF FEMALE BEAUTY.

A white horse and a beautiful woman, Foote said, were two troublesome things to manage: as the first was difficult to be kept clean; and the second, honest.

GARRICK'S LOVE OF MONEY.

Foote, showing a house which he had newly fitted up to some friends, in passing through his bedchamber one of the company observed a small Roman bust of Garrick on the bureau, at which he smiled. "I don't wonder," said Foote, "you should laugh at me for allowing him to be so near my gold; but then please to observe he has no hands."



BOSWELL, JOHNSON, AND GOLDSMITH

REMINISCENCES OF DR. JOHNSON.

By JAMES BOSWELL.

[JAMES BOSWELL, celebrated as the friend and biographer of Dr. Johnson, was born at Edinburgh, October 29, 1740, the son of a judge of the Scottish Court of Session, and styled Lord Auchinleck. After studying law at the Scottish universities, he spent some time in continental travel, and met Voltaire, Rousseau, Paoli, the Corsican patriot, and other eminent men. In 1773 he accompanied Dr. Johnson, to whom he had been introduced ten years before, on a tour to the Hebrides, and became a member of the famous Literary Club. This select society of writers was instituted by Johnson, and included among its members Burke, Goldsmith, Reynolds, and Garrick. Boswell subsequently settled in London and was admitted to the English bar (1786). His death, which occurred May 19, 1795, was indirectly due to intemperance. Boswell's "Life of Johnson" (1791) had an immense success at the time of its publication, and is generally admitted to be the greatest biography in the English language. Other works by the same author are: "Journal of the Tour to the Hebrides," "An Account of Corsica," various political pamphlets, etc.]

In the spring of this year [1768], having published my "Account of Corsica, with the Journal of a Tour to that Island," I returned to London, very desirous to see Dr. Johnson, and hear him upon the subject. I found he was at Oxford, with his friend Mr. Chambers, who was now Vinerian Professor, and lived in New Inn Hall. Having had no letter from him since that in which he criticised the Latinity of my Thesis, and having been told by somebody that he was offended at my having put into my book an extract of his letter to me at Paris, I was impatient to be with him, and therefore followed him to Oxford, where I was entertained by Mr. Chambers, with a civility which I shall ever gratefully remember. I found that Dr. Johnson had sent a letter to me to Scotland, and that I had nothing to complain of but his being more indifferent to my anxiety than I wished him to be. Instead of giving, with the circumstances of time and place, such fragments of his conversation as I preserved during this visit to Oxford, I shall throw them together in continuation.

I asked him whether, as a moralist, he did not think that the practice of the law, in some degree, hurt the nice feeling of honesty. *Johnson*—"Why no, Sir, if you act properly. You are not to deceive your clients with false representations of your opinion; you are not to tell lies to a judge." *Boswell*—"But what do you think of supporting a cause which you know to be bad?" *Johnson*—"Sir, you do not know it to be good

or bad till the judge determines it. I have said that you are to state facts fairly; so that your thinking, or what you call knowing, a cause to be bad must be from reasoning, must be from your supposing your arguments to be weak and inconclusive. But, Sir, that is not enough. An argument which does not convince yourself may convince the judge to whom you urge it; and if it does convince him, why, then, sir, you are wrong, and he is right. It is his business to judge; and you are not to be confident in your own opinion that a cause is bad, but to say all you can for your client, and then hear the judge's opinion." *Boswell* — "But, Sir, does not affecting a warmth when you have no warmth, and appearing to be clearly of one opinion when you are in reality of another opinion, does not such dissimulation impair one's honesty? Is there not some danger that a lawyer may put on the same mask in common life in the intercourse with his friends?" *Johnson* — "Why no, Sir. Everybody knows you are paid for affecting warmth for your client; and it is, therefore, properly no dissimulation: the moment you come from the bar you resume your usual behavior. Sir, a man will no more carry the artifice of the bar into the common intercourse of society, than a man who is paid for tumbling upon his hands will continue to tumble upon his hands when he should walk on his feet."

Talking of some of the modern plays, he said, "False Delicacy" was totally void of character. He praised Goldsmith's "Good-natured Man"; said it was the best comedy that had appeared since "The Provoked Husband," and that there had not been of late any such character exhibited on the stage as that of Croaker. I observed it was the *Suspicious* of his *Rambler*. He said, Goldsmith had owned he had borrowed it from thence. "Sir," continued he, "there is all the difference in the world between characters of nature and characters of manners; and *there* is the difference between the characters of Fielding and those of Richardson. Characters of manners are very entertaining; but they are to be understood by a more superficial observer than characters of nature, where a man must dive into the recesses of the human heart."

It always appeared to me that he estimated the compositions of Richardson too highly, and that he had an unreasonable prejudice against Fielding. In comparing those two writers he used this expression: "That there was as great a difference between them as between a man who knew how a watch was made and

a man who could tell the hour by looking on the dial plate." This was a short and figurative state of his distinction between drawing characters of nature and characters only of manners. But I cannot help being of opinion that the neat watches of Fielding are as well constructed as the large clocks of Richardson, and that his dial plates are brighter. Fielding's characters, though they do not expand themselves so widely in dissertation, are as just pictures of human nature, and, I will venture to say, have more striking features, and nicer touches of the pencil; and though Johnson used to quote with approbation a saying of Richardson's, "That the virtues of Fielding's heroes were the vices of a truly good man," I will venture to add that the moral tendency of Fielding's writings, though it does not encourage a strained and rarely possible virtue, is ever favorable to honor and honesty, and cherishes the benevolent and generous affections. He who is as good as Fielding would make him is an amiable member of society, and may be led on by more regulated instructors to a higher state of ethical perfection.

Johnson proceeded: "Even Sir Francis Wronghead is a character of manners, though drawn with great good humor." He then repeated, very happily, all Sir Francis' credulous account to Manly of his being with "the great man" and securing a place. I asked him if "The Suspicious Husband" did not furnish a well-drawn character, that of Ranger. *Johnson* — "No, Sir; Ranger is just a rake, a mere rake, and a lively young fellow, but no *character*."

The great Douglas cause was at this time a very general subject of discussion. I found he had not studied it with much attention, but had only heard parts of it occasionally. He, however, talked of it, and said, "I am of opinion that positive proof of fraud should not be required of the plaintiff, but that the judges should decide according as probability shall appear to preponderate, granting to the defendant the presumption of filiation to be strong in his favor. And I think, too, that a good deal of weight should be allowed to the dying declarations, because they were spontaneous. There is a great difference between what is said without our being urged to it, and what is said from a kind of compulsion. If I praise a man's book without being asked my opinion of it, that is honest praise, to which one may trust. But if an author asks me if I like his book, and I give him something like praise, it must not be taken as my real opinion."

"I have not been troubled for a long time with authors desiring my opinion of their works. I used once to be sadly plagued with a man who wrote verses, but who literally had no other notion of a verse but that it consisted of ten syllables. *Lay your knife and your fork across your plate* was to him a verse : —

"Lay yōur knife ānd your fōrk acrōss your plāte.

As he wrote a good number of verses, he sometimes by chance made good ones, though he did not know it."

He renewed his promise of coming to Scotland and going with me to the Hebrides, but said he would now content himself with seeing one or two of the most curious of them. He said, "Macaulay, who writes the account of St. Kilda, set out with a prejudice against prejudice, and wanted to be a smart modern thinker ; and yet affirms for a truth that when a ship arrives there all the inhabitants are seized with a cold."

Dr. John Campbell, the celebrated writer, took a great deal of pains to ascertain this fact, and attempted to account for it on physical principles, from the effect of effluvia from human bodies. Johnson at another time praised Macaulay for his "*magnanimity*" in asserting this wonderful story, because it was well attested. A lady of Norfolk, by a letter to my friend Dr. Burney, has favored me with the following solution : —

Now for the explication of this seeming mystery, which is so very obvious as, for the reason, to have escaped the penetration of Dr. Johnson and his friend, as well as that of the author. Reading the book with my ingenious friend, the late Reverend Mr. Christian, of Dorking — after ruminating a little, "The cause," said he, "is a natural one. The situation of St. Kilda renders a northeast wind indispensably necessary before a stranger can land. The wind, not the stranger, occasions an epidemic cold." If I am not mistaken, Mr. Macaulay is dead ; if living, this solution might please him, as I hope it will Mr. Boswell, in return for the many agreeable hours his works have afforded us.

Johnson expatiated on the advantages of Oxford for learning. "There is here, Sir," said he, "such a progressive emulation. The students are anxious to appear well to their tutors ; the tutors are anxious to have their pupils appear well in the college ; the colleges are anxious to have their students appear well in the university ; and there are excellent rules of disci-

pline in every college. That the rules are sometimes ill observed may be true, but is nothing against the system. The members of an University may, for a season, be unmindful of their duty. I am arguing for the excellency of the institution."

Of Guthrie, he said, "Sir, he is a man of parts. He has no great regular fund of knowledge; but by reading so long, and writing so long, he no doubt has picked up a good deal."

He said he had lately been a long while at Lichfield, but he had grown very weary before he left it. *Boswell* — "I wonder at that, Sir; it is your native place." *Johnson* — "Why, so is Scotland *your* native place."

His prejudice against Scotland appeared remarkably strong at this time. When I talked of our advancement in literature, "Sir," said he, "you have learnt a little from us, and you think yourselves very great men. Hume would never have written History, had not Voltaire written it before him. He is an echo of Voltaire." *Boswell* — "But, Sir, we have Lord Kames." *Johnson* — "You *have* Lord Kames. Keep him; ha, ha, ha! We don't envy you him. Do you ever see Dr. Robertson?" *Boswell* — "Yes, Sir." *Johnson* — "Does the dog talk of me?" *Boswell* — "Indeed, Sir, he does, and loves you." Thinking that I now had him in a corner, and being solicitous for the literary fame of my country, I pressed him for his opinion on the merit of Dr. Robertson's "History of Scotland." But to my surprise, he escaped. "Sir, I love Robertson, and I won't talk of his book."

It is but justice both to him and Dr. Robertson to add that, though he indulged himself in this sally of wit, he had too good taste not to be fully sensible of the merits of that admirable work.

An essay, written by Mr. Deane, a Divine of the Church of England, maintaining the future life of brutes, by an explication of certain parts of the Scriptures, was mentioned, and the doctrine insisted on by a gentleman who seemed fond of curious speculation — Johnson, who did not like to hear anything concerning a future state which was not authorized by the regular canons of orthodoxy, discouraged this talk; and being offended at its continuation, he watched an opportunity to give the gentleman a blow of reprehension. So, when the poor speculatist, with a serious, metaphysical, pensive face, addressed him, "But really, Sir, when we see a very sensible dog, we don't know what to think of him." Johnson, rolling

with joy at the thought which beamed in his eye, turned quickly round, and replied, "True, Sir; and when we see a very foolish *fellow*, we don't know what to think of *him*." He then rose up, strided to the fire, and stood for some time laughing and exulting.

I told him that I had several times, when in Italy, seen the experiment of placing a scorpion within a circle of burning coals; that it ran round and round in extreme pain, and finding no way to escape, retired to the center, and like a true stoic philosopher darted its sting into its head, and thus at once freed itself from its woes. "*This must end 'em*." I said this was a curious fact, as it showed deliberate suicide in a reptile. Johnson would not admit the fact. He said Maupertuis was of opinion that it does not kill itself, but dies of the heat; that it gets to the center of the circle, as the coolest place; that its turning its tail in upon its head is merely a convulsion, and that it does not sting itself. He said he would be satisfied if the great anatomist Morgagni, after dissecting a scorpion on which the experiment had been tried, should certify that its sting had penetrated into its head.

He seemed pleased to talk of natural philosophy. "That woodcocks," said he, "fly over the northern countries is proved, because they have been observed at sea. Swallows certainly sleep all the winter. A number of them conglobulate together, by flying round and round, and then all in a heap throw themselves under water, and lie in the bed of a river." He told us one of his first essays was a Latin poem upon the glowworm; I am sorry I did not ask where it was to be found.

Talking of the Russians and the Chinese, he advised me to read Bell's "Travels." I asked him whether I should read Du Halde's "Account of China." "Why, yes," said he, "as one reads such a book; that is to say, consult it." . . .

A gentleman talked to him of a lady whom he greatly admired and wished to marry, but was afraid of her superiority of talents. "Sir," said he, "you need not be afraid; marry her. Before a year goes about, you'll find that reason much weaker, and that wit not so bright." Yet the gentleman may be justified in his apprehension by one of Dr. Johnson's admirable sentences in his life of Waller: "He doubtless praised many whom he would have been afraid to marry; and, perhaps, married one whom he would have been ashamed to praise. Many qualities contribute to domestic happiness, upon

which poetry has no colors to bestow : and many airs and sallies may delight imagination, which he who flatters them never can approve."

He praised Signor Baretti. "His account of Italy is a very entertaining book ; and, Sir, I know no man who carries his head higher in conversation than Baretti. There are strong powers in his mind. He has not, indeed, many hooks ; but with what hooks he has, he grapples very forcibly." . . .

Upon his arrival in London, in May, he surprised me one morning with a visit at my lodging in Half-moon Street, was quite satisfied with my explanation, and was in the kindest and most agreeable frame of mind. As he had objected to a part of one of his letters being published, I thought it right to take this opportunity of asking him explicitly whether it would be improper to publish his letters after his death. His answer was, "Nay, Sir, when I am dead, you may do as you will."

He talked in his usual style with a rough contempt of popular liberty. "They make a rout about *universal* liberty, without considering that all that is to be valued, or indeed can be enjoyed by individuals, is *private* liberty. Political liberty is good only so far as it produces private liberty. Now, Sir, there is the liberty of the press, which you know is a constant topic. Suppose you and I and two hundred more were restrained from printing our thoughts ; what then ? What proportion would that restraint upon us bear to the private happiness of the nation ?"

This mode of representing the inconveniences of restraint as light and insignificant was a kind of sophistry in which he delighted to indulge himself, in opposition to the extreme laxity for which it has been fashionable for too many to argue, when it is evident, upon reflection, that the very essence of government is restraint ; and certain it is that as government produces rational happiness, too much restraint is better than too little. But when restraint is unnecessary, and so close as to gall those who are subject to it, the people may and ought to remonstrate ; and, if relief is not granted, to resist. Of this manly and spirited principle, no man was more convinced than Johnson himself. . . .

Swift having been mentioned, Johnson, as usual, treated him with little respect as an author. Some of us endeavored to support the Dean of St. Patrick's by various arguments.

One in particular praised his "Conduct of the Allies." *Johnson*—"Sir, his 'Conduct of the Allies' is a performance of very little ability." "Surely, Sir," said Dr. Douglas, "you must allow it has strong facts." *Johnson*—"Why, yes, Sir; but what is that to the merit of the composition? In the Sessions paper of the Old Bailey there are strong facts. House-breaking is a strong fact; robbery is a strong fact; and murder is a *mighty* strong fact: but is great praise due to the historian of those strong facts? No, Sir, Swift has told what he had to tell distinctly enough, but that is all. He had to count ten, and he has counted it right."—Then recollecting that Mr. Davies, by acting as an *informer*, had been the occasion of his talking somewhat too harshly to his friend Dr. Percy, for which, probably, when the first ebullition was over, he felt some compunction, he took an opportunity to give him a hit: so added, with a preparatory laugh, "Why, Sir, Tom Davies might have written the 'Conduct of the Allies.'" Poor Tom being thus dragged into ludicrous notice in presence of the Scottish Doctors, to whom he was ambitious of appearing to advantage, was grievously mortified. Nor did his punishment rest here; for upon subsequent occasions, whenever he, "statesman all o'er," assumed a strutting importance, I used to hail him,—"*The Author of the 'Conduct of the Allies.'*"

When I called upon Dr. Johnson next morning, I found him highly satisfied with his colloquial prowess the preceding evening. "Well," said he, "we had good talk." *Boswell*—"Yes, Sir, you tossed and gored several persons."

The late Alexander Earl of Eglintoune, who loved wit more than wine, and men of genius more than sycophants, had a great admiration of Johnson; but from the remarkable elegance of his own manners was, perhaps, too delicately sensible of the roughness which sometimes appeared in Johnson's behavior. One evening about this time, when his lordship did me the honor to sup at my lodgings with Dr. Robertson and several other men of literary distinction, he regretted that Johnson had not been educated with more refinement, and lived more in polished society. "No, no, my Lord," said Signor Baretta, "do with him what you would, he would always have been a bear." "True," answered the Earl, with a smile, "but he would have been a *dancing* bear."

To obviate all the reflections which have gone round the world to Johnson's prejudice by applying to him the epithet of

a bear, let me impress upon my readers a just and happy saying of my friend Goldsmith, who knew him well : "Johnson, to be sure, has a roughness in his manner ; but no man alive has a more tender heart. *He has nothing of the bear but his skin.*" . . .

I told him that David Hume had made a short collection of Scotticisms. "I wonder," said Johnson, "that *he* should find them."

He would not admit the importance of the question concerning the legality of general warrants. "Such a power," he observed, "must be vested in every government to answer particular cases of necessity ; and there can be no just complaint but when it is abused, for which those who administer government must be answerable. It is a matter of such indifference, a matter about which the people care so very little, that were a man to be sent over Britain to offer them an exemption from it at a halfpenny apiece, very few would purchase it." This was a specimen of that laxity of talking which I had heard him fairly acknowledge ; for, surely, while the power of granting general warrants was supposed to be legal, and the apprehension of them hung over our heads, we did not possess that security of freedom congenial to our happy constitution, and which, by the intrepid exertions of Mr. Wilkes, has been happily established.

He said, "The duration of Parliament, whether for seven years or the life of the King, appears to me so immaterial that I would not give half a crown to turn the scale one way or the other. The *habeas corpus* is the single advantage which our government has over that of other countries."

On the 30th of September we dined together at the Mitre. I attempted to argue for the superior happiness of the savage life, upon the usual fanciful topics. Johnson — "Sir, there can be nothing more false. The savages have no bodily advantages beyond those of civilized men. They have not better health ; and as to care or mental uneasiness, they are not above it, but below it, like bears. No, Sir ; you are not to talk such paradox : let me have no more on't. It cannot entertain, far less can it instruct. Lord Monboddo, one of your Scotch judges, talked a great deal of such nonsense. I suffered *him*, but I will not suffer *you*." Boswell — "But, Sir, does not Rousseau talk such nonsense ?" Johnson — "True, Sir ; but Rousseau *knows* he is talking nonsense, and laughs at the world for staring at

him." *Boswell* — "How so, Sir?" *Johnson* — "Why, Sir, a man who talks nonsense so well, must know that he is talking nonsense. But I am *afraid* (chuckling and laughing) Monboddo does *not* know that he is talking nonsense." *Boswell* — "Is it wrong then, Sir, to affect singularity in order to make people stare?" *Johnson* — "Yes, if you do it by propagating error; and, indeed, it is wrong in any way. There is in human nature a general inclination to make people stare; and every wise man has himself to cure of it, and does cure himself. If you wish to make people stare by doing better than others, why, make them stare till they stare their eyes out. But consider how easy it is to make people stare by being absurd. I may do it by going into a drawing-room without my shoes. You remember the gentleman in *The Spectator* who had a commission of lunacy taken out against him for his extreme singularity, such as never wearing a wig, but a nightcap. Now, Sir, abstractedly, the nightcap was best; but, relatively, the advantage was overbalanced by his making the boys run after him."

Talking of a London life, he said, "The happiness of London is not to be conceived but by those who have been in it. I will venture to say there is more learning and science within the circumference of ten miles from where we now sit than in all the rest of the kingdom." *Boswell* — "The only disadvantage is the great distance at which people live from one another." *Johnson* — "Yes, Sir; but that is occasioned by the largeness of it, which is the cause of all the other advantages." *Boswell* — "Sometimes I have been in the humor of wishing to retire to a desert." *Johnson* — "Sir, you have desert enough in Scotland."

Although I had promised myself a great deal of instructive conversation with him on the conduct of the married state, of which I had then a near prospect, he did not say much upon that topic. Mr. Seward heard him once say that "a man has a very bad chance for happiness in that state, unless he marries a woman of very strong and fixed principles of religion." He maintained to me, contrary to the common notion, that a woman would not be the worse wife for being learned; in which, from all that I have observed of *Artemisia*, I humbly differed from him. That a woman should be sensible and well informed, I allow to be a great advantage, and think that Sir Thomas Overbury, in his rude versification, has very judiciously pointed

out that degree of intelligence which is to be desired in a female companion : —

Give me, next *good*, an *understanding wife*,
By Nature *wise*, not *learned* by much art;
Some *knowledge* on her side with all my life
More scope of conversation impart;
Besides, her inborne virtue fortifie;
They are most firmly good, who best know why.

When I censured a gentleman of my acquaintance for marrying a second time, as it showed a disregard of his first wife, he said, “Not at all, Sir. On the contrary, were he not to marry again, it might be concluded that his first wife had given him a disgust to marriage; but by taking a second wife he pays the highest compliment to the first by showing that she made him so happy, as a married man, that he wishes to be so a second time.” So ingenious a turn did he give to this delicate question. And yet, on another occasion, he owned that he once had almost asked a promise of Mrs. Johnson that she would not marry again, but had checked himself. Indeed, I cannot help thinking that in his case the request would have been unreasonable; for if Mrs. Johnson forgot, or thought it no injury to the memory of her first love, — the husband of her youth and the father of her children, — to make a second marriage, why should she be precluded from a third, should she be so inclined? In Johnson’s persevering fond appropriation of his *Tetty*, even after her decease, he seems totally to have overlooked the prior claim of the honest Birmingham trader. I presume that her having been married before had, at times, given him some uneasiness; for I remember his observing upon the marriage of one of our common friends, “He has done a very foolish thing; he has married a widow, when he might have had a maid.”

We drank tea with Mrs. Williams. I had last year the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Thrale at Dr. Johnson’s one morning, and had conversation enough with her to admire her talents, and to show her that I was as Johnsonian as herself. Dr. Johnson had probably been kind enough to speak well of me, for this evening he delivered me a very polite card from Mr. Thrale and her, inviting me to Streatham.

On the 6th of October I complied with this obliging invitation, and found, at an elegant villa, six miles from town, every

circumstance that can make society pleasing. Johnson, though quite at home, was yet looked up to with an awe, tempered by affection, and seemed to be equally the care of his host and hostess. I rejoiced at seeing him so happy.

He played off his wit against Scotland with a good-humored pleasantry, which gave me, though no bigot to national prejudices, an opportunity for a little contest with him. I having said that England was obliged to us for gardeners, almost all their good gardeners being Scotchmen — *Johnson* — “Why, Sir, that is because gardening is much more necessary amongst you than with us, which makes so many of your people learn it. It is *all* gardening with you. Things which grow wild here, must be cultivated with great care in Scotland. Pray now,” throwing himself back in his chair, and laughing, “are you ever able to bring the *sloe* to perfection?”

I boasted that we had the honor of being the first to abolish the unhospitable, troublesome, and ungracious custom of giving vails to servants. *Johnson* — “Sir, you abolished vails because you were too poor to be able to give them.”

Mrs. Thrale disputed with him on the merit of Prior. He attacked him powerfully; said he wrote of love like a man who had never felt it: his love verses were college verses; and he repeated the song “Alexis shunned his fellow-swains,” etc., in so ludicrous a manner, as to make us all wonder how any one could have been pleased with such fantastical stuff. Mrs. Thrale stood to her gun with great courage in defense of amorous ditties, which Johnson despised, till he at last silenced her by saying, “My dear lady, talk no more of this. Nonsense can be defended but by nonsense.”

Mrs. Thrale then praised Garrick’s talents for light, gay poetry; and, as a specimen, repeated his song in “*Florizel and Perdita*,” and dwelt with peculiar pleasure on this line: —

I’d smile with the simple, and feed with the poor.

Johnson — “Nay, my dear lady, this will never do. Poor David! Smile with the simple. What folly is that? And who would feed with the poor that can help it? No, no; let me smile with the wise, and feed with the rich.” I repeated this sally to Garrick, and wondered to find his sensibility as a writer not a little irritated by it. To soothe him, I observed that Johnson spared none of us; and I quoted the passage in Horace,

in which he compares one who attacks his friends for the sake of a laugh, to a pushing ox, that is marked by a bunch of hay put upon his horns: "*fœnum habet in cornu.*" "Ay," said Garrick, vehemently, "he has a whole *mow* of it."

Talking of history, Johnson said: "We may know historical facts to be true, as we may know facts in common life to be true. Motives are generally unknown. We cannot trust to the characters we find in history, unless when they are drawn by those who knew the persons; as those, for instance, by Sallust and by Lord Clarendon."

He would not allow much merit to Whitfield's oratory. "His popularity, Sir," said he, "is chiefly owing to the peculiarity of his manner. He would be followed by crowds were he to wear a nightcap in the pulpit, or were he to preach from a tree." . . .

Dr. Johnson shunned to-night any discussion of the perplexed question of fate and free will, which I attempted to agitate: "Sir," said he, "we *know* our will is free, and *there's* an end on't."

He honored me with his company at dinner on the 16th of October, at my lodgings in Old Bond Street, with Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Garrick, Dr. Goldsmith, Mr. Murphy, Mr. Bickerstaff, and Mr. Thomas Davies. Garrick played round him with a fond vivacity, taking hold of the breasts of his coat, and, looking up in his face with a lively archness, complimented him on the good health which he seemed then to enjoy; while the sage, shaking his head, beheld him with a gentle complacency. One of the company not being come at the appointed hour, I proposed, as usual upon such occasions, to order dinner to be served, adding, "Ought six people to be kept waiting for one?" "Why, yes," answered Johnson, with a delicate humanity, "if the one will suffer more by your sitting down than the six will do by waiting." Goldsmith, to divert the tedious minutes, strutted about bragging of his dress, and I believe was seriously vain of it, for his mind was wonderfully prone to such impressions. "Come, come," said Garrick, "talk no more of that. You are perhaps the worst—eh, eh!" Goldsmith was eagerly attempting to interrupt him, when Garrick went on, laughing ironically, "Nay, you will always *look* like a gentleman; but I am talking of being well or *ill drest.*" "Well, let me tell you," said Goldsmith, "when my tailor brought home my bloom-colored coat, he said, 'Sir, I have a favor to beg of

you. When anybody asks you who made your clothes, be pleased to mention John Filby, at the harrow, in Water Lane.'” *Johnson* — “Why, Sir, that was because he knew the strange color would attract crowds to gaze at it, and thus they might hear of him, and see how well he could make a coat, even of so absurd a color.”

After dinner our conversation first turned upon Pope. Johnson said his characters of men were admirably drawn, those of women not so well. He repeated to us, in his forcible melodious manner, the concluding lines of the “Dunciad.” While he was talking loudly in praise of those lines, one of the company ventured to say, “Too fine for such a poem : a poem on what ?” *Johnson* (with a disdainful look) — “Why, on *dunces*. It was worth while being a dunce then. Ah, Sir, hadst *thou* lived in those days ! It is not worth while being a dunce now, when there are no wits.” Bickerstaff observed, as a peculiar circumstance, that Pope’s fame was higher when he was alive than it was then. Johnson said his “Pastorals” were poor things, though the versification was fine. He told us, with high satisfaction, the anecdote of Pope’s inquiring who was the author of his “London,” and saying he will be soon *déterré*. He observed that in Dryden’s poetry there were passages drawn from a profundity which Pope could never reach. He repeated some fine lines on love, by the former (which I have now forgotten), and gave great applause to the character of Zimri. Goldsmith said that Pope’s character of Addison showed a deep knowledge of the human heart. Johnson said that the description of the temple, in “The Mourning Bride,” was the finest poetical passage he had ever read ; he recollected none in Shakspeare equal to it. — “But,” said Garrick, all alarmed for “the God of his idolatry,” “we know not the extent and variety of his powers. We are to suppose there are such passages in his works. Shakspeare must not suffer from the badness of our memories.” Johnson, diverted by this enthusiastic jealousy, went on with great ardor : “No, Sir ; Congreve has *nature*” (smiling on the tragic eagerness of Garrick) ; but composing himself, he added, “Sir, this is not comparing Congreve on the whole with Shakspeare on the whole, but only maintaining that Congreve has one finer passage than any that can be found in Shakspeare. Sir, a man may have no more than ten guineas in the world, but he may have those ten guineas in one piece, and so may have a finer piece than a man who has ten thousand

Manuscript of Oliver Goldsmith.

Agreement (never carried out) to write for James Dodsley, the publisher, a "Chronological History of the Lives of Eminent Persons of Great Britain and Ireland," in about two volumes, octavo, each of not more than thirty-five sheets, at the rate of three guineas a sheet, 31 March, 1763.

It is agreed between Oliver Goldsmith, M. B., on one hand and James Dodsley on the other, that Oliver Goldsmith shall write for James Dodsley a book called a Chronological history of the lives of eminent persons of Great Britain and Ireland or to that effect, consisting of about two volumes 8vo about the same size and letter with the Universal History published in 8vo; for the writing of which and compiling the same James Dodsley shall pay Oliver Goldsmith three guineas for every printed sheet, so that the whole shall be delivered complete in the space of two years at farthest. James Dodsley however shall print the above book in whatever manner or size he shall think fit, only the Universal History above mentioned shall be the standard by which Oliver Goldsmith shall expect to be paid. Oliver Goldsmith shall be paid one moiety upon delivery of the whole copy complete, and the other moiety one half of it at the conclusion of six months and the other half at the expiration of twelve months next after the publication of the work, James Dodsley giving however upon the delivery of the whole copy two notes for the money left unpaid. Each volume of the above intended work shall not contain more than five and thirty sheets, and if they should contain more the surplus shall not be paid by James Dodsley. Oliver Goldsmith shall print his name to the said work.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.
JAS. DODSLEY.

Mar. 31, 1763.

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and James Dodds on the other that Oliver Goddard shall
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8vo about the same size and taken with the universal
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piling the same James Dodds shall pay Oliver Goddard
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other moiety one half of the 1-41 . . . 1-41 . . . the

and the other half at the expiration of twelve months next
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James Dodds. ~~Attest of the said Oliver Goldsmith~~ Oliver Goldsmith shall
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Oliver Goldsmith.
James Dodds

Mar 31. 1763

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, 1763.

BRIT. MUS. ADD. MS. 10,022. f. 8.

pounds ; but then he has only one ten-guinea piece. — What I mean is that you can show me no passage, where there is simply a description of material objects without any intermixture of moral notions, which produces such an effect.” Mr. Murphy mentioned Shakspeare’s description of the night before the battle of Agincourt ; but it was observed it had *men* in it. Mr. Davies suggested the speech of Juliet, in which she figures herself awakening in the tomb of her ancestors. Some one mentioned the description of Dover Cliff. *Johnson* — “No, Sir ; it should be all precipice — all vacuum. The crows impede your fall. The diminished appearance of the boats and other circumstances are all very good description, but do not impress the mind at once with the horrible idea of immense height. The impression is divided : you pass on by computation, from one stage of the tremendous space to another. Had the girl in ‘The Mourning Bride’ said she could not cast her shoe to the top of one of the pillars in the temple, it would not have aided the idea, but weakened it.”

Talking of a barrister who had a bad utterance, some one (to rouse Johnson) wickedly said that he was unfortunate in not having been taught oratory by Sheridan. *Johnson* — “Nay, Sir, if he had been taught by Sheridan, he would have cleared the room.” *Garrick* — “Sheridan has too much vanity to be a good man.” — We shall now see Johnson’s mode of *defending* a man ; taking him into his own hands, and discriminating. *Johnson* — “No, Sir. There is, to be sure, in Sheridan, something to reprehend and everything to laugh at ; but, Sir, he is not a bad man. No, Sir ; were mankind to be divided into good and bad, he would stand considerably within the ranks of good. And, Sir, it must be allowed that Sheridan excels in plain declamation, though he can exhibit no character.” . . .

Politics being mentioned, he said : “This petitioning is a new mode of distressing government, and a mighty easy one. I will undertake to get petitions either against quarter guineas or half guineas, with the help of a little hot wine. There must be no yielding to encourage this. The object is not important enough. We are not to blow up half a dozen palaces, because one cottage is burning.”

The conversation then took another turn. *Johnson* — “It is amazing what ignorance of certain points one sometimes finds in men of eminence. A wit about town, who wrote Latin bawdy verses, asked me how it happened that *England* and

Scotland, which were once two kingdoms, were now one ; and Sir Fletcher Norton did not seem to know that there were such publications as the *Reviews*." . . .

"The ballad of 'Hardyknute' has no great merit, if it be really ancient. People talk of nature. But mere obvious nature may be exhibited with very little power of mind."

On Thursday, October 19, I passed the evening with him at his house. He advised me to complete a Dictionary of words peculiar to Scotland, of which I showed him a specimen. "Sir," said he, "Ray has made a collection of north-country words. By collecting those of your country, you will do a useful thing towards the history of the language." He bade me also go on with collections which I was making upon the antiquities of Scotland. "Make a large book—a folio." *Boswell* — "But of what use will it be, Sir?" *Johnson* — "Never mind the use ; do it."

I complained that he had not mentioned Garrick in his Preface to Shakspeare, and asked him if he did not admire him. *Johnson* — "Yes, as 'a poor player who frets and struts his hour upon the stage'—as a shadow." *Boswell* — "But has he not brought Shakspeare into notice?" *Johnson* — "Sir, to allow that, would be to lampoon the age. Many of Shakspeare's plays are the worse for being acted: 'Macbeth,' for instance." *Boswell* — "What, Sir ! is nothing gained by decoration and action ? Indeed, I do wish that you had mentioned Garrick." *Johnson* — "My dear Sir, had I mentioned him, I must have mentioned many more : Mrs. Pritchard, Mrs. Cibber, — nay, and Mr. Cibber too : he, too, altered Shakspeare." *Boswell* — "You have read his apology, Sir?" *Johnson* — "Yes, it is very entertaining. But as for Cibber himself, taking from his conversation all that he ought not to have said, he was a poor creature. I remember when he brought me one of his 'Odes,' to have my opinion of it, I could not bear such nonsense, and would not let him read it to the end : so little respect had I for *that great man* ! (laughing). Yet I remember Richardson wondering that I could treat him with familiarity."

I mentioned to him that I had seen the execution of several convicts at Tyburn, two days before, and that none of them seemed to be under any concern. *Johnson* — "Most of them, Sir, have never thought at all." *Boswell* — "But is not the fear of death natural to man?" *Johnson* — "So much so, Sir, that the whole of life is but keeping away the thoughts of it." He

then, in a low and earnest tone, talked of his meditating upon the awful hour of his own dissolution, and in what manner he should conduct himself upon that occasion : " I know not," said he, " whether I should wish to have a friend by me, or have it all between GOD and myself. Talking of our feeling for the distresses of others—" *Johnson* — " Why, Sir, there is much noise made about it, but it is greatly exaggerated. No, Sir, we have a certain degree of feeling to prompt us to do good ; more than that, providence does not intend. It would be misery to no purpose." *Boswell* — " But suppose now, Sir, that one of your intimate friends were apprehended for an offense for which he might be hanged." *Johnson* — " I should do what I could to bail him, and give him any other assistance ; but if he were once fairly hanged, I should not suffer." *Boswell* — " Would you eat your dinner that day, Sir ?" *Johnson* — " Yes, Sir, and eat it as if he were eating with me. Why, there's Baretti, who is to be tried for his life to-morrow ; friends have risen up for him on every side ; yet if he should be hanged, none of them will eat a slice of plum pudding the less. Sir, that sympathetic feeling goes a very little way in depressing the mind."

I told him that I had dined lately at Foote's, who showed me a letter which he had received from Tom Davies, telling him that he had not been able to sleep from the concern he felt on account of "*this sad affair of Baretti*," begging of him to try if he could suggest anything that might be of service, and, at the same time, recommending to him an industrious young man who kept a pickle shop. *Johnson* — " Ay, Sir, here you have a specimen of human sympathy : a friend hanged, and a cucumber pickled. We know not whether Baretti or the pickle man has kept Davies from sleep, nor does he know himself. And as to his not sleeping, Sir, Tom Davies is a very great man ; Tom has been upon the stage, and knows how to do those things : I have not been upon the stage, and cannot do those things." *Boswell* — " I have often blamed myself, Sir, for not feeling for others as sensibly as many say they do." *Johnson* — " Sir, don't be duped by them any more. You will find these very feeling people are not very ready to do you good. They *pay* you by *feeling*."

Boswell — " Foote has a great deal of humor." *Johnson* — " Yes, Sir." *Boswell* — " He has a singular talent of exhibiting character." *Johnson* — " Sir, it is not a talent — it is a vice ; it is what others abstain from. It is not comedy, which ex-

hibits the character of a species, as that of a miser gathered from many misers : it is farce, which exhibits individuals." *Boswell* — "Did not he think of exhibiting you, Sir?" *Johnson* — "Sir, fear restrained him; he knew I would have broken his bones. I would have saved him the trouble of cutting off a leg; I would not have left him a leg to cut off." *Boswell* — "Pray, Sir, is not Foote an infidel?" *Johnson* — "I do not know, Sir, that the fellow is an infidel; but if he be an infidel, he is an infidel as a dog is an infidel; that is to say, he has never thought upon the subject." *Boswell* — "I suppose, Sir, he has thought superficially, and seized the first notions which occurred to his mind." *Johnson* — "Why then, Sir, still he is like a dog that snatches the piece next him. Did you never observe that dogs have not the power of comparing? A dog will take a small bit of meat as readily as a large, when both are before him." . . .

"Buchanan," he observed, "has fewer *centos* than any modern Latin Poet. He has not only had great knowledge of the Latin language, but was a great poetical genius. Both the Scaligers praise him."

He again talked of the passage in Congreve with high commendation, and said: "Shakspeare never has six lines together without a fault. Perhaps you may find seven; but this does not refute my general assertion. If I come to an orchard and say, there's no fruit here, and then comes a poring man, who finds two apples and three pears, and tells me, 'Sir, you are mistaken, I have found both apples and pears,' I should laugh at him: what would that be to the purpose?"

Boswell — "What do you think of Dr. Young's 'Night Thoughts,' Sir?" *Johnson* — "Why, Sir, there are very fine things in them." *Boswell* — "Is there not less religion in the nation now, Sir, than there was formerly?" *Johnson* — "I don't know, Sir, that there is." *Boswell* — "For instance, there used to be a chaplain in every great family, which we do not find now." *Johnson* — "Neither do you find any of the state servants which great families used formerly to have. There is a change of modes in the whole department of life."

Next day, October 20, he appeared, for the only time I suppose in his life, as a witness in a court of justice, being called to give evidence to the character of Mr. Baretti, who, having stabbed a man in the street, was arraigned at the Old Bailey for murder. Never did such a constellation of genius enlighten

the awful Sessions House, emphatically called Justice Hall: Mr. Burke, Mr. Garrick, Mr. Beaucherk, and Dr. Johnson; and undiminishedly their favorable testimony had due weight with the court and jury. Johnson gave his evidence in a slow, deliberate, and distinct manner, which was uncommonly impressive. It is well known that Mr. Barette was acquitted.

On the 25th of October, we dined together at the Mitre Tavern. He found fault with Foote for indulging his talent of ridicule at the expense of his visitors, which I colloquially termed making fools of his company. *Johnson* — "Why, Sir, when you go to see Foote, you do not go to see a saint: you go to see a man who will be entertained at your house, and then bring you on a public stage: who will entertain you at his house for the very purpose of bringing you on a public stage. Sir, he does not make fools of his company; they whom he exposes are fools already: he only brings them into action."

Talking of trade, he observed: "It is a mistaken notion that a vast deal of money is brought into a nation by trade. It is not so. Commodities come from commodities; but trade produces no capital accession of wealth. However, though there should be little profit in money, there is a considerable profit in pleasure, as it gives to one nation the productions of another: as we have wines and fruits, and many other foreign articles brought to us." *Boswell* — "Yes, Sir, and there is a profit in pleasure by its furnishing occupation to such numbers of mankind." *Johnson* — "Why, Sir, you cannot call that pleasure to which all are averse, and which none begin but with the hope of leaving off. — a thing which men dislike before they have tried it, and when they have tried it." *Boswell* — "But, Sir, the mind must be employed, and we grow weary when idle." *Johnson* — "That is, Sir, because others being busy, we want company; but if we were all idle, there would be no growing weary; we should all entertain one another. There is, indeed, this in trade: it gives men an opportunity of improving their situation. If there were no trade, many who are poor would always remain poor. But no man loves labor for itself." *Boswell* — "Yes, Sir, I know a person who does. He is a very laborious judge, and he loves the labor." *Johnson* — "Sir, that is because he loves respect and distinction. Could he have them without labor, he would like it less." *Boswell* — "He tells me he likes it for itself." — "Why, Sir, he fancies so, because he is not accustomed to abstract." . . .

There was a pretty large circle this evening. Dr. Johnson was in a very good humor, lively, and ready to talk upon all subjects. Mr. Fergusson, the self-taught philosopher, told him of a new-invented machine which went without horses; a man who sat in it turned a handle, which worked a spring that drove it forward. "Then, Sir," said Johnson, "what is gained is, the man has his choice whether he will move himself alone, or himself and the machine too." Dominicetti being mentioned, he would not allow him any merit. "There is nothing in all this boasted system. No, Sir: medicated baths can be no better than warm water: their only effect can be that of tepid moisture." One of the company took the other side, maintaining that medicines of various sorts, and some too of most powerful effect, are introduced into the human frame by the medium of the pores; and, therefore, when warm water is impregnated with salutiferous substances, it may produce great effects as a bath. This appeared to me very satisfactory. Johnson did not answer it; but talking for victory, and determined to be master of the field, he had recourse to the device which Goldsmith imputed to him in the witty words of one of Cibber's comedies: "There is no arguing with Johnson; for when his pistol misses fire, he knocks you down with the butt end of it." He turned to the gentleman. "Well, Sir, go to Dominicetti, and get thyself fumigated: but be sure that the steam be directed to thy *head*, for *that* is the *peccant part*." This produced a triumphant roar of laughter from the motley assembly of philosophers, printers, and dependents, male and female.

I know not how so whimsical a thought came into my mind, but I asked, "If, Sir, you were shut up in a castle, and a new-born child with you, what would you do?" *Johnson* — "Why, Sir, I should not much like my company." *Boswell* — "But would you take the trouble of rearing it?" He seemed, as may well be supposed, unwilling to pursue the subject; but upon my persevering in my question, replied, "Why, yes, Sir, I would; but I must have all conveniences. If I had no garden, I would make a shed on the roof, and take it there for fresh air. I should feed it, and wash it much, and with warm water to please it, not with cold water to give it pain." *Boswell* — "But, Sir, does not heat relax?" *Johnson* — "Sir, you are not to imagine the water is to be very hot. I would not *coddle* the child. No, Sir, the hardy method of treating children does no good. I'll take you five children from Lon-

don, who shall cuff five Highland children. Sir, a man bred in London will carry a burden, or run, or wrestle, as well as a man brought up in the hardest manner in the country." *Boswell* — "Good living, I suppose, makes the Londoners strong." *Johnson* — "Why, Sir, I don't know that it does. Our chairmen from Ireland, who are as strong men as any, have been brought up upon potatoes. Quantity makes up for quality." *Boswell* — "Would you teach this child, that I have furnished you with, anything?" *Johnson* — "No, I should not be apt to teach it." *Boswell* — "Would not you have a pleasure in teaching it?" *Johnson* — "No, Sir, I should not have a pleasure in teaching it." *Boswell* — "Have you not a pleasure in teaching men? *There* I have you. You have the same pleasure in teaching men that I should have in teaching children." *Johnson* — "Why, something about that."

Boswell — "Do you think, Sir, that what is called natural affection is born with us? It seems to me to be the effect of habit, or of gratitude for kindness. No child has it for a parent whom it has not seen." *Johnson* — "Why, Sir, I think there is an instinctive natural affection in parents towards their children."

Russia being mentioned as likely to become a great empire, by the rapid increase of population — *Johnson* — "Why, Sir, I see no prospect of their propagating more. They can have no more children than they can get. I know of no way to make them breed more than they do. It is not from reason and prudence that people marry, but from inclination. A man is poor; he thinks, 'I cannot be worse, and so I'll e'en take Peggy.'" *Boswell* — "But have not nations been more populous at one period than another?" *Johnson* — "Yes, Sir; but that has been owing to the people being less thinned at one period than another, whether by emigration, war, or pestilence, not by their being more or less prolific. Births at all times bear the same proportion to the same number of people." *Boswell* — "But to consider the state of our own country, does not throwing a number of farms into one hand hurt population?" *Johnson* — "Why, no, Sir; the same quantity of food being produced, will be consumed by the same number of mouths, though the people may be disposed of in different ways. We see, if corn be dear and butchers' meat cheap, the farmers all apply themselves to the raising of corn, till it becomes plentiful and cheap, and then butchers' meat becomes dear; so that

an equality is always preserved. No, Sir, let fanciful men do as they will, depend upon it, it is difficult to disturb the system of life." *Boswell* — "But, Sir, is it not a very bad thing for landlords to oppress their tenants by raising their rents?" *Johnson* — "Very bad. But, Sir, it can never have any general influence; it may distress some individuals. For, consider this: landlords cannot do without tenants. Now, tenants will not give more for land than land is worth. If they can make more of their money by keeping a shop, or any other way, they'll do it, and so oblige landlords to let land come back to a reasonable rent in order that they may get tenants. Land in England is an article of commerce. A tenant who pays his landlord his rent thinks himself no more obliged to him than you think yourself obliged to a man in whose shop you buy a piece of goods. He knows the landlord does not let him have his land for less than he can get from others, in the same manner as the shopkeeper sells his goods. No shopkeeper sells a yard of ribbon for sixpence when sevenpence is the current price." *Boswell* — "But, Sir, is it not better that tenants should be dependent on landlords?" *Johnson* — "Why, Sir, as there are many more tenants than landlords, perhaps, strictly speaking, we should wish not. But if you please, you may let your lands cheap, and so get the value, part in money and part in homage. I should agree with you in that." *Boswell* — "So, Sir, you laugh at schemes of political improvement." *Johnson* — "Why, Sir, most schemes of political improvement are very laughable things." . . .

When we were alone, I introduced the subject of death, and endeavored to maintain that the fear of it might be got over. I told him that David Hume said to me he was no more uneasy to think he should *not be* after his life, than that he *had not been* before he began to exist. *Johnson* — "Sir, if he really thinks so, his perceptions are disturbed; he is mad. If he does not think so, he lies. He may tell you he holds his finger in the flame of a candle, without feeling pain; would you believe him? When he dies, he at least gives up all he has." *Boswell* — "Foote, Sir, told me that when he was very ill, he was not afraid to die." *Johnson* — "It is not true, Sir. Hold a pistol to Foote's breast, or to Hume's breast, and threaten to kill them, and you'll see how they behave." *Boswell* — "But may we not fortify our minds for the approach of death?" — Here I am sensible I was in the wrong to bring before his view

what he ever looked upon with horror ; for, although when in a celestial frame of mind in his "Vanity of Human Wishes," he has supposed death to be "kind Nature's signal for retreat" from this state of being to "a happier seat," his thoughts upon this awful change were in general full of dismal apprehensions. His mind resembled the vast amphitheater, the Coliseum at Rome. In the center stood his judgment, which, like a mighty gladiator, combated those apprehensions that, like the wild beasts of the arena, were all around in cells, ready to be let out upon him. After a conflict, he drives them back into their dens ; but not killing them, they are still assailing him. To my question, whether we might not fortify our minds for the approach of death, he answered, in a passion, "No, Sir, let it alone. It matters not how a man dies, but how he lives. The act of dying is not of importance, it lasts so short a time." He added (with an earnest look), "A man knows it must be so, and submits. It will do him no good to whine."

I attempted to continue the conversation. He was so provoked that he said, "Give us no more of this ;" and was thrown into such a state of agitation that he expressed himself in a way that alarmed and distressed me ; showed an impatience that I should leave him, and when I was going away, called to me sternly, "Don't let us meet to-morrow."

I went home exceedingly uneasy. All the harsh observations which I had ever heard made upon his character crowded into my mind ; and I seemed to myself like the man who had put his head into the lion's mouth a great many times with perfect safety, but at last had it bit off.

Next morning I sent him a note, stating that I might have been in the wrong, but it was not intentionally ; he was therefore, I could not help thinking, too severe upon me. That, notwithstanding our agreement not to meet that day, I would call on him in my way to the city, and stay five minutes by my watch. "You are," said I, "in my mind, since last night, surrounded with cloud and storm. Let me have a glimpse of sunshine, and go about my affairs in serenity and cheerfulness."

Upon entering his study, I was glad that he was not alone, which would have made our meeting more awkward. There were with him Mr. Steevens and Mr. Tyers, both of whom I now saw for the first time. My note had, on his own reflection, softened him, for he received me very complacently ; so that I

unexpectedly found myself at ease, and joined in the conversation.

He said the critics had done too much honor to Sir Richard Blackmore, by writing so much against him. That in his "Creation" he had been helped by various wits,—a line by Phillips, and a line by Tickell; so that by their aid, and that of others, the poem had been made out.

I defended Blackmore's supposed lines, which have been ridiculed as absolute nonsense:—

A painted vest Prince Vortiger had on,
Which from a naked Pict his grandsire won.

I maintained it to be a poetical conceit. A Pict being painted, if he is slain in battle, and a vest is made of his skin, it is a painted vest won from him, though he was naked.

Johnson spoke unfavorably of a certain pretty voluminous author, saying, "He used to write anonymous books, and then other books commending those books, in which there was something of rascality."

I whispered him, "Well, Sir, you are now in good humor." Johnson—"Yes, Sir." I was going to leave him, and had got as far as the staircase. He stopped me and, smiling, said, "Get you gone *in*:" a curious mode of inviting me to stay, which I accordingly did for some time longer.

This little incidental quarrel and reconciliation, which, perhaps, I may be thought to have detailed too minutely, must be esteemed as one of many proofs which his friends had that though he might be charged with *bad humor* at times, he was always a *good-natured* man; and I have heard Sir Joshua Reynolds, a nice and delicate observer of manners, particularly remark that when upon any occasion Johnson had been rough to any person in company, he took the first opportunity of reconciliation by drinking to him, or addressing his discourse to him; but if he found his dignified indirect overtures sullenly neglected, he was quite indifferent, and considered himself as having done all that he ought to do, and the other as now in the wrong.



BOSWELL JOHNSON REYNOLDS GARRICK BURKE PAOLI BURNES WARTON GOLDSMITH

A LITERARY PARTY AT SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'

DR. JOHNSON.¹

By AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

[AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, English essayist, was born at Wavertree, near Liverpool, January 19, 1850, the son of a Baptist minister, and graduated with distinction at Trinity Hall, Cambridge. He was called to the bar (1875), and was returned to Parliament for West Fife in 1889, and again in 1892. "Obiter Dicta" (1884 and 1887), consisting of literary and biographical essays, is his chief work. He has also published "Res Judicatæ," essays; a life of Charlotte Brontë; and "Men, Women, and Books" (1895).]

IF we should ever take occasion to say of Dr. Johnson's Preface to Shakspeare what he himself said of a similar production of the poet Rowe, "that it does not discover much profundity or penetration," we ought in common fairness always to add that nobody else has ever written about Shakspeare one half so entertainingly. If this statement be questioned, let the doubter, before reviling me, re-read the Preface, and if, after he has done so, he still demurs, we shall be content to withdraw the observation, which, indeed, has only been made for the purpose of introducing a quotation from the Preface itself.

In that document, Dr. Johnson, with his unrivaled stateliness, writes as follows: "The poet of whose works I have undertaken the revision may now begin to assume the dignity of an ancient, and claim the privilege of established fame and prescriptive veneration. He has long outlived his century, the term commonly fixed as the test of literary merit."

The whirligig of time has brought in his revenges. The Doctor himself has been dead his century. He died on the 13th of December, 1784. Come, let us criticise him.

Our qualifications for this high office need not be investigated curiously.

"Criticism," writes Johnson in the 60th *Idler*, "is a study by which men grow important and formidable at a very small expense. The power of invention has been conferred by nature upon few, and the labor of learning those sciences which may by mere labor be obtained is too great to be willingly endured; but every man can exert such judgment as he has upon the works of others; and he whom nature has made weak, and idleness keeps ignorant, may yet support his vanity by the name of a critic."

To proceed with our task by the method of comparison is

¹ By permission of Mr. Elliot Stock.

to pursue a course open to grave objection, yet it is forced upon us when we find, as we lately did, a writer in the *Times* newspaper, in the course of a not very discriminating review of Mr. Froude's recent volumes, casually remarking, as if it admitted of no more doubt than the day's price of consols, that Carlyle was a greater man than Johnson. It is a good thing to be positive. To be positive in your opinions and selfish in your habits is the best receipt, if not for happiness, at all events for that far more attainable commodity, comfort, with which we are acquainted. "A noisy man," sang poor Cowper, who could not bear anything louder than the hissing of a tea urn, "a noisy man is always in the right," and a positive man can seldom be proved wrong. Still, in literature it is very desirable to preserve a moderate measure of independence, and we, therefore, make bold to ask whether it is as plain as the "old hill of Howth," that Carlyle was a greater man than Johnson? Is not the precise contrary the truth? No abuse of Carlyle need be looked for here or from me. When a man of genius and of letters happens to have any striking virtues, such as purity, temperance, honesty, the novel task of dwelling on them has such attraction for us, that we are content to leave the elucidation of his faults to his personal friends, and to stern, unbending moralists like Mr. Edmund Yates and the *World* newspaper. To love Carlyle is, thanks to Mr. Froude's superhuman ideal of friendship, a task of much heroism, almost meriting a pension; still it is quite possible for the candid and truth-loving soul. But a greater than Johnson he most certainly was not.

There is a story in Boswell of an ancient beggar woman who, whilst asking an alms of the Doctor, described herself to him, in a lucky moment for her pocket, as "an old struggler." Johnson, his biographer tells us, was visibly affected. The phrase stuck to his memory, and was frequently applied to himself. "I, too," so he would say, "am an old struggler." So, too, in all conscience, was Carlyle. The struggles of Johnson have long been historical; those of Carlyle have just become so. We are interested in both. To be indifferent would be inhuman. Both men had great endowments, tempestuous natures, hard lots. They were not amongst Dame Fortune's favorites. They had to fight their way. What they took they took by storm. But—and here is a difference indeed—Johnson came off victorious, Carlyle did not.

Boswell's book is an arch of triumph, through which, as we read, we see his hero passing into eternal fame, to take up his place with those —

Dead but scepter'd sovereigns who still rule
Our spirits from their urns.

Froude's book is a tomb over which the lovers of Carlyle's genius will never cease to shed tender but regretful tears.

We doubt whether there is in English literature a more triumphant book than Boswell's. What materials for tragedy are wanting? Johnson was a man of strong passions, unbending spirit, violent temper, as poor as a church mouse, and as proud as the proudest of church dignitaries; endowed with the strength of a coal heaver, the courage of a lion, and the tongue of Dean Swift, he could knock down booksellers and silence bargees; he was melancholy almost to madness, "radically wretched," indolent, blinded, diseased. Poverty was long his portion; not that genteel poverty that is sometimes behind-hand with its rent, but that hungry poverty that does not know where to look for its dinner. Against all these things had this "old struggler" to contend; over all these things did this "old struggler" prevail. Over even the fear of death, the giving up of this "intellectual being," which had haunted his gloomy fancy for a lifetime, he seems finally to have prevailed, and to have met his end as a brave man should.

Carlyle, writing to his wife, says, and truthfully enough, "The more the devil worries me the more I wring him by the nose;" but then if the devil's was the only nose that was wrung in the transaction, why need Carlyle cry out so loud? After buffetting one's way through the storm-tossed pages of Froude's *Carlyle* — in which the universe is stretched upon the rack because food disagrees with man and cocks crow — with what thankfulness and reverence do we read once again the letter in which Johnson tells Mrs. Thrale how he has been called to endure, not dyspepsia or sleeplessness, but paralysis itself: —

"On Monday I sat for my picture, and walked a considerable way with little inconvenience. In the afternoon and evening I felt myself light and easy, and began to plan schemes of life. Thus I went to bed, and, in a short time, waked and sat up, as has long been my custom; when I felt a confusion in my head which lasted, I suppose, about half a minute; I was alarmed, and prayed God that however much he might afflict

my body, He would spare my understanding. . . . Soon after I perceived that I had suffered a paralytic stroke, and that my speech was taken from me. I had no pain, and so little dejection, in this dreadful state, that I wondered at my own apathy, and considered that perhaps death itself, when it should come, would excite less horror than seems now to attend it. In order to rouse the vocal organs I took two drams. . . . I then went to bed, and, strange as it may seem, I think, slept. When I saw light, it was time I should contrive what I should do. Though God stopped my speech, He left me my hand. I enjoyed a mercy which was not granted to my dear friend Lawrence, who now perhaps overlooks me, as I am writing, and rejoices that I have what he wanted. My first note was necessarily to my servant, who came in talking, and could not immediately comprehend why he should read what I put into his hands. . . . How this will be received by you I know not. I hope you will sympathize with me; but perhaps

“My mistress, gracious, mild, and good,
Cries — Is he dumb? ’Tis time he shou’d.

“I suppose you may wish to know how my disease is treated by the physicians. They put a blister upon my back, and two from my ear to my throat, one on a side. The blister on the back has done little, and those on the throat have not risen. I bullied and bounced (it sticks to our last sand), and compelled the apothecary to make his salve according to the Edinburgh dispensatory, that it might adhere better. I have now two on my own prescription. They likewise give me salt of hartshorn, which I take with no great confidence; but I am satisfied that what can be done is done for me. I am almost ashamed of this querulous letter, but now it is written let it go.”

This is indeed tonic and bark for the mind.

If, irritated by a comparison that ought never to have been thrust upon us, we ask why it is that the reader of Boswell finds it as hard to help loving Johnson as the reader of Froude finds it hard to avoid disliking Carlyle, the answer must be that whilst the elder man of letters was full to overflowing with the milk of human kindness, the younger one was full to overflowing with something not nearly so nice; and that whilst Johnson was preëminently a reasonable man, reasonable in all his demands and expectations, Carlyle was the most unreasonable

mortal that ever exhausted the patience of nurse, mother, or wife.

Of Dr. Johnson's affectionate nature nobody has written with nobler appreciation than Carlyle himself. "Perhaps it is this Divine feeling of affection, throughout manifested, that principally attracts us to Johnson. A true brother of men is he, and filial lover of the earth."

The day will come when it will be recognized that Carlyle, as a critic, is to be judged by what he himself corrected for the press, and not by splenetic entries in diaries, or whimsical extravagances in private conversation.

Of Johnson's reasonableness nothing need be said, except that it is patent everywhere. His wife's judgment was a sound one — "He is the most sensible man I ever met."

As for his brutality, of which at one time we used to hear a great deal, we cannot say of it what Hookham Frere said of Landor's immorality, that it was —

Mere imaginary classicity
Wholly devoid of criminal reality.

It was nothing of the sort. Dialectically the great Doctor was a great brute. The fact is he had so accustomed himself to wordy warfare, that he lost all sense of moral responsibility, and cared as little for men's feelings as a Napoleon did for their lives. When the battle was over, the Doctor frequently did what no soldier ever did that I have heard tell of, apologized to his victims and drank wine or lemonade with them. It must also be remembered that for the most part his victims sought him out. They came to be tossed and gored. And after all, are they so much to be pitied? They have our sympathy, and the Doctor has our applause. I am not prepared to say, with the simpering fellow with weak legs whom David Copperfield met at Mr. Waterbrook's dinner table, that I would sooner be knocked down by a man with blood than picked up by a man without any; but, argumentatively speaking, I think it would be better for a man's reputation to be knocked down by Dr. Johnson than picked up by Mr. Froude.

Johnson's claim to be the best of our talkers cannot, on our present materials, be contested. For the most part we have only talk about other talkers. Johnson's is matter of record. Carlyle no doubt was a great talker — no man talked against

talk or broke silence to praise it more eloquently than he, but unfortunately none of it is in evidence. All that is given us is a sort of Commination Service writ large. We soon weary of it. Man does not live by curses alone.

An unhappier prediction of a boy's future was surely never made than that of Johnson's by his cousin, Mr. Cornelius Ford, who said to the infant Samuel, "You will make your way the more easily in the world as you are content to dispute no man's claim to conversation excellence, and they will, therefore, more willingly allow your pretensions as a writer." Unfortunate Mr. Ford! The man never breathed whose claim to conversation excellence Dr. Johnson did not dispute on every possible occasion, whilst, just because he was admittedly so good a talker, his pretensions as a writer have been occasionally slighted.

Johnson's personal character has generally been allowed to stand high. It, however, has not been submitted to recent tests. To be the first to "smell a fault" is the pride of the modern biographer. Boswell's artless pages afford useful hints not lightly to be disregarded. During some portion of Johnson's married life he had lodgings, first at Greenwich, afterwards at Hampstead. But he did not always go home o' nights; sometimes preferring to roam the streets with that vulgar ruffian Savage, who was certainly no fit company for him. He once actually quarreled with "Tetty," who, despite her ridiculous name, was a very sensible woman with a very sharp tongue, and for a season, like stars, they dwelt apart. Of the real merits of this dispute we must resign ourselves to ignorance. The materials for its discussion do not exist; even Croker could not find them. Neither was our great moralist as sound as one would have liked to see him in the matter of the payment of small debts. When he came to die, he remembered several of these outstanding accounts; but what assurance have we that he remembered them all? One sum of £10 he sent across to the honest fellow from whom he had borrowed it, with an apology for his delay; which, since it had extended over a period of twenty years, was not superfluous. I wonder whether he ever repaid Mr. Dilly the guinea he once borrowed of him to give to a very small boy who had just been apprenticed to a printer. If he did not, it was a great shame. That he was indebted to Sir Joshua in a small loan is apparent from the fact that it was one of his three dying requests to that

great man that he should release him from it, as, of course, the most amiable of painters did. The other two requests, it will be remembered, were to read his Bible, and not to use his brush on Sundays. The good Sir Joshua gave the desired promises with a full heart, for these two great men loved one another; but subsequently discovered the Sabbatical restriction not a little irksome, and after a while resumed his former practice, arguing with himself that the Doctor really had no business to extract any such promise. The point is a nice one, and perhaps ere this the two friends have met and discussed it in the Elysian fields. If so, I hope the Doctor, grown "angelical," kept his temper with the mild shade of Reynolds better than on the historical occasion when he discussed with him the question of "strong drinks."

Against Garrick, Johnson undoubtedly cherished a smoldering grudge, which, however, he never allowed any one but himself to fan into flame. His pique was natural. Garrick had been his pupil at Edial, near Lichfield; they had come up to town together with an easy united fortune of fourpence — "current coin o' the realm." Garrick soon had the world at his feet and garnered golden grain. Johnson became famous too, but remained poor and dingy. Garrick surrounded himself with what only money can buy, good pictures and rare books. Johnson cared nothing for pictures — how should he? he could not see them; but he did care a great deal about books, and the pernickety little player was chary about lending his splendidly bound rarities to his quondam preceptor. Our sympathies in this matter are entirely with Garrick; Johnson was one of the best men that ever lived, but not to lend books to. Like Lady Slatern, he had a "most observant thumb." But Garrick had no real cause for complaint. Johnson may have soiled his folios and sneered at his trade, but in life Johnson loved Garrick, and in death embalmed his memory in a sentence which can only die with the English language: "I am disappointed by that stroke of death which has eclipsed the gayety of nations, and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure."

Will it be believed that puny critics have been found to quarrel with this colossal compliment on the poor pretext of its falsehood? Garrick's death, urge these dullards, could not possibly have eclipsed the gayety of nations, since he had retired from the stage months previous to his demise. When

will mankind learn that literature is one thing, and sworn testimony another?

Johnson's relations with Burke were of a more crucial character. The author of "Rasselas" and "The English Dictionary" can never have been really jealous of Garrick, or in the very least desirous of "bringing down the house"; but Burke had done nobler things than that. He had made politics philosophical, and had at least tried to cleanse them from the dust and cobwebs of party. Johnson, though he had never sat in the House of Commons, had yet, in his capacity of an unauthorized reporter, put into the mouths of honorable members much better speeches than ever came out of them, and it is no secret that he would have liked to make a speech or two on his own account. Burke had made many. Harder still to bear, there were not wanting good judges to say that, in their opinion, Burke was a better talker than the great Samuel himself. To cap it all, was not Burke a "vile Whig"? The ordeal was an unusually trying one. Johnson emerges triumphant.

Though by no means disposed to hear men made much of, he always listened to praise of Burke with a boyish delight. He never wearied of it. When any new proof of Burke's intellectual prowess was brought to his notice, he would exclaim exultingly, "Did we not always say he was a great man?" And yet how admirably did this "poor scholar" preserve his independence and equanimity of mind! It was not easy to dazzle the Doctor. What a satisfactory story that is of Burke, showing Johnson over his fine estate at Beaconsfield, and expatiating in his exuberant style on its "liberties, privileges, easements, rights, and advantages," and of the old Doctor, the tenant of "a two-pair back" somewhere off Fleet Street, peering cautiously about, criticising everything, and observing with much coolness, —

Non equidem invideo, miror magis.

A friendship like this could be disturbed but by death, and accordingly we read: —

"Mr. Langton one day during Johnson's last illness found Mr. Burke and four or five more friends sitting with Johnson. Mr. Burke said to him, 'I am afraid, sir, such a number of us may be oppressive to you.' 'No, sir,' said Johnson, 'it is not so; and I must be in a wretched state indeed when your company would not be a delight to me.' Mr. Burke, in a

tremulous voice, expressive of being very tenderly affected, replied, 'My dear sir, you have always been too good to me.' Immediately afterwards he went away. This was the last circumstance in the acquaintance of these two eminent men."

But this is a well-worn theme, though, like some other well-worn themes, still profitable for edification or rebuke. A hundred years can make no difference to a character like Johnson's, or to a biography like Boswell's. We are not to be robbed of our conviction that this man, at all events, was both great and good.

Johnson the author is not always fairly treated. Phrases are convenient things to hand about, and it is as little the custom to inquire into their truth as it is to read the letterpress on bank notes. We are content to count bank notes and to repeat phrases. One of these phrases is, that whilst everybody reads Boswell, nobody reads Johnson. The facts are otherwise. Everybody does not read Boswell, and a great many people do read Johnson. If it be asked, "What do the general public know of Johnson's nine volumes octavo? I reply, Beshrew the general public! What in the name of the Bodleian has the general public got to do with literature? The general public subscribes to Mudie, and has its intellectual, like its lacteal, sustenance sent round to it in carts. On Saturdays these carts, laden with "recent works in circulation," traverse the Uxbridge Road; on Wednesdays they toil up Highgate Hill, and if we may believe the reports of travelers, are occasionally seen rushing through the wilds of Camberwell and bumping over Blackheath. It is not a question of the general public, but of the lover of letters. Do Mr. Browning, Mr. Arnold, Mr. Lowell, Mr. Trevelyan, Mr. Stephen, Mr. Morley, know their Johnson? "To doubt would be disloyalty." And what these big men know in their big way, hundreds of little men know in their little way. We have no writer with a more genuine literary flavor about him than the great Cham of literature. No man of letters loved letters better than he. He knew literature in all its branches—he had read books, he had written books, he had sold books, he had bought books, and he had borrowed them. Sluggish and inert in all other directions, he pranced through libraries. He loved a catalogue; he delighted in an index. He was, to employ a happy phrase of Dr. Holmes, at home amongst books, as a stable boy is amongst horses. He cared intensely about the future of literature and the fate of literary men. "I

respect Millar," he once exclaimed; "he has raised the price of literature." Now Millar was a Scotchman. Even Horne Tooke was not to stand in the pillory: "No, no, the dog has too much literature for that." The only time the author of "Rasselas" met the author of the "Wealth of Nations" witnessed a painful scene. The English moralist gave the Scotch one the lie direct, and the Scotch moralist applied to the English one a phrase which would have done discredit to the lips of a costermonger; but this notwithstanding, when Boswell reported that Adam Smith preferred rhyme to blank verse, Johnson hailed the news as enthusiastically as did Cedric the Saxon the English origin of the bravest knights in the retinue of the Norman king. "Did Adam say that?" he shouted: "I love him for it. I could hug him!" Johnson no doubt honestly believed he held George III. in reverence, but really he did not care a pin's fee for all the crowned heads of Europe. All his reverence was reserved for "poor scholars." When a small boy in a wherry, on whom had devolved the arduous task of rowing Johnson and his biographer across the Thames, said he would give all he had to know about the Argonauts, the Doctor was much pleased, and gave him, or got Boswell to give him, a double fare. He was ever an advocate of the spread of knowledge amongst all classes and both sexes. His devotion to letters has received its fitting reward, the love and respect of all "lettered hearts."

Considering him a little more in detail, we find it plain that he was a poet of no mean order. His resonant lines, informed as they often are with the force of their author's character,—his strong sense, his fortitude, his gloom,—take possession of the memory, and suffuse themselves through one's entire system of thought. A poet spouting his own verses is usually a figure to be avoided; but one could be content to be a hundred and thirty next birthday to have heard Johnson recite, in his full, sonorous voice, and with his stately elocution, "The Vanity of Human Wishes." When he came to the following lines, he usually broke down, and who can wonder?—

Proceed, illustrious youth,
And virtue guard thee to the throne of truth!
Yet should thy soul indulge the gen'rous heat
Till captive science yields her last retreat;
Should reason guide thee with her brightest ray,

And pour on misty doubt resistless day;
 Should no false kindness lure to loose delight,
 Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright;
 Should tempting novelty thy cell refrain,
 And sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain;
 Should beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
 Nor claim the triumph of a lettered heart;
 Should no disease thy torpid veins invade,
 Nor melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade;
 Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
 Nor think the doom of man reversed for thee.
 Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
 And pause awhile from letters to be wise;
 There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
 Toil, envy, want, the patron and the jail
 See nations, slowly wise and meanly just,
 To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
 If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
 Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end.

If this be not poetry, may the name perish !

In another style, the stanzas on the young heir's majority have such great merit as to tempt one to say that the author of "The Jolly Beggars," Robert Burns, himself, might have written them. Here are four of them : —

Loosened from the minor's tether,
 Free to mortgage or to sell;
 Wild as wind and light as feather,
 Bid the sons of thrift farewell.

Call the Betseys, Kates, and Jennies,
 All the names that banish care.
 Lavish of your grandsire's guineas,
 Show the spirit of an heir.

Wealth, my lad, was made to wander,
 Let it wander as it will;
 Call the jockey, call the pander,
 Bid them come and take their fill.

When the bonny blade carouses,
 Pockets full and spirits high —
 What are acres? what are houses?
 Only dirt — or wet or dry.

Johnson's prologues and his lines on the death of Robert Levett are well known. Indeed, it is only fair to say that our respected friend, the General Public, frequently has Johnsonian tags on its tongue : —

Slow rises worth by poverty depressed.
 The unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain.
 He left the name at which the world grew pale,
 To point a moral or adorn a tale.
 Death, kind nature's signal of retreat.
 Panting time toiled after him in vain.

All these are Johnson's, who, though he is not, like Gray, whom he hated so, all quotations, is yet oftener in men's mouths than they perhaps wot of.

Johnson's tragedy, "Irene," need not detain us. It is unreadable; and to quote his own sensible words, "It is useless to criticise what nobody reads." It was indeed the expressed opinion of a contemporary, called Pot, that "Irene" was the finest tragedy of modern times; but on this judgment of Pot's being made known to Johnson, he was only heard to mutter, "If Pot says so, Pot lies," as no doubt he did.

Johnson's Latin Verses have not escaped the condemnation of scholars. Whose have? The true mode of critical approach to copies of Latin verse is by the question — How bad are they? Croker took the opinion of the Marquess Wellesley as to the degree of badness of Johnson's Latin Exercises. Lord Wellesley, as became so distinguished an Etonian, felt the solemnity of the occasion, and, after bargaining for secrecy, gave it as his opinion that they were all very bad, but that some perhaps were worse than others. To this judgment I have nothing to add.

As a writer of English prose, Johnson has always enjoyed a great, albeit a somewhat awful, reputation. In childish memories he is constrained to be associated with dust and dictionaries, and those provoking obstacles to a boy's reading — "long words." It would be easy to select from Johnson's writings numerous passages written in that essentially vicious style to which the name Johnsonese has been cruelly given; but the searcher could not fail to find many passages guiltless of this charge. The characteristics of Johnson's prose style are colossal good sense, though with a strong skeptical bias,

good humor, vigorous language, and movement from point to point which can only be compared to the measured tread of a well-drilled company of soldiers. Here is a passage from the Preface to Shakspeare: "Notes are often necessary, but they are necessary evils. Let him that is yet unacquainted with the powers of Shakspeare, and who desires to feel the highest pleasure that the drama can give, read every play from the first scene to the last, with utter negligence of all his commentators. When his fancy is once on the wing, let it not stoop at correction or explanation. When his attention is strongly engaged, let it disdain alike to turn aside to the name of Theobald and of Pope. Let him read on, through brightness and obscurity, through integrity and corruption; let him preserve his comprehension of the dialogue and his interest in the fable. And when the pleasures of novelty have ceased, let him attempt exactness and read the commentators."

Where are we to find better sense, or much better English?

In the pleasant art of chaffing an author Johnson has hardly an equal. De Quincey too often overdoes it. Macaulay seldom fails to excite sympathy with his victim. In playfulness Mr. Arnold perhaps surpasses the Doctor, but then the latter's playfulness is always leonine, whilst Mr. Arnold's is surely, sometimes, just a trifle kittenish. An example, no doubt a very good one, of Johnson's humor must be allowed me. Soame Jenyns, in his book on the "Origin of Evil" had imagined that, as we have not only animals for food, but choose some for our diversion, the same privilege may be allowed to beings above us, "who may deceive, torment, or destroy us for the ends only of their own pleasure."

On this hint writes our merry Doctor as follows:—

"I cannot resist the temptation of contemplating this analogy, which I think he might have carried farther, very much to the advantage of his argument. He might have shown that these 'hunters, whose game is man,' have many sports analogous to our own. As we drown whelps or kittens, they amuse themselves now and then with sinking a ship, and stand round the fields of Blenheim, or the walls of Prague, as we encircle a cockpit. As we shoot a bird flying, they take a man in the midst of his business or pleasure, and knock him down with an apoplexy. Some of them perhaps are virtuosi, and delight in the operations of an asthma, as a human philosopher in the effects of the air pump. Many a merry bout have these frolic beings at the

vicissitudes of an ague, and good sport it is to see a man tumble with an epilepsy, and revive, and tumble again, and all this he knows not why. The paroxysms of the gout and stone must undoubtedly make high mirth, especially if the play be a little diversified with the blunders and puzzles of the blind and deaf. . . . One sport the merry malice of these beings has found means of enjoying, to which we have nothing equal or similar. They now and then catch a mortal, proud of his parts, and flattered either by the submission of those who court his kindness, or the notice of those who suffer him to court theirs. A head thus prepared for the reception of false opinions, and the projection of vain designs, they easily fill with idle notions, till, in time, they make their plaything an author; their first diversion commonly begins with an ode or an epistle, then rises perhaps to a political irony, and is at last brought to its height by a treatise of philosophy. Then begins the poor animal to entangle himself in sophisms and to flounder in absurdity."

The author of the philosophical treatise, "A Free Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil," did not at all enjoy this "merry bout" of the "frolic" Johnson.

The concluding paragraphs of Johnson's Preface to his Dictionary are historical prose; and if we are anxious to find passages fit to compare with them in the melancholy roll of their cadences and in their grave sincerity and manly emotion, we must, I think, take a flying jump from Dr. Johnson to Dr. Newman.

For sensible men the world offers no better reading than the "Lives of the Poets." They afford an admirable example of the manner of man Johnson was. The subject was suggested to him by the booksellers, whom as a body he never abused. Himself the son of a bookseller, he respected their calling. If they treated him with civility, he responded suitably. If they were rude to him, he knocked them down. These worthies chose their own poets. Johnson remained indifferent. He knew everybody's poetry, and was always ready to write anybody's Life. If he knew the facts of a poet's life, — and his knowledge was enormous on such subjects, — he found room for them; if he did not, he supplied their place with his own shrewd reflections and somber philosophy of life. It thus comes about that Johnson is every bit as interesting when he is writing about Sprat, or Smith, or Fenton, as he is when he has got Milton or Gray in hand. He is also much

less provoking. My own favorite "Life" is that of Sir Richard Blackmore.

The poorer the poet the kindlier is the treatment he receives. Johnson kept all his rough words for Shakspeare, Milton, and Gray.

In this trait, surely an amiable one, he was much resembled by that eminent man the late Sir George Jessel, whose civility to a barrister was always in inverse ratio to the barrister's practice; and whose friendly zeal in helping young and nervous practitioners over the stiles of legal difficulty was only equaled by the fiery enthusiasm with which he thrust back the Attorney and Solicitor General and people of that sort.

As a political thinker Johnson has not had justice. He has been lightly dismissed as the last of the old-world Tories. He was nothing of the sort. His cast of political thought is shared by thousands to this day. He represents that vast army of electors whom neither canvasser nor caucus has ever yet cajoled or bullied into a polling booth. Newspapers may scold, platforms may shake; whatever circulars can do may be done, all that placards can tell may be told; but the fact remains that one third of every constituency in the realm shares Dr. Johnson's "narcotic indifference," and stays away.

It is, of course, impossible to reconcile all Johnson's recorded utterances with any one view of anything. When crossed in conversation or goaded by folly he was, like the prophet Habakkuk (according to Voltaire), *capable du tout*. But his dominant tone about politics was something of this sort. Provided a man lived in a state which guaranteed him private liberty and secured him public order, he was very much of a knave or altogether a fool if he troubled himself further. To go to bed when you wish, to get up when you like, to eat and drink and read what you choose, to say across your port or your tea whatever occurs to you at the moment, and to earn your living as best you may — this is what Dr. Johnson meant by private liberty. Fleet Street open day and night — this is what he meant by public order. Give a sensible man these, and take all the rest the world goes round. Tyranny was a bugbear. Either the tyranny was bearable, or it was not. If it was bearable, it did not matter; and as soon as it became unbearable the mob cut off the tyrant's head, and wise men went home to their dinner. To views of this sort he gave emphatic utterance on the well-known occasion when he gave

Sir Adam Ferguson a bit of his mind. Sir Adam had innocently enough observed that the Crown had too much power. Thereupon Johnson :—

“Sir, I perceive you are a vile Whig. Why all this childish jealousy of the power of the Crown? The Crown has not power enough. When I say that all governments are alike, I consider that in no government power can be abused long; mankind will not bear it. If a sovereign oppresses his people, they will rise and cut off his head. There is a remedy in human nature against tyranny that will keep us safe under every form of government.”

This is not and never was the language of Toryism. It is a much more intellectual “ism.” It is indifferentism. So, too, in his able pamphlet, “The False Alarm,” which had reference to Wilkes and the Middlesex election, though he no doubt attempts to deal with the constitutional aspect of the question, the real strength of his case is to be found in passages like the following :—

“The grievance which has produced all this tempest of outrage, the oppression in which all other oppressions are included, the invasion which has left us no property, the alarm that suffers no patriot to sleep in quiet, is comprised in a vote of the House of Commons, by which the freeholders of Middlesex are deprived of a Briton’s birthright—representation in Parliament. They have, indeed, received the usual writ of election; but that writ, alas! was malicious mockery; they were insulted with the form, but denied the reality, for there was one man excepted from their choice. The character of the man, thus fatally excepted, I have no purpose to delineate. Lampoon itself would disdain to speak ill of him of whom no man speaks well. Every lover of liberty stands doubtful of the fate of posterity, because the chief county in England cannot take its representative from a jail.”

Temperament was of course at the bottom of this indifference. Johnson was of melancholy humor and profoundly skeptical. Cynical he was not—he loved his fellow-men; his days were full of

Little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.

But he was as difficult to rouse to enthusiasm about humanity as is Mr. Justice Stephen. He pitied the poor devils, but he

did not believe in them. They were neither happy nor wise, and he saw no reason to believe they would ever become either. "Leave me alone," he cried to the sultry mob bawling "Wilkes and Liberty." "I at least am not ashamed to own that I care for neither the one nor the other."

No man, however, resented more fiercely than Johnson any unnecessary interference with men who were simply going their own way. The Highlanders only knew Gaelic, yet political wiseacres were to be found objecting to their having the Bible in their own tongue. Johnson flew to arms: he wrote one of his monumental letters; the opposition was quelled, and the Gael got his Bible. So too the wicked interference with Irish enterprise, so much in vogue during the last century, infuriated him. "Sir," he said to Sir Thomas Robinson, "you talk the language of a savage. What, sir! would you prevent any people from feeding themselves, if by any honest means they can do so?"

Were Johnson to come to life again, total abstainer as he often was, he would, I expect, denounce the principle involved in "Local Option." I am not at all sure he would not borrow a guinea from a bystander and become a subscriber to the "Property Defence League"; and though it is notorious that he never read any book all through, and never could be got to believe that anybody else ever did, he would, I think, read a larger fraction of Mr. Spencer's pamphlet, "*Man versus the State*," than of any other "recent work in circulation." The state of the Strand, when two vestries are at work upon it, would, I am sure, drive him into open rebellion.

As a letter writer Johnson has great merits. Let no man despise the epistolary art. It is said to be extinct. I doubt it. Good letters were always scarce. It does not follow that, because our grandmothers wrote long letters, they all wrote good ones, or that nobody nowadays writes good letters because most people write bad ones. Johnson wrote letters in two styles. One was monumental — more suggestive of the chisel than the pen. In the other there are traces of the same style, but, like the old Gothic architecture, it has grown domesticated, and become the fit vehicle of plain tidings of joy and sorrow — of affection, wit, and fancy. The letter to Lord Chesterfield is the most celebrated example of the monumental style. From the letters to Mrs. Thrale many good examples of the domesticated style might be selected. One must suffice: —

"Queeney has been a good girl, and wrote me a letter. If Burney said she would write, she told you a fib. She writes nothing to me. She can write home fast enough. I have a good mind not to tell her that Dr. Bernard, to whom I had recommended her novel, speaks of it with great commendation, and that the copy which she lent me has been read by Dr. Lawrence three times over. And yet what a gypsy it is. She no more minds me than if I were a Branghton. Pray, speak to Queeney to write again. . . . Now you think yourself the first writer in the world for a letter about nothing. Can you write such a letter as this? So miscellaneous, with such noble disdain of regularity, like Shakspeare's works; such graceful negligence of transition, like the ancient enthusiasts. The pure voice of Nature and of Friendship. Now, of whom shall I proceed to speak? of whom but Mrs. Montague? Having mentioned Shakspeare and Nature, does not the name of Montague force itself upon me? Such were the transitions of the ancients, which now seem abrupt, because the intermediate idea is lost to modern understandings."

But the extract had better end, for there are (I fear) "modern understandings" who will not perceive the "intermediate idea" between Shakspeare and Mrs. Montague, and to whom even the name of Branghton will suggest no meaning.

Johnson's literary fame is, in our judgment, as secure as his character. Like the stone which he placed over his father's grave at Lichfield, and which, it is shameful to think, has been removed, it is "too massy and strong" to be ever much affected by the wind and weather of our literary atmosphere. "Never," so he wrote to Mrs. Thrale, "let criticisms operate upon your face or your mind; it is very rarely that an author is hurt by his critics. The blaze of reputation cannot be blown out; but it often dies in the socket. From the author of "Fitzosborne's Letters" I cannot think myself in much danger. I met him only once, about thirty years ago, and in some small dispute soon reduced him to whistle." Dr. Johnson is in no danger from anybody. None but Gargantua could blow him out, and he still burns brightly in his socket.

How long this may continue who can say? It is a far cry to 1985. Science may by that time have squeezed out literature, and the author of the "Lives of the Poets" may be dimly remembered as an odd fellow who lived in the Dark Ages, and had a very creditable fancy for making chemical experiments.



THE DEATH OF THOMAS CHATTERTON
From a painting by Henry Wallis, R.W.S.

On the other hand, the Spiritualists may be in possession, in which case the Cock Lane Ghost will occupy more of public attention than Boswell's hero, who will, perhaps, be reprobated as the profane utterer of these idle words: "Suppose I know a man to be so lame that he is absolutely incapable to move himself, and I find him in a different room from that in which I left him, shall I puzzle myself with idle conjectures that perhaps his nerves have by some unknown change all at once become effective? No, sir, it is clear how he got into a different room—he was *carried*."

We here part company with Johnson, bidding him a most affectionate farewell, and leaving him in undisturbed possession of both place and power. His character will bear investigation and some of his books perusal. The latter, indeed, may be submitted to his own test, and there is no truer one. A book, he wrote, should help us either to enjoy life or to endure it. His frequently do both.



POEMS AND WILL OF CHATTERTON.

[THOMAS CHATTERTON, English poet, was born at Bristol, November 20, 1752, went to Colson's charity school in his native city, and for a time was a lawyer's clerk. He early displayed a taste for antiquities and poetry, which he indulged by fabricating the literary forgeries known as "Rowley's Poems." These he claimed to have discovered in the archives of St. Mary Redcliffe, and so cleverly was the work done that even Walpole was deceived. In 1769 Chatterton went to London and adopted the profession of author, but after a time he was reduced to a state of starvation, and in a fit of despondency committed suicide by taking arsenic, August 24, 1770. He was buried in the pauper's pit of the Shoe Lane Workhouse. "The Balade of Charitie," "The Tragedy of Ælla," "The Battle of Hastings," and "The Minstrel's Song" are his chief poems.]

AN EXCELENTE BALADE OF CHARITIE.

(As written by the good priest Thomas Rowley, 1464.)

IN Virgo now the sultry sun did sheene,
 And hot upon the meads did cast his ray;
 The apple reddened from its paly green,
 And the soft pear did bend the leafy spray;
 The pied chelândry sang the livelong day;
 'Twas now the pride, the manhood of the year,
 And eke the ground was decked in its most deft aumere.

The sun was gleaming in the midst of day,
 Dead still the air, and eke the welkin blue,
 When from the sea arose in drear array
 A heap of clouds of sable, sullen hue,
 The which full fast unto the woodland drew,
 Hiding at once the sunnès festive face,
And the black tempest swelled, and gathered up apace.

Beneath a holm, fast by a pathway side,
 Which did unto Saint Godwin's convent lead,
 A hapless pilgrim moaning did abide,
 Poor in his view, ungentle in his weed,
 Long brimful of the miseries of need.
 Where from the hailstorm could the beggar fly?
He had no houses there, nor any convent nigh.

Look in his gloomèd face, his sprite there scan;
 How woe-begone, how withered, dwindled, dead!
 Haste to thy church glebe house, accursèd man!
 Haste to thy shroud, thy only sleeping bed.
 Cold as the clay which will grow on thy head
 Are Charity and Love among high elves;
For knights and barons live for pleasure and themselves.

The gathered storm is ripe; the big drops fall,
 The sunburnt meadows smoke, and drink the rain;
 The coming ghastness doth the cattle 'pall,
 And the full flocks are driving o'er the plain;
 Dashed from the clouds, the waters fly again;
 The welkin opes; the yellow lightning flies,
And the hot fiery steam in the wide flashing dies.

List! now the thunder's rattling, noisy sound
 Moves slowly on, and then full swollen clangs,
 Shakes the high spire, and lost, expended, drowned,
 Still on the frightened ear of terror hangs;
 The winds are up; the lofty elm tree swangs;
 Again the lightning, and the thunder pours,
And the full clouds are burst at once in stony showers.

Spurring his palfrey o'er the watery plain,
 The Abbot of Saint Godwin's convent came;
 His chapournette was drenchèd with the rain,
 His painted girdle met with mickle shame;
 He aynewarde told his bede roll at the same;
 The storm increases, and he drew aside,
With the poor alms craver near to the holm to bide.

His cope was all of Lincoln cloth so fine,
 With a gold button fastened near his chin,
 His autremete was edged with golden twine,
 And his shoe's peak a noble's might have been;
 Full well it showed he thought cost no sin.
 The trammels of his palfrey pleased his sight,
For the horse milliner his head with roses dight.

"An alms, sir priest!" the drooping pilgrim said,
 "Oh! let me wait within your convent door,
 Till the sun shineth high above our head,
 And the loud tempest of the air is o'er.
 Helpless and old am I, alas! and poor.
 No house, no friend, nor money in my pouch,
All that I call my own is this my silver crouche."

"Varlet!" replied the Abbot, "cease your din;
 This is no season alms and prayers to give,
 My porter never lets a beggar in;
 None touch my ring who not in honor live."
 And now the sun with the black clouds did strive,
 And shot upon the ground his glaring ray;
The Abbot spurred his steed, and eftsoons rode away.

Once more the sky was black, the thunder rolled,
 Fast running o'er the plain a priest was seen;
 Not dight full proud, nor buttoned up in gold,
 His cope and jape were gray, and eke were clean;
 A limitor he was of order seen;
 And from the pathway side then turned he,
Where the poor beggar lay beneath the holmen tree.

"An alms, sir priest!" the drooping pilgrim said,
 "For sweet Saint Mary and your order's sake."
 The Limitor then loosened his pouch thread,
 And did thereout a groat of silver take:
 The needy pilgrim did for gladness shake,
 "Here, take this silver, it may ease thy care,
We are God's stewards all, naught of our own we bear.

"But ah! unhappy pilgrim, learn of me.
 Scarce any give a rent roll to their lord;
 Here, take my semicope, thou'rt bare, I see,
 'Tis thine; the saints will give me my reward."
 He left the pilgrim, and his way aborde.
 Virgin and holy Saints, who sit in gloure,
Or give the mighty will, or give the good man power!

ELEGY ON THOMAS PHILLIPS.

No more I hail the morning's golden gleam,
No more the wonders of the view I sing;
Friendship requires a melancholy theme,
At her command the awful lyre I string!

Now as I wander through this leafless grove,
Where tempests howl, and blasts eternal rise,
How shall I teach the chorded shell to move,
Or stay the gushing torrent from my eyes?

Phillips! great master of the boundless lyre,
Thee would my soul-racked muse attempt to paint;
Give me a double portion of thy fire,
Or all the powers of language are too faint.

Say, soul unsullied by the filth of vice,
Say, meek-eyed spirit, where's thy tuneful shell,
Which when the silver stream was locked with ice,
Was wont to cheer the tempest-ravaged dell?

Oft as the filmy veil of evening drew
The thick'ning shade upon the vivid green,
Thou, lost in transport at the dying view,
Bid'st the ascending muse display the scene.

When golden Autumn, wreathed in ripened corn,
From purple clusters prest the foamy wine,
Thy genius did his sallow brows adorn,
And made the beauties of the season thine.

With rustling sound the yellow foliage flies,
And wantons with the wind in rapid whirls;
The gurgling riv'let to the valley hies,
Whilst on its bank the spangled serpent curls.

The joyous charms of Spring delighted saw
Their beauties doubly glaring in thy lay;
Nothing was Spring which Phillips did not draw,
And every image of his muse was May.

So rose the regal hyacinthal star,
So shone the verdure of the daisied bed,
So seemed the forest glimmering from afar;
You saw the real prospect as you read.

Majestic Summer's blooming, flow'ry pride
Next claimed the honor of his nervous song;
He taught the stream in hollow trills to glide,
And led the glories of the year along.

Pale, rugged Winter bending o'er his tread,
His grizzled hair bedropt with icy dew;
His eyes, a dusky light congealed and dead,
His robe, a tinge of bright, ethereal blue.

His train a motleyed, sanguine, sable cloud,
He limps along the russet, dreary moor,
Whilst rising whirlwinds, blasting, keen, and loud,
Roll the white surges to the sounding shore.

Nor were his pleasures unimproved by thee;
Pleasures he has, though horridly deformed;
The polished lake, the silvered hill we see,
Is by thy genius fired, preserved, and warmed.

The rough October has his pleasures too;
But I'm insensible to every joy:
Farewell the laurel! now I grasp the yew,
And all my little powers in grief employ.

Immortal shadow of my much-loved friend!
Clothed in thy native virtue meet my soul,
When on the fatal bed, my passions bend,
And curb my floods of anguish as they roll.

In thee each virtue found a pleasing cell,
Thy mind was honor, and thy soul divine;
With thee did every god of genius dwell,
Thou wast the Helicon of all the nine.

Fancy, whose various figure-tinctured vest
Was ever changing to a different hue;
Her head, with varied bays and flow'rets drest
Her eyes, two spangles of the morning dew.

With dancing attitude she swept thy string;
And now she soars, and now again descends,
And now reclining on the zephyr's wing,
Unto the velvet-vested mead she bends.

Peace, decked in all the softness of the dove,
Over thy passions spread her silver plume;

The rosy veil of harmony and love
Hung on thy soul in one eternal bloom.

Peace, gentlest, softest of the virtues, spread
Her silver pinions, wet with dewy tears,
Upon her best distinguished poet's head,
And taught his lyre the music of the spheres.

Temp'rance, with health and beauty in her train,
And massy-muscle strength in graceful pride,
Pointed at scarlet luxury and pain,
And did at every frugal feast preside.

Black melancholy stealing to the shade
With raging madness, frantic, loud, and dire,
Whose bloody hand displays the reeking blade,
Were strangers to thy heaven-directed lyre.

Content, who smiles in every frown of fate,
Wreathed thy pacific brow and soothed thy ill:
In thy own virtues and thy genius great,
The happy muse laid every trouble still.

But see! the sick'ning lamp of day retires,
And the meek evening shakes the dusky gray;
The west faint glimmers with the saffron fires,
And like thy life, O Phillips! dies away.

Here, stretched upon this heaven-ascending hill,
I'll wait the horrors of the coming night,
I'll imitate the gently plaintive rill,
And by the glare of lambent vapors write.

Wet with the dew the yellow hawthorns bow;
The rustic whistles through the echoing cave;
Far o'er the lea the breathing cattle low,
And the full Avon lifts the darkened wave.

Now, as the mantle of the evening swells
Upon my mind, I feel a thick'ning gloom!
Ah! could I charm by necromantic spells
The soul of Phillips from the deathly tomb!

Then would we wander through this darkened vale,
In converse such as heavenly spirits use,
And, borne upon the pinions of the gale,
Hymn the Creator, and exert the muse.

Manuscript of Thomas Chatterton.

Letter to William Barrett, surgeon, of Bristol, who had remonstrated with him for a letter he had written to Michael Clayfield avowing an intention of suicide. Without date (1769).

The circumstances under which the letter was written are explained by the following endorsement:

Mr. Lambert, Chatterton's master, found a letter on Chatterton's desk to Mr. Clayfield, telling his "wants and distress" and that "on Clayfield's receiving that he (Chatterton) should be no more." This letter Mr. Lambert sent to Mr. Barrett; on which he sent for Chatterton, questioned him on the occasion in a very friendly manner, showed the horrible crime of suicide and the cursed principle he had adopted and C[hatterton] afterwards sent Mr B[arrett] this letter.

The detached signature, with date, is appended to Chatterton's verses on the death of Thomas Phillips ("Poetical Works," 1842, ii. p. 477), addressed to M. Clayfield and preserved in the same volume (page 56).

SIR,—Upon recollection, I don't know how Mr. Clayfield could come by his Letter as I intended to have given him a Letter but did not. In regard to my motives for the supposed rashness, I shall observe that I keep no worse Company than myself; I never drink to Excess, and have, without Vanity too much Sense to be attached to the mercenary retailers of Iniquity. No it is my Pride, my damned, native unconquerable Pride, that plunges me into Distraction. You must know that the 19/20th of my Composition is Pride. I must either live a Slave, a Servant; to have no Will of my own, no Sentiments of my own which I may freely declare as such—or Die—

Perplexing Alternative! but it distracts me to think of it. I will endeavor to learn Humility, but it cannot be here. What it may cost me in the Trial Heaven knows,

I am,

Your much Obligated, unhappy,
humble servant,

T. C.

Thursday Evening.

Di

Upon recollection. I don't know how Mr Clayfield,
could ~~write~~ come by his Letter, as I intended to have
given him a Letter but did not. In regard to my
Motives for the supposed rashness, I shall observe that I
keep no worse Company than ~~myself~~; I over drink to
Rags, and have, without Vanity, too much sense to be
attached, to the mercenary relations of Iniquity. No!
It is my Tide, my demand, native, unconquerable.
Guide, that plunges me into Distraction - You must
know that the 19/20th of my Composition is Guide -
I must either live a Slave, a Servant; to have
no Will of my own, no Sentiments of my own which
I can declare as such; - or Die.

But, horror to reflection ! now no more
 Will Phillips sing, the wonder of the plain !
 When, doubting whether they might not adore,
 Admiring mortals heard his nervous strain.

See ! see ! the pitchy vapor hides the lawn,
 Naught but a doleful bell of death is heard,
 Save where into a blasted oak withdrawn
 The scream proclaims the curst nocturnal bird.

Now rest my muse, but only rest to weep
 A friend made dear by every sacred tie ;
 Unknown to me be comfort, peace, or sleep :
 Phillips is dead — 'tis pleasure then to die.

Few are the pleasures Chatterton e'er knew,
 Short were the moments of his transient peace ;
 But melancholy robbed him of those few,
 And this hath bid all future comfort cease.

And can the muse be silent, Phillips gone !
 And am I still alive ? My soul, arise !
 The robe of immortality put on,
 And meet thy Phillips in his native skies.

CHATTERTON'S WILL.

1770.

All this wrote between 11 and 2 o'clock Saturday, in the utmost distress of mind. April 14, 1770.

N.B. — In a dispute concerning the character of David, Mr. — argued that he must be a holy man, from the strains of piety that breathe through his whole works. I being of a contrary opinion, and knowing that a great genius can effect anything, endeavoring in the *foregoing Poems* to represent an enthusiastic Methodist, intended to send it to Romaine, and impose it upon the infatuated world as a reality ; but thanks to Burgum's generosity, I am now employed in matters of more importance.

Saturday, April 20, 1770.

Burgum, I thank thee, thou hast let me see
 That Bristol has impressed her stamp on thee,

Thy generous spirit emulates the Mayor's,
 Thy generous spirit with thy Bristol's pairs.
 Gods! what would Burgum give to get a name,
 And snatch his blundering dialect from shame!
 What would he give, to hand his memory down
 To time's remotest boundary? — A Crown.
 Would you ask more, his swelling face looks blue;
 Futurity he rates at two pounds two.
 Well, Burgum, take thy laurel to thy brow;
 With a rich saddle decorate a sow,
 Strut in Iambics, totter in an Ode,
 Promise, and never pay, and be the mode.
 Catcott, for thee, I know thy heart is good,
 But ah! thy merit's seldom understood;
 Too bigoted to whimsies, which thy youth
 Received to venerate as Gospel truth,
 Thy friendship never could be dear to me,
 Since all I am is opposite to thee.
 If ever obligated to thy purse,
 Rowley discharges all — my first chief curse!
 For had I never known the antique lore,
 I ne'er had ventured from my peaceful shore,
 To be the wreck of promises and hopes,
 A Boy of Learning, and a Bard of Tropes;
 But happy in my humble sphere had moved,
 Untroubled, unsuspected, unbeloved.
 To Barrett next, he has my thanks sincere,
 For all the little knowledge I had here.
 But what was knowledge? Could it here succeed
 When scarcely twenty in the town can read?
 Could knowledge bring in interest to maintain
 The wild expenses of a Poet's brain;
 Disinterested Burgum never meant
 To take my knowledge for his gain per cent.
 When wildly squand'ring ev'rything I got,
 On books and learning, and the Lord knows what,
 Could Burgum then, my critic, patron, friend!
 Without security attempt to lend?
 No, that would be imprudent in the man;
 Accuse him of imprudence if you can.
 He promised, I confess, and seemed sincere;
 Few keep an honorary promise here.
 I thank thee, Barrett — thy advice was right,
 But 'twas ordained by fate that I should write.
 Spite of the prudence of this prudent place,

I wrote my mind, nor hid the author's face.
 Harris erelong, when reeking from the press,
 My numbers make his self-importance less,
 Will wrinkle up his face, and damn the day,
 And drag my body to the triple way —
 Poor superstitious mortals ! wreak your hate
 Upon my cold remains —

This is the last Will and Testament of me, Thomas Chatterton, of the city of Bristol ; being sound in body, or it is the fault of my last surgeon : the soundness of my mind, the coroner and jury are to be judges of, desiring them to take notice that the most perfect masters of human nature in Bristol distinguish me by the title of the Mad Genius ; therefore, if I do a mad action, it is conformable to every action of my life, which all savored of insanity.

Item. If after my death, which will happen to-morrow night before eight o'clock, being the Feast of the Resurrection, the coroner and jury bring it in lunacy, I will and direct that Paul Farr, Esq., and Mr. John Flower, at their joint expense, cause my body to be interred in the tomb of my fathers, and raise the monument over my body to the height of four feet six inches, placing the present flat stone on the top, and adding six tablets.

On the *first*, to be engraved in Old English characters : —

Vous qui par ici pazez
 Pour l'ame Guateroine Chatterton priez
 Le Cors di oi ici gist
 L'ame receyve Thu Crist. *ACCE.*

On the *second* tablet, in Old English characters : —

Orate pro animabus Alanus Chatterton, et Alicia Areris ejus, qui quidem Alanus obiit x die mensis Nobemb. *MCCCCIV*, quorum animabus propinetur Deus Amen.

On the *third* tablet, in Roman characters : —

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
 THOMAS CHATTERTON,

Subchanter of the Cathedral of this city, whose ancestors were residents of St. Mary Redcliffe since the year 1140. He died the 7th of August, 1752.

On the *fourth* tablet, in Roman characters : —

TO THE MEMORY OF
THOMAS CHATTERTON.

Reader, judge not; if thou art a Christian — believe that he shall be judged by a superior Power — to that Power alone is he now answerable.

On the *fifth* and *sixth* tablets, which shall front each other : —

Atchievements: viz. on the one, vest, a fess, or; crest, a mantle of estate, gules, supported by a spear, sable, headed, or. On the other, or, a fess vert, crest, a cross of Knights Templars. — And I will and direct that if the coroner's inquest bring it in *felo-de-se*, the said monument shall be notwithstanding erected. And if the said Paul Farr and John Flower have souls so Bristolish as to refuse this my request, they will transmit a copy of my Will to the Society for supporting the Bill of Rights, whom I hereby empower to build the said monument according to the aforesaid directions. And if they the said Paul Farr and John Flower should build the said monument, I will and direct that the second edition of my Kew Gardens shall be dedicated to them in the following dedication: To Paul Farr and John Flower, Esqrs., this book is most humbly dedicated by the Author's Ghost.

Item. I give all my vigor and fire of youth to Mr. George Catcott, being sensible he is most in want of it.

Item. From the same charitable motive, I give and bequeath unto the Reverend Mr. Camplin, senior, all my humility. To Mr. Burgum all my prosody and grammar, — likewise one moiety of my modesty; the other moiety to any young lady who can prove without blushing that she wants that valuable commodity. To Bristol, all my spirit and disinterestedness, parcels of goods unknown on her quay since the days of Canning and Rowley! 'Tis true, a charitable gentleman, one Mr. Colston, smuggled a considerable quantity of it, but it being proved that he was a papist, the Worshipful Society of Aldermen endeavored to throttle him with the oath of allegiance. I leave also my religion to Dr. Cutts Barton, Dean of Bristol, hereby empowering the Sub Sacrist to strike him on the head when he goes to sleep in church. My powers of utter-

ance I give to the Reverend Mr. Broughton, hoping he will employ them to a better purpose than reading lectures on the immortality of the soul. I leave the Reverend Mr. Catcott some little of my free thinking, that he may put on spectacles of reason and see how vilely he is duped in believing the Scriptures literally. I wish he and his brother George would know how far I am their real enemy; but I have an unlucky way of raillery, and when the strong fit of satire is upon me, I spare neither friend nor foe. This is my excuse for what I have said of them elsewhere. I leave Mr. Clayfield the sincerest thanks my gratitude can give; and I will and direct that whatever any person may think the pleasure of reading my works worth, they immediately pay their own valuation to him, since it is then become a lawful debt to me, and to him as my executor in this case.

I leave my moderation to the politicians on both sides of the question. I leave my generosity to our present Right Worshipful Mayor, Thomas Harris, Esq. I give my abstinence to the company at the Sheriffs' annual feast in general, more particularly the Aldermen.

Item. I give and bequeath to Mr. Matthew Mease a mourning ring with this motto, "Alas, poor Chatterton!" provided he pays for it himself. Item. I leave the young ladies all the letters they have had from me, assuring them that they need be under no apprehensions from the appearance of my ghost, for I die for none of them. Item. I leave all my debts, the whole not five pounds, to the payment of the charitable and generous Chamber of Bristol, on penalty, if refused, to hinder every member from a good dinner by appearing in the form of a bailiff. If, in defiance of this terrible specter, they obstinately persist in refusing to discharge my debts, let my two creditors apply to the supporters of the Bill of Rights. Item. I leave my mother and sister to the protection of my friends, if I have any. — Executed in the presence of Omniscience this 14th of April, 1770.

THOS. CHATTERTON.

CODICIL.

It is my pleasure that Mr. Cocking and Miss Farley print this my Will the first Saturday after my death. — T. C.

LETTERS OF JUNIUS.

(In the *Public Advertiser*, London.)

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

July 8, 1769.

MY LORD,—If nature had given you an understanding qualified to keep pace with the wishes and principles of your heart, she would have made you, perhaps, the most formidable minister that ever was employed under a limited monarch to accomplish the ruin of a free people. When neither the feelings of shame, the reproaches of conscience, nor the dread of punishment form any bar to the designs of a minister, the people would have too much reason to lament their condition if they did not find some resource in the weakness of his understanding. We owe it to the bounty of Providence that the completest depravity of the heart is sometimes strangely united with a confusion of the mind which counteracts the most favorite principles, and makes the same man treacherous without art, and a hypocrite without deceiving. The measures, for instance, in which your Grace's activity has been chiefly exerted, as they were adopted without skill, should have been conducted with more than common dexterity. But truly, my Lord, the execution has been as gross as the design. By one decisive step you have defeated all the arts of writing. You have fairly confounded the intrigues of opposition, and silenced the clamors of faction. A dark, ambiguous system might require and furnish the materials of ingenious illustration; and, in doubtful measures, the virulent exaggeration of party must be employed to rouse and engage the passions of the people. You have now brought the merits of your administration to an issue on which every Englishman of the narrowest capacity may determine for himself. It is not an alarm to the passions, but a calm appeal to the judgment of the people upon their own most essential interests. A more experienced minister would not have hazarded a direct invasion of the first principles of the constitution before he had made some progress in subduing the spirit of the people. With such a cause as yours, my Lord, it is not sufficient that you have the court at your devotion unless you can find means to corrupt or intimidate the jury.

Manuscript of "Junius."

The "Dedication to the English Nation," written by "Junius" and prefixed by him to H. S. Woodfall's first edition of the collected "letters of Junius," 1772.

DEDICATION TO THE ENGLISH NATION.

I dedicate to you a Collection of Letters, written by one of yourselves for the common benefit of us all. They would never have grown to this size without your continued encouragement and applause. To me they originally owe nothing, but a healthy, sanguine constitution. Under *Your* care they have thriven. To *You* they are indebted for whatever strength or beauty they possess. When Kings and Ministers are forgotten, when the force and direction of personal Satyr is no longer understood, and when Measures are only felt in their remotest consequences, this book will, I believe, be found to contain principles, worthy to be transmitted to posterity. When you leave the unimpaired, hereditary freehold to your Children, you do but half your duty. Both Liberty and property are precarious, unless the possessors have sense and spirit enough to defend them. This is not the Language of vanity. If I am a vain man, my gratification lies within a narrow Circle. I am the sole depositary of my own secret, and it shall perish with me.

If an honest and, I may truly affirm, a laborious zeal for the public service have given me any weight in your esteem, let me exhort and conjure you never to suffer an invasion of your political constitution, however minute the instance may appear, to pass by, without a determined, persevering Resistance. One precedent creates another. They soon accumulate, and constitute law. What yesterday was Fact, to-day is doctrine. Examples are supposed to justify the most dangerous Measures, and where they do not suit exactly, the defect is supplied by Analogy. Be assured that the Laws, which protect us in our Civil rights, grow out of the Constitution, and that they must fail or flourish with it. This is not the Cause of Faction or party, or of any individual, but the common interest of every Man in Britain. Although the King should continue to support his present System of Government, the period is not very distant, at which you will have the Means of redress in your own power. It may be nearer perhaps than any of us expect, and I would warn you to be prepared for it. The King may possibly be advised to dissolve the present parliament a year or two before it expires and . . .

The collective body of the people form that jury, and from *their* decision there is but one appeal.

Whether you have talents to support you at a crisis of such difficulty and danger should long since have been considered. Judging truly of your disposition, you have, perhaps, mistaken the extent of your capacity. Good faith and folly have so long been received for synonymous terms that the reverse of the proposition has grown into credit, and every villain fancies himself a man of abilities. It is the apprehension of your friends, my Lord, that you have drawn some hasty conclusion of this sort, and that a partial reliance upon your moral character has betrayed you beyond the depth of your understanding. You have now carried things too far to retreat. You have plainly declared to the people what they are to expect from the continuance of your administration. It is time for your Grace to consider what you also may expect in return from *their* spirit and *their* resentment.

Since the accession of our most gracious sovereign to the throne we have seen a system of government which may well be called a reign of experiments. Parties of all denominations have been employed and dismissed. The advice of the ablest men in this country has been repeatedly called for and rejected; and when the royal displeasure has been signified to a minister, the marks of it have usually been proportioned to his abilities and integrity. The spirit of the FAVORITE has some apparent influence upon every administration; and every set of ministers preserved an appearance of duration, as long as they submitted to that influence. But there were certain services to be performed for the favorite's security, or to gratify his resentments, which your predecessors in office had the wisdom or the virtue not to undertake. The moment this refractory spirit was discovered their disgrace was determined. Lord Chatham, Mr. Grenville, and Lord Rockingham have successively had the honor to be dismissed for preferring their duty as servants of the public to those compliances which were expected from their station. A submissive administration was at last gradually collected from the deserters of all parties, interests, and connections; and nothing remained but to find a leader for these gallant, well-disciplined troops. Stand forth, my Lord, for thou art the man. Lord Bute found no resource of dependence or security in the proud, imposing superiority of Lord Chatham's abilities, the shrewd, inflexible judgment of Mr.

Grenville, nor in the mild but determined integrity of Lord Rockingham. His views and situation required a creature void of all these properties; and he was forced to go through every division, resolution, composition, and refinement of political chemistry before he happily arrived at the *caput mortuum* of vitriol in your Grace. Flat and insipid in your retired state, but, brought into action, you become vitriol again. Such are the extremes of alternate indolence of fury which have governed your whole administration. Your circumstances with regard to the people soon becoming desperate, like other honest servants you determined to involve the best of masters in the same difficulties with yourself. We owe it to your Grace's well-directed labors that your sovereign has been persuaded to doubt of the affections of his subjects, and the people to suspect the virtues of their sovereign at a time when both were unquestionable. You have degraded the royal dignity into a base, dishonorable competition with Mr. Wilkes, nor had you abilities to carry even this last contemptible triumph over a private man, without the grossest violation of the fundamental laws of the constitution and rights of the people. But these are rights, my Lord, which you can no more annihilate than you can the soil to which they are annexed. The question no longer turns upon points of national honor and security abroad, or on the degrees of expedience and propriety of measures at home. It was not inconsistent that you should abandon the cause of liberty in another country, which you had persecuted in your own; and in the common arts of domestic corruption we miss no part of Sir Robert Walpole's system except his abilities. In this humble imitative line you might long have proceeded, safe and contemptible. You might, probably, never have risen to the dignity of being hated, and even have been despised with moderation. But it seems you meant to be distinguished, and, to a mind like yours, there was no other road to fame but by the destruction of a noble fabric, which you thought had been too long the admiration of mankind. The use you have made of the military force introduced an alarming change in the mode of executing the laws. The arbitrary appointment of Mr. Luttrell invades the foundation of the laws themselves, as it manifestly transfers the right of legislation from those whom the people have chosen to those whom they have rejected. With a succession of such appointments we may soon see a House of Commons collected, in the choice of

which the other towns and counties of England will have as little share as the devoted county of Middlesex.

Yes, I trust your Grace will find that the people of this country are neither to be intimidated by violent measures, nor deceived by refinements. When they see Mr. Luttrell seated in the House of Commons by mere dint of power, and in direct opposition to the choice of a whole county, they will not listen to those subtleties by which every arbitrary exertion of authority is explained into the law and privilege of parliament. It requires no persuasion of argument, but simply the evidence of the senses, to convince them that to transfer the right of election from the collective to the representative body of the people contradicts all those ideas of a House of Commons which they have received from their forefathers, and which they have already, though vainly perhaps, delivered to their children. The principles on which this violent measure has been defended have added scorn to injury, and forced us to feel that we are not only oppressed but insulted.

With what force, my Lord, with what protection, are you prepared to meet the united detestation of the people of England? The city of London has given a generous example to the kingdom in what manner a king of this country ought to be addressed; and I fancy, my Lord, it is not yet in your courage to stand between your sovereign and the addresses of his subjects. The injuries you have done this country are such as demand not only redress but vengeance. In vain shall you look for protection to that venal vote which you have already paid for — another must be purchased; and to save a minister the House of Commons must declare themselves not only independent of their constituents, but the determined enemies of the constitution. Consider, my Lord, whether this be an extremity to which their fears will permit them to advance, or, if *their* protection should fail you, how far you are authorized to rely upon the sincerity of those smiles which a pious court lavishes without reluctance upon a libertine by profession. It is not, indeed, the least of the thousand contradictions which attend you that a man, marked to the world by the grossest violation of all ceremony and decorum, should be the first servant of a court in which prayers are morality and kneeling is religion. Trust not too far to appearances by which your predecessors have been deceived, though they have not been injured. Even the best of princes may at last discover that this is a con-

tention in which everything may be lost, but nothing can be gained ; and, as you became minister by accident, were adopted without choice, trusted without confidence, and continued without favor, be assured that, whenever an occasion presses, you will be discarded without even the forms of regret. You will then have reason to be thankful if you are permitted to retire to that seat of learning which, in contemplation of the system of your life, the comparative purity of your manners with those of their high steward, and a thousand other recommending circumstances, has chosen you to encourage the growing virtue of their youth, and to preside over their education. Whenever the spirit of distributing prebends and bishoprics shall have departed from you, you will find that learned seminary perfectly recovered from the delirium of an installation, and what in truth it ought to be, once more a peaceful scene of slumber and thoughtless meditation. The venerable tutors of the university will no longer distress your modesty by proposing you for a pattern to their pupils. The learned dullness of declamation will be silent ; and even the venal muse, though happiest in fiction, will forget your virtues. Yet, for the benefit of the succeeding age, I could wish that your retreat might be deferred until your morals shall happily be ripened to that maturity of corruption at which the worst examples cease to be contagious.

TO THE KING.

(Indirectly, through the newspaper.)

December 19, 1769.

When the complaints of a brave and powerful people are observed to increase in proportion to the wrongs they have suffered ; when, instead of sinking into submission, they are roused to resistance, the time will soon arrive at which every inferior consideration must yield to the security of the sovereign, and to the general safety of the state. There is a moment of difficulty and danger at which flattery and falsehood can no longer deceive, and simplicity itself can no longer be misled. Let us suppose it arrived. Let us suppose a gracious, well-intentioned prince made sensible at last of the great duty he owes to his people, and of his own disgraceful situation—that he looks round him for assistance, and asks for no advice but how to gratify the wishes and secure the

happiness of his subjects. In these circumstances, it may be matter of curious SPECULATION to consider if an honest man were permitted to approach a king, in what terms he would address himself to his sovereign. Let it be imagined, no matter how improbable, that the first prejudice against his character is removed, that the ceremonious difficulties of an audience are surmounted, that he feels himself animated by the purest and most honorable affections to his king and country, and that the great person whom he addresses has spirit enough to bid him speak freely, and understand enough to listen to him with attention. Unacquainted with the vain impertinence of forms, he would deliver his sentiments with dignity and firmness, but not without respect.

"SIR, — It is the misfortune of your life, and originally the cause of every reproach and distress which has attended your government, that you should never have been acquainted with the language of truth until you heard it in the complaints of your people. It is not, however, too late to correct the error of your education. We are still inclined to make an indulgent allowance for the pernicious lessons you received in your youth, and to form the most sanguine hopes from the natural benevolence of your disposition. We are far from thinking you capable of a direct, deliberate purpose to invade those original rights of your subjects on which all their civil and political liberties depend. Had it been possible for us to entertain a suspicion so dishonorable to your character, we should long since have adopted a style of remonstrance very distant from the humility of complaint. The doctrine inculcated by our laws, *That the king can do no wrong*, is admitted without reluctance. We separate the amiable, good-natured prince from the folly and treachery of his servants, and the private virtues of the man from the vices of his government. Were it not for this just distinction, I know not whether your Majesty's condition or that of the English nation would deserve most to be lamented. I would prepare your mind for a favorable reception of truth by removing every painful, offensive idea of personal reproach. Your subjects, Sir, wish for nothing but that, as *they* are reasonable and affectionate enough to separate your person from your government, so *you*, in your turn, should distinguish between the conduct which becomes the permanent dignity of a king and that which serves only to promote the temporary interest and miserable ambition of a minister.

“You ascended the throne with a declared and, I doubt not, a sincere resolution of giving universal satisfaction to your subjects. You found them pleased with the novelty of a young prince whose countenance promised even more than his words, and loyal to you not only from principle but passion. It was not a cold profession of allegiance to the first magistrate, but a partial, animated attachment to a favorite prince, the native of their country. They did not wait to examine your conduct, nor to be determined by experience, but gave you a generous credit for the future blessings of your reign, and paid you in advance the dearest tribute of their affections. Such, Sir, was once the disposition of a people who now surround your throne with reproaches and complaints. Do justice to yourself. Banish from your mind those unworthy opinions with which some interested persons have labored to possess you. Distrust the men who tell you that the English are naturally light and inconstant—that they complain without a cause. Withdraw your confidence equally from all parties—from ministers, favorites, and relations; and let there be one moment in your life in which you have consulted your own understanding.

“When you affectedly renounced the name of Englishman, believe me, Sir, you were persuaded to pay a very ill-judged compliment to one part of your subjects at the expense of another. While the natives of Scotland are not in actual rebellion, they are undoubtedly entitled to protection, nor do I mean to condemn the policy of giving some encouragement to the novelty of their affections for the house of Hanover. I am ready to hope for everything from their newborn zeal, and from the future steadiness of their allegiance. But hitherto they have no claim to your favor. To honor them with a determined predilection and confidence, in exclusion of your English subjects who placed your family, and in spite of treachery and rebellion have supported it, upon the throne, is a mistake too gross even for the unsuspecting generosity of youth. In this error we see a capital violation of the most obvious rules of policy and prudence. We trace it, however, to an original bias in your education, and are ready to allow for your inexperience.

“To the same early influence we attribute it that you have descended to take a share, not only in the narrow views and partialities of particular persons, but in the fatal malignity of

their passions. At your accession to the throne the whole system of government was altered, not from wisdom or deliberation, but because it had been adopted by your predecessor. A little personal motive of pique and resentment was sufficient to remove the ablest servants of the crown; but it is not in this country, Sir, that such men can be dishonored by the frowns of a king. They were dismissed, but could not be disgraced. Without entering into a minuter discussion of the merits of the peace, we may observe, in the imprudent hurry with which the first overtures from France were accepted, in the conduct of the negotiation, and terms of the treaty, the strongest marks of that precipitate spirit of concession with which a certain part of your subjects have been at all times ready to purchase a peace with the *natural enemies* of this country. On *your* part we are satisfied that everything was honorable and sincere, and if England was sold to France, we doubt not that your Majesty was equally betrayed. The conditions of the peace were matter of grief and surprise to your subjects, but not the immediate cause of their present discontent.

“Hitherto, Sir, you had been sacrificed to the prejudices and passions of others. With what firmness will you bear the mention of your own?”

“A man, not very honorably distinguished in the world, commences a formal attack upon your favorite, considering nothing but how he might best expose his person and principles to detestation, and the national character of his countrymen to contempt. The natives of that country, Sir, are as much distinguished by a peculiar character as by your Majesty’s favor. Like another chosen people, they have been conducted into the land of plenty, where they find themselves effectually marked and divided from mankind. There is hardly a period at which the most irregular character may not be redeemed. The mistakes of one sex find a retreat in patriotism; those of the other in devotion. Mr. Wilkes brought with him into politics the same liberal sentiments by which his private conduct had been directed, and seemed to think that, as there are few excesses in which an English gentleman may not be permitted to indulge, the same latitude was allowed him in the choice of his political principles and in the spirit of maintaining them. I mean to state, not entirely to defend, his conduct. In the earnestness of his zeal he suffered some unwarrantable

insinuations to escape him. He said more than moderate men would justify, but not enough to entitle him to the honor of your Majesty's personal resentment. The rays of royal indignation collected upon him served only to illuminate, and could not consume. Animated by the favor of the people on one side, and heated by persecution on the other, his views and sentiments changed with his situation. Hardly serious at first, he is now an enthusiast. The coldest bodies warm with opposition, the hardest sparkle in collision. There is a holy mistaken zeal in politics as well as in religion. By persuading others, we convince ourselves. The passions are engaged and create a maternal affection in the mind, which forces us to love the cause for which we suffer. Is this a contention worthy of a king? Are you not sensible how much the meanness of the cause gives an air of ridicule to the serious difficulties into which you have been betrayed? the destruction of one man has been now for many years the sole object of your government; and if there can be anything still more disgraceful, we have seen for such an object the utmost influence of the executive power and every ministerial artifice exerted, without success. Nor can you ever succeed, unless *he* should be imprudent enough to forfeit the protection of those laws to which you owe your crown, or unless your ministers should persuade you to make it a question of force alone, and try the whole strength of government in opposition to the people. The lessons *he* has received from experience will probably guard him from such excess of folly, and in your Majesty's virtues we find an unquestionable assurance that no illegal violence will be attempted.

"Far from suspecting you of so horrible a design, we would attribute the continued violation of the laws, and even this last enormous attack upon the vital principles of the constitution, to an ill-advised, unworthy personal resentment. From one false step you have been betrayed into another, and as the cause was unworthy of you, your ministers were determined that the prudence of the execution should correspond with the wisdom and dignity of the design. They have reduced you to the necessity of choosing out of a variety of difficulties—to a situation so unhappy that you can neither do wrong without ruin, nor right without affliction. These worthy servants have undoubtedly given you many singular proofs of their abilities. Not contented with making Mr. Wilkes a man of importance, they have judiciously transferred

the question from the rights and interests of one man to the most important rights and interests of the people, and forced your subjects from wishing well to the cause of an individual, to unite with him in their own. Let them proceed as they have begun, and your Majesty need not doubt that the catastrophe will do no dishonor to the conduct of the piece.

“The circumstances to which you are reduced will not admit of a compromise with the English nation. Undecisive, qualifying measures will disgrace your government still more than open violence, and without satisfying the people will excite their contempt. They have too much understanding and spirit to accept of an indirect satisfaction for a direct injury. Nothing less than a repeal, as formal as the resolution itself, can heal the wound which has been given to the constitution, nor will anything less be accepted. I can readily believe that there is an influence sufficient to recall the pernicious vote. The House of Commons undoubtedly consider their duty to the crown as paramount to all other obligations. To us they are only indebted for an accidental existence, and have justly transferred their gratitude from their parents to their benefactors—from those who gave them birth to the minister from whose benevolence they derive the comforts and pleasures of their political life, who has taken the tenderest care of their infancy, and relieves their necessities without offending their delicacy. But, if it were possible for their integrity to be degraded to a condition so vile and abject that, compared with it, the present estimation they stand in is a state of honor and respect, consider, Sir, in what manner you will afterwards proceed. Can you conceive that the people of this country will long submit to be governed by so flexible a House of Commons? It is not in the nature of human society that any form of government, in such circumstances, can long be preserved. In ours, the general contempt of the people is as fatal as their detestation. Such, I am persuaded, would be the necessary effect of any base concession made by the present House of Commons, and, as a qualifying measure would not be accepted; it remains for you to decide whether you will, at any hazard, support a set of men who have reduced you to this unhappy dilemma, or whether you will gratify the united wishes of the whole people of England by dissolving the parliament.

“Taking it for granted, as I do very sincerely, that you have personally no design against the constitution, nor any

views inconsistent with the good of your subjects, I think you cannot hesitate long upon the choice, which it equally concerns your interest and your honor to adopt. On one side you hazard the affections of all your English subjects—you relinquish every hope of repose to yourself, and you endanger the establishment of your family forever. All this you venture for no object whatsoever, or for such an object as it would be an affront to you to name. Men of sense will examine your conduct with suspicion, while those who are incapable of comprehending to what degree they are injured afflict you with clamors equally insolent and unmeaning. Supposing it possible that no fatal struggle should ensue, you determine at once to be unhappy, without the hope of a compensation either from interest or ambition. If an English king be hated or despised, he *must* be unhappy; and this, perhaps, is the only political truth which he ought to be convinced of without experiment. But if the English people should no longer confine their resentment to a submissive representation of their wrongs—if, following the glorious example of their ancestors, they should no longer appeal to the creature of the constitution, but to that high Being who gave them the rights of humanity, whose gifts it were sacrilege to surrender—let me ask you, Sir, upon what part of your subjects would you rely for assistance?

“The people of Ireland have been uniformly plundered and oppressed. In return, they give you every day fresh marks of their resentment. They despise the miserable governor you have sent them, because he is the creature of Lord Bute; nor is it from any natural confusion in their ideas that they are so ready to confound the original of a king with the disgraceful representation of him.

“The distance of the colonies would make it impossible for them to take an active concern in your affairs if they were as well affected to your government as they once pretended to be to your person. They were ready enough to distinguish between *you* and your ministers. They complained of an act of the legislature, but traced the origin of it no higher than to the servants of the crown; they pleased themselves with the hope that their sovereign, if not favorable to their cause, at least was impartial. The decisive, personal part you took against them has effectually banished that first distinction from their minds. They consider you as united with your servants against America, and know how to distinguish the sovereign and a venal parlia-

ment on one side from the real sentiments of the English people on the other. Looking forward to independence, they might possibly receive you for their king ; but, if ever you retire to America, be assured they will give you such a covenant to digest as the presbytery of Scotland would have been ashamed to offer to Charles the Second. They left their native land in search of freedom, and found it in a desert. Divided as they are into a thousand forms of policy and religion, there is one point in which they all agree—they equally detest the pageantry of a king and the supercilious hypocrisy of a bishop.

“It is not then from the alienated affections of Ireland or America that you can reasonably look for assistance ; still less from the people of England, who are actually contending for their rights, and in this great question are parties against you. You are not, however, destitute of every appearance of support—you have all the Jacobites, Nonjurors, Roman Catholics, and Tories of this country, and all Scotland without exception. Considering from what family you are descended, the choice of your friends has been singularly directed ; and truly, Sir, if you had not lost the Whig interest of England, I should admire your dexterity in turning the hearts of your enemies. Is it possible for you to place any confidence in men who, before they are faithful to you, must renounce every opinion and betray every principle, both in church and state, which they inherit from their ancestors and are confirmed in by their education ? whose numbers are so inconsiderable that they have long since been obliged to give up the principles and language which distinguish them as a party, and to fight under the banners of their enemies ? Their zeal begins with hypocrisy, and must conclude in treachery. At first they deceive—at last they betray.

“As to the Scotch, I must suppose your heart and understanding so biased from your earliest infancy in their favor, that nothing less than *your own* misfortunes can undeceive you. You will not accept of the uniform experience of your ancestors ; and when once a man is determined to believe, the very absurdity of the doctrine confirms him in his faith. A bigoted understanding can draw a proof of attachment to the house of Hanover from a notorious zeal for the house of Stuart, and find an earnest of future loyalty in former rebellions. Appearances are, however, in their favor ; so strongly, indeed, that one would think they had forgotten that you are their lawful king, and had mistaken you for a pretender to the crown. Let it be admitted,

then, that the Scotch are as sincere in their present professions as if you were in reality not an Englishman, but a Briton of the North. You would not be the first prince of their native country against whom they have rebelled, nor the first whom they have basely betrayed. Have you forgotten, Sir, or has your favorite concealed from you that part of our history when the unhappy Charles (and he too had private virtues) fled from the open, avowed indignation of his English subjects, and surrendered himself at discretion to the good faith of his own countrymen? Without looking for support in their affections as subjects, he applied only to their honor as gentlemen for protection. They received him as they would your Majesty, with bows, and smiles, and falsehood, and kept him until they had settled their bargain with the English parliament; then basely sold their native king to the vengeance of his enemies. This, Sir, was not the act of a few traitors, but the deliberate treachery of a Scotch parliament representing the nation. A wise prince might draw from it two lessons of equal utility to himself. On one side he might learn to dread the undisguised resentment of a generous people, who dare openly assert their rights, and who, in a just cause, are ready to meet their sovereign in the field. On the other side, he would be taught to apprehend something far more formidable—a fawning treachery against which no prudence can guard, no courage can defend. The insidious smile upon the cheek would warn him of the canker in the heart.

“From the uses to which one part of the army has been too frequently applied, you have some reason to expect that there are no services they would refuse. Here, too, we trace the partiality of your understanding. You take the sense of the army from the conduct of the guards, with the same justice with which you collect the sense of the people from the representations of the ministry. Your marching regiments, Sir, will not make the guards their example either as soldiers or subjects. They feel and resent, as they ought to do, that invariable, undistinguishing favor with which the guards are treated, while those gallant troops by whom every hazardous, every laborious service is performed are left to perish in garrisons abroad, or pine in quarters at home, neglected and forgotten. If they had no sense of the great original duty they owe their country, their resentment would operate like patriotism, and leave your cause to be defended by those to whom you have lavished the rewards and honors of their profession. The pretorian bands, enervated

and debauched as they were, had still strength enough to awe the Roman populace ; but when the distant legions took the alarm, they marched to Rome and gave away the empire.

“On this side, then, whichever way you turn your eyes you see nothing but perplexity and distress. You may determine to support the very ministry who have reduced your affairs to this deplorable situation—you may shelter yourself under the forms of a parliament, and set your people at defiance. But be assured, Sir, that such a resolution would be as imprudent as it would be odious. If it did not immediately shake your establishment, it would rob you of your peace of mind forever.

“On the other, how different is the prospect ! How easy, how safe and honorable is the path before you ! The English nation declare they are grossly injured by their representatives, and solicit your Majesty to exert your lawful prerogative, and give them an opportunity of recalling a trust which, they find, has been scandalously abused. You are not to be told that the power of the House of Commons is not original, but delegated to them for the welfare of the people from whom they received it. A question of right arises between the constituent and the representative body. By what authority shall it be decided ? Will your Majesty interfere in a question in which you have properly no immediate concern ? It would be a step equally odious and unnecessary. Shall the Lords be called upon to determine the rights and privileges of the Commons ? They cannot do it without a flagrant breach of the constitution. Or will you refer it to the judges ? They have often told your ancestors that the law of parliament is above them. What party then remains but to leave it to the people to determine for themselves ? They alone are injured ; and, since there is no superior power to which the cause can be referred, they alone ought to determine.

“I do not mean to perplex you with a tedious argument upon a subject already so discussed that inspiration could hardly throw a new light upon it. There are, however, two points of view in which it particularly imports your Majesty to consider the late proceedings of the House of Commons. By depriving a subject of his birthright, they have attributed to their own vote an authority equal to an act of the whole legislature ; and, though perhaps not with the same motives, have strictly followed the example of the Long Parliament, which first declared the regal office useless, and soon after,

with as little ceremony, dissolved the House of Lords. The same pretended power which robs an English subject of his birthright may rob an English king of his crown. In another view, the resolution of the House of Commons, apparently not so dangerous to your Majesty, is still more alarming to your people. Not contented with divesting one man of his right, they have arbitrarily conveyed that right to another. They have set aside a return as illegal, without daring to censure those officers who were particularly apprised of Mr. Wilkes' incapacity, not only by the declaration of the House, but expressly by the writ directed to them, and who, nevertheless, returned him as duly elected. They have rejected the majority of votes, the only criterion by which our laws judge of the sense of the people; they have transferred the right of election from the collective to the representative body; and by these acts, taken separately or together, they have essentially altered the original constitution of the House of Commons. Versed as your Majesty undoubtedly is in the English history, it cannot easily escape you how much it is your interest, as well as your duty, to prevent one of the three estates from encroaching upon the province of the other two, or assuming the authority of them all. When once they have departed from the great constitutional line by which all their proceedings should be directed, who will answer for their future moderation? Or what assurance will they give you that when they have trampled upon your equals, they will submit to a superior? Your Majesty may learn hereafter how nearly the slave and tyrant are allied.

"Some of your council, more candid than the rest, admit the abandoned profligacy of the present House of Commons, but oppose their dissolution upon an opinion, I confess not very unwarrantable, that their successors would be equally at the disposal of the treasury. I cannot persuade myself that the nation will have profited so little by experience. But if that opinion were well founded, you might then gratify our wishes at an easy rate, and appease the present clamor against your government, without offering any material injury to the favorite cause of corruption.

"You have still an honorable part to act. The affections of your subjects may still be recovered. But before you subdue *their* hearts, you must gain a noble victory over your own. Discard those little personal resentments which have too long

directed your public conduct. Pardon this man the remainder of his punishment; and, if resentment still prevails, make it what it should have been long since — an act, not of mercy, but contempt. He will soon fall back into his natural station — a silent senator, and hardly supporting the weekly eloquence of a newspaper. The gentle breath of peace would leave him on the surface neglected and unremoved. It is only the tempest that lifts him from his place.

“Without consulting your minister, call together your whole council. Let it appear to the public that you can determine and act for yourself. Come forward to your people. Lay aside the wretched formalities of a king, and speak to your subjects with the spirit of a man, and in the language of a gentleman. Tell them you have been fatally deceived. The acknowledgment will be no disgrace, but rather an honor to your understanding. Tell them you are determined to remove every cause of complaint against your government, that you will give your confidence to **no** man who does not possess the confidence of your subjects; and leave it to themselves to determine, by their conduct at a future election, whether or no it be in reality the general sense of the nation that their rights have been arbitrarily invaded by the present House of Commons, and the constitution betrayed. They will then do justice to their representatives and to themselves.

“These sentiments, Sir, and the style they are conveyed in, may be offensive, perhaps, because they are new to you. Accustomed to the language of courtiers, you measure their affections by the vehemence of their expressions; and, when they only praise you indirectly, you admire their sincerity. But this is not a time to trifle with your fortune. They deceive you, Sir, who tell you that you have many friends whose affections are founded upon a principle of personal attachment. The first foundation of friendship is not the power of conferring benefits, but the equality with which they are received and *may* be returned. The fortune which made you a king forbade you to have a friend. It is a law of nature which cannot be violated with impunity. The mistaken prince who looks for friendship will find a favorite, and in that favorite the ruin of his affairs.

“The people of England are loyal to the house of Hanover, not from a vain preference of one family to another, but from a conviction that the establishment of that family was neces-

sary to the support of their civil and religious liberties. This, Sir, is a principle of allegiance equally solid and rational: fit for Englishmen to adopt, and well worthy of your Majesty's encouragement. We cannot long be deluded by nominal distinctions. The name of Stuart, of itself, is only contemptible; armed with the sovereign authority, their principles are formidable. The prince who imitates their conduct should be warned by their example; and, while he plumes himself upon the security of his title to the crown, should remember that, as it was acquired by one revolution, it may be lost by another."



THE MAN OF FEELING.

By HENRY MACKENZIE.

[HENRY MACKENZIE, Scotch novelist and essayist, was born in Edinburgh, August, 1745; a lawyer by profession. He was one of the great literary circle which included Hume, Robertson, Adam Smith, Blair, and others. His first work, "The Man of Feeling" (1771), remains his literary monument. He also wrote: "The Man of the World" (1773), "Julia Roubigne" (1777), essays entitled "The Mirror" and "The Lounger," and several plays. He died January 14, 1831.]

HIS SKILL IN PHYSIOGNOMY.

THE company at the baronet's removed to the playhouse accordingly, and Harley took his usual route into the Park. He observed, as he entered, a fresh-looking elderly gentleman in conversation with a beggar, who, leaning on his crutch, was recounting the hardships he had undergone, and explaining the wretchedness of his present condition. This was a very interesting dialogue to Harley; he was rude enough therefore to slacken his pace as he approached, and at last to make a full stop at the gentleman's back, who was just then expressing his compassion for the beggar, and regretting that he had not a farthing of change about him. At saying this he looked piteously on the fellow: there was something in his physiognomy which caught Harley's notice: indeed, physiognomy was one of Harley's foibles, for which he had often been rebuked by his aunt in the country, who used to tell him that when he was come to her years and experience, he would know that all's not gold that glisters; and it must be owned that his aunt was a

very sensible, harsh-looking maiden lady of threescore and upwards. But he was too apt to forget this caution; and now, it seems, it had not occurred to him: stepping up, therefore, to the gentleman, who was lamenting the want of silver, "Your intentions, Sir," said he, "are so good that I cannot help lending you my assistance to carry them into execution," and gave the beggar a shilling. The other returned a suitable compliment, and extolled the benevolence of Harley. They kept walking together, and benevolence grew the topic of discourse.

The stranger was fluent on the subject. "There is no use of money," said he, "equal to that of beneficence: with the profuse, it is lost; and even with those who lay it out according to the prudence of the world, the objects acquired by it pall on the sense, and have scarce become our own till they lose their value with the power of pleasing; but here the enjoyment grows on reflection, and our money is most truly ours when it ceases being in our possession."

"Yet I agree in some measure," answered Harley, "with those who think that charity to our common beggars is often misplaced; there are objects less obtrusive whose title is a better one."

"We cannot easily distinguish," said the stranger; "and even of the worthless, are there not many whose impudence or whose vice may have been one dreadful consequence of misfortune?"

Harley looked again in his face, and blessed himself for his skill in physiognomy.

By this time they had reached the end of the walk, the old gentleman leaning on the rails to take breath, and in the mean time they were joined by a younger man, whose figure was much above the appearance of his dress, which was poor and shabby: Harley's former companion addressed him as an acquaintance, and they turned on the walk together.

The elder of the strangers complained of the closeness of the evening, and asked the other if he would go with him into a house hard by, and take one draught of excellent cider. "The man who keeps this house," said he to Harley, "was once a servant of mine: I could not think of turning loose upon the world a faithful old fellow, for no other reason but that his age had incapacitated him; so I gave him an annuity of ten pounds, with the help of which he has set up this little place here, and his daughter goes and sells milk in the city, while her father

manages his taproom, as he calls it, at home. I can't well ask a gentleman of your appearance to accompany me to so paltry a place."—"Sir," replied Harley, interrupting him, "I would much rather enter it than the most celebrated tavern in town: to give to the necessitous may sometimes be a weakness in the man; to encourage industry is a duty in the citizen." They entered the house accordingly.

On a table at a corner of the room lay a pack of cards, loosely thrown together. The old gentleman reproved the man of the house for encouraging so idle an amusement. Harley attempted to defend him from the necessity of accommodating himself to the humor of his guests, and, taking up the cards, began to shuffle them backwards and forwards in his hand. "Nay, I don't think cards so unpardonable an amusement as some do," replied the other; "and now and then, about this time of the evening, when my eyes begin to fail me for my book, I divert myself with a game at piquet, without finding my morals a bit relaxed by it." "Do you play piquet, Sir?" (to Harley) Harley answered in the affirmative; upon which the other proposed playing a pool at a shilling the game, doubling the stakes; adding, that he never played higher with anybody.

Harley's good nature could not refuse the benevolent old man; and the younger stranger, though he at first pleaded prior engagements, yet being earnestly solicited by his friend, at last yielded to solicitation.

When they began to play, the old gentleman, somewhat to the surprise of Harley, produced ten shillings to serve for markers of his score. "He had no change for the beggar," said Harley to himself; "but I can easily account for it; it is curious to observe the affection that inanimate things will create in us by a long acquaintance: if I may judge from my own feelings, the old man would not part with one of these counters for ten times its intrinsic value; it even got the better of his benevolence! I myself have a pair of old brass sleeve buttons——" Here he was interrupted by being told that the old gentleman had beat the younger, and that it was his turn to take up the conqueror. "Your game has been short," said Harley. "I repiqued him," answered the old man, with joy sparkling in his countenance. Harley wished to be repiqued, too, but he was disappointed; for he had the same good fortune against his opponent. Indeed, never did fortune, mutable as she is, delight in mutability so much as at that moment: the

victory was so quick, and so constantly alternate, that the stake in a short time amounted to no less a sum than £12. Harley's proportion of which was within half a guinea of the money he had in his pocket. He had before proposed a division, but the old gentleman opposed it with such a pleasant warmth in his manner that it was always overruled. Now, however, he told them that he had an appointment with some gentlemen, and it was within a few minutes of his hour. The young stranger had gained one game, and was engaged in the second with the other; they agreed therefore that the stake should be divided, if the old gentleman won that, which was more than probable, as his score was 90 to 35, and he was elder hand; but a momentous repique decided it in favor of his adversary, who seemed to enjoy his victory, mingled with regret for having won too much; while his friend, with great ebullience of passion, many praises of his own good play, and many maledictions on the power of chance, took up the cards and threw them into the fire.

THE MAN OF FEELING IN A BROTHEL.

The company he was engaged to meet were assembled in Fleet Street. He had walked some time along the Strand, amidst a crowd of those wretches who wait the uncertain wages of prostitution, with ideas of pity suitable to the scene around him, and the feelings he possessed, and had got as far as Somerset House, when one of them laid hold of his arm, and, with a voice tremulous and faint, asked him for a pint of wine, in a manner more supplicatory than is usual with those whom the infamy of their profession has deprived of shame: he turned round at the demand, and looked steadfastly on the person who made it.

She was above the common size, and elegantly formed; her face was thin and hollow, and showed the remains of tarnished beauty. Her eyes were black, but had little of their luster left; her cheeks had some paint laid on without art, and productive of no advantage to her complexion, which exhibited a deadly paleness on the other parts of her face.

Harley stood in the attitude of hesitation; which she, interpreting to her advantage, repeated her request, and endeavored to force a leer of invitation into her countenance. He took her arm, and they walked on to one of those obsequious taverns in the neighborhood, where the dearness of the wine is a discharge

in full for the character of the house. From what impulse he did this, we do not mean to inquire; as it has ever been against our nature to search for motives where bad ones are to be found. — They entered, and a waiter showed them a room, and placed a bottle of claret on the table.

Harley filled the lady's glass; which she had no sooner tasted, than dropping it on the floor, and eagerly catching his arm, her eye grew fixed, her lip assumed a clayey whiteness, and she fell back lifeless in her chair.

Harley started from his seat, and, catching her in his arms, supported her from falling to the ground, looking wildly at the door, as if he wanted to run for assistance, but durst not leave the miserable creature. It was not till some minutes after that it occurred to him to ring the bell, which at last however he thought of, and rung with repeated violence even after the waiter appeared. Luckily the waiter had his senses somewhat more about him; and snatching up a bottle of water, which stood on a buffet at the end of the room, he sprinkled it over the hands and face of the dying figure before him. She began to revive, and with the assistance of some hartshorn drops, which Harley now for the first time drew from his pocket, was able to desire the waiter to bring her a crust of bread, of which she swallowed some mouthfuls with the appearance of the keenest hunger. The waiter withdrew: when, turning to Harley, sobbing at the same time, and shedding tears, "I am sorry, Sir," said she, "that I should have given you so much trouble; but you will pity me when I tell you that till now I have not tasted a morsel these two days past." — He fixed his eyes on hers — every circumstance but the last was forgotten; and he took her hand with as much respect as if she had been a duchess. It was ever the privilege of misfortune to be revered by him. — "Two days!" said he; "and I have fared sumptuously every day!" — He was reaching to the bell; she understood his meaning, and prevented him. "I beg, Sir," said she, "that you would give yourself no more trouble about a wretch who does not wish to live; but, at present, I could not eat a bit; my stomach even rose at the last mouthful of that crust." — He offered to call a chair, saying that he hoped a little rest would relieve her. — He had one half-guinea left: "I am sorry," he said, "that at present I should be able to make you an offer of no more than this paltry sum." — She burst into tears: "Your generosity, Sir, is abused; to bestow it on me is to take it from

the virtuous: I have no title but misery to plead; misery of my own procuring." "No more of that," answered Harley; "there is virtue in these tears; let the fruit of them be virtue."—He rung, and ordered a chair.—"Though I am the vilest of beings," said she, "I have not forgotten every virtue; gratitude, I hope, I shall still have left, did I but know who is my benefactor."—"My name is Harley."—"Could I ever have an opportunity."—"You shall, and a glorious one too! your future conduct—but I do not mean to reproach you—if, I say—it will be the noblest reward—I will do myself the pleasure of seeing you again."—Here the waiter entered, and told them the chair was at the door; the lady informed Harley of her lodgings, and he promised to wait on her at ten next morning.

He led her to the chair, and returned to clear with the waiter, without ever once reflecting that he had no money in his pocket. He was ashamed to make an excuse; yet an excuse must be made: he was beginning to frame one, when the waiter cut him short by telling him that he could not run scores; but that, if he would leave his watch, or any other pledge, it would be as safe as if it lay in his pocket. Harley jumped at the proposal, and pulling out his watch delivered it into his hands immediately; and having, for once, had the precaution to take a note of the lodging he intended to visit next morning, sallied forth with a blush of triumph on his face, without taking notice of the sneer of the waiter, who, twirling the watch in his hand, made him a profound bow at the door, and whispered to a girl, who stood in the passage, something in which the word **CULLY** was honored with a particular emphasis.

HE MEETS AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

When the stagecoach arrived at the place of its destination, Harley began to consider how he should proceed the remaining part of his journey. He was very civilly accosted by the master of the inn, who offered to accommodate him either with a post chaise or horses, to any distance he had a mind; but as he did things frequently in a way different from what other people call natural, he refused these offers, and set out immediately afoot, having first put a spare shirt in his pocket, and given directions for the forwarding of his portmanteau. This was a method of traveling which he was accustomed to take: it saved the trouble of provision for any animal but himself, and left

him at liberty to choose his quarters, either at an inn, or at the first cottage in which he saw a face he liked; nay, when he was not peculiarly attracted by the reasonable creation, he would sometimes consort with a species of inferior rank, and lay himself down to sleep by the side of a rock, or on the banks of a rivulet. He did few things without a motive, but his motives were rather eccentric; and the useful and expedient were terms which he held to be very indefinite, and which, therefore, he did not always apply to the sense in which they are commonly understood.

The sun was now in his decline, and the evening remarkably serene, when he entered a hollow part of the road, which winded between the surrounding banks, and seamed the sward in different lines, as the choice of travelers had directed them to tread it. It seemed to be little frequented now, for some of those had partly recovered their former verdure. The scene was such as induced Harley to stand and enjoy it; when, turning round, his notice was attracted by an object, which the fixture of his eye on the spot he walked had before prevented him from observing.

An old man, who from his dress seemed to have been a soldier, lay fast asleep on the ground; a knapsack rested on a stone at his right hand, while his staff and brass-hilted sword were crossed at his left.

Harley looked on him with the most earnest attention. He was one of those figures which Salvator would have drawn; nor was the surrounding scenery unlike the wildness of that painter's backgrounds. The banks on each side were covered with fantastic shrub wood, and at a little distance, on the top of one of them, stood a finger post, to mark the directions of two roads which diverged from the point where it was placed. A rock, with some dangling wild flowers, juttied out above where the soldier lay, on which grew the stump of a large tree, white with age, and a single twisted branch shaded his face as he slept. His face had the marks of manly comeliness impaired by time; his forehead was not altogether bald, but its hairs might have been numbered; while a few white locks behind crossed the brown of his neck with a contrast the most venerable to a mind like Harley's. "Thou art old," said he to himself, "but age has not brought thee rest for its infirmities: I fear those silver hairs have not found shelter from thy country, though that neck has been bronzed in its service." The

stranger waked. He looked at Harley with the appearance of some confusion: it was a pain the latter knew too well, to think of causing in another; he turned and went on. The old man readjusted his knapsack, and followed in one of the tracks on the opposite side of the road.

When Harley heard the tread of his feet behind him, he could not help stealing back a glance at his fellow-traveler. He seemed to bend under the weight of his knapsack; he halted on his walk, and one of his arms was supported by a sling, and lay motionless across his breast. He had that steady look of sorrow which indicates that its owner has gazed upon his griefs till he has forgotten to lament them; yet not without those streaks of complacency which a good mind will sometimes throw into the countenance, through all the incumbent load of its depression.

He had now advanced nearer to Harley, and, with an uncertain sort of voice, begged to know what it was o'clock: "I fear," said he, "sleep has beguiled me of my time, and I shall hardly have light enough left to carry me to the end of my journey." "Father!" said Harley (who by this time found the romantic enthusiasm rising within him) "how far do you mean to go?" "But a little way, Sir," returned the other; "and indeed it is but a little way I can manage now: 'tis just four miles from the height to the village; thither I am going." "I am going there too," said Harley; "we may make the road shorter to each other. You seem to have served your country, Sir, to have served it hardly too; 'tis a character I have the highest esteem for. — I would not be impertinently inquisitive; but there is that in your appearance which excites my curiosity to know something more of you: in the mean time, suffer me to carry that knapsack."

The old man gazed on him; a tear stood in his eye! "Young gentleman," said he, "you are too good; may Heaven bless you for an old man's sake, who has nothing but his blessing to give! but my knapsack is so familiar to my shoulders that I should walk the worse for wanting it; and it would be troublesome to you, who have not been used to its weight." "Far from it," answered Harley, "I should tread the lighter; it would be the most honorable badge I ever wore."

"Sir," said the stranger, who had looked earnestly in Harley's face during the last part of his discourse, "is not your name Harley?" "It is," replied he; "I am ashamed to say I

have forgotten yours." "You may well have forgotten my face," said the stranger, "'tis a long time since you saw it; but possibly you may remember something of old Edwards."—"Edwards!" cried Harley, "oh! heavens!" and sprung to embrace him; "let me clasp those knees on which I have sat so often: Edwards!—I shall never forget that fireside round which I have been so happy! But where, where have you been? where is Jack? where is your daughter? How has it fared with them, when fortune, I fear, has been so unkind to you?"—" 'Tis a long tale," replied Edwards; "but I will try to tell it you as we walk.

"When you were at school in the neighborhood, you remember me at South Hill: that farm had been possessed by my father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, which last was a young brother of that very man's ancestor, who is now lord of the manor. I thought I managed it, as they had done, with prudence; I paid my rent regularly as it became due, and had always as much behind as gave bread to me and my children. But my last lease was out soon after you left that part of the country, and the squire, who had lately got a London attorney for his steward, would not renew it because, he said, he did not choose to have any farm under £300 a year value on his estate; but offered to give me the preference on the same terms with another, if I chose to take the one he had marked out, of which mine was a part.

"What could I do, Mr. Harley? I feared the undertaking was too great for me; yet to leave, at my age, the house I had lived in from my cradle! I could not, Mr. Harley, I could not: there was not a tree about it that I did not look on as my father, my brother, or my child; so I even ran the risk, and took the squire's offer of the whole. But I had soon reason to repent of my bargain: the steward had taken care that my former farm should be the best land of the division; I was obliged to hire more servants, and I could not have my eye over them all; some unfavorable seasons followed one another, and I found my affairs entangling on my hands. To add to my distress, a considerable corn factor turned bankrupt with a sum of mine in his possession; I failed paying my rent so punctually as I was wont to do, and the same steward had my stock taken in execution in a few days after. So, Mr. Harley, there was an end of my prosperity. However, there was as much produced from the sale of my effects as paid my debts and

saved me from a jail: I thank God I wronged no man, and the world could never charge me with dishonesty.

"Had you seen us, Mr. Harley, when we were turned out of South Hill, I am sure you would have wept at the sight. You remember old Trusty, my shag house dog, I shall never forget it while I live: the poor creature was blind with age, and could scarce crawl after us to the door; he went, however, as far as the gooseberry bush, that, you may remember, stood on the left side of the yard; he was wont to bask in the sun there; when he had reached that spot, he stopped; we went on; I called to him, he wagged his tail, but did not stir; I called again, he lay down; I whistled and cried Trusty, he gave a short howl, and died! I could have lain down and died too, but God gave me strength to live for my children."

The old man now paused a moment to take breath. He eyed Harley's face; it was bathed with tears: the story was grown familiar to himself; he dropped one tear, and no more.

"Though I was poor," continued he, "I was not altogether without credit. A gentleman in the neighborhood, who had a small farm unoccupied at the time, offered to let me have it on giving security for the rent, which I made shift to procure. It was a piece of ground which required management to make anything of; but it was nearly within the compass of my son's labor and my own. We exerted all our industry to bring it into some heart. We began to succeed tolerably and lived contented on its produce, when an unlucky accident brought us under the displeasure of a neighboring justice of the peace, and broke all our family happiness again.

"My son was a remarkable good shooter, he had always kept a pointer on our former farm, and thought no harm in doing so now, when one day, having sprung a covey in our own ground, the dog, of his own accord, followed them into the justice's. My son laid down his gun and went after his dog to bring him back; the gamekeeper, who had marked the birds, came up and, seeing the pointer, shot him just as my son approached. The creature fell, my son ran up to him; he died with a complaining sort of cry at his master's feet. Jack could bear it no longer; but flying at the gamekeeper wrenched his gun out of his hand, and with the butt end of it felled him to the ground.

"He had scarce got home when a constable came with a

warrant and dragged him to prison; there he lay, for the justices would not take bail, till he was tried at the quarter sessions for assault and battery. His fine was hard upon us to pay; we contrived, however, to live the worse for it, and make up the loss by our frugality; but the justice was not content with that punishment and soon after had an opportunity of punishing us indeed.

"An officer with press orders came down to our county, and having met with the justices agreed that they should pitch on a certain number, who could most easily be spared from the county, of whom he would take care to clear it: my son's name was in the justices' list.

"'Twas on a Christmas eve and the birthday, too, of my son's little boy. The night was piercing cold, and it blew a storm, with showers of hail and snow. We had made up a cheering fire in an inner room; I sat before it in my wicker chair, blessing Providence that had still left a shelter for me and my children. My son's two little ones were holding their gambols around us; my heart warmed at the sight; I brought a bottle of my best ale, and all our misfortunes were forgotten.

"It had long been our custom to play a game at blindman's buff on that night, and it was not omitted now; so to it we fell, I and my son, and his wife, the daughter of a neighboring farmer, who happened to be with us at the time, the two children, and an old maid servant, who had lived with me from a child. The lot fell on my son to be blindfolded; we had continued some time in our game when he groped his way into an outer room in pursuit of some of us who, he imagined, had taken shelter there; we kept snug in our places and enjoyed his mistake. He had not been long there when he was suddenly seized from behind: 'I shall have you now,' said he, and turned about. 'Shall you so, master?' answered the ruffian who had laid hold of him; 'we shall make you play at another sort of game by and by.'"—At these words Harley started with a convulsive sort of motion, and grasping Edwards' sword drew it half out of the scabbard, with a look of the most frantic wildness. Edwards gently replaced it in its sheath and went on with his relation.

"On hearing these words in a strange voice, we all rushed out to discover the cause; the room by this time was almost full of the gang. My daughter-in-law fainted at the sight,

the maid and I ran to assist her, while my poor son remained motionless, gazing by turns on his children and their mother. We soon recovered her to life, and begged her to retire and wait the issue of the affair; but she flew to her husband, and clung round him in an agony of terror and grief.

"In the gang was one of a smoother aspect, whom, by his dress, we discovered to be a sergeant of foot; he came up to me and told me that my son had his choice of the sea or land service, whispering at the same time that, if he chose the land, he might get off, on procuring him another man and paying a certain sum for his freedom. The money we could just muster up in the house, by the assistance of the maid, who produced, in a green bag, all the little savings of her service; but the man we could not expect to find. My daughter-in-law gazed upon her children with a look of the wildest despair: 'My poor infants!' said she, 'your father is forced from you; who shall now labor for your bread? or must your mother beg for herself and you?' I prayed her to be patient; but comfort I had none to give her. At last, calling the sergeant aside, I asked him, 'If I was too old to be accepted in place of my son?' 'Why, I don't know,' said he; 'you are rather old, to be sure, but yet the money may do much.' I put the money in his hand, and coming back to my children, 'Jack,' said I, 'you are free; live to give your wife and these little ones bread; I will go, my child, in your stead: I have but little life to lose, and if I stayed, I should add one to the wretches you left behind.' 'No,' replied my son, 'I am not that coward you imagine me; Heaven forbid that my father's gray hairs should be so exposed while I sat idle at home; I am young and able to endure much, and God will take care of you and my family.' 'Jack,' said I, 'I will put an end to this matter; you have never hitherto disobeyed me, I will not be contradicted in this, stay at home, I charge you, and, for my sake, be kind to my children.'

"Our parting, Mr. Harley, I cannot describe to you: it was the first time we ever had parted; the very press gang could scarce keep from tears; but the sergeant, who had seemed the softest before was now the least moved of them all. He conducted me to a party of new-raised recruits, who lay at a village in the neighborhood, and we soon after joined the regiment. I had not been long with it when we were ordered to the East Indies, where I was soon made a sergeant, and might have picked up some money, if my heart had been as hard as some

others were; but my nature was never of that kind that could think of getting rich at the expense of my conscience.

"Amongst our prisoners was an old Indian, whom some of our officers supposed to have a treasure hidden somewhere, which is no uncommon practice in that country. They pressed him to discover it. He declared he had none; but that would not satisfy them: so they ordered him to be tied to a stake, and suffer fifty lashes every morning till he should learn to speak out, as they said. Oh! Mr. Harley, had you seen him, as I did, with his hands bound behind him, suffering in silence, while the big drops trickled down his shriveled cheeks, and wet his gray beard, which some of the inhuman soldiers plucked in scorn! I could not bear it, I could not for my soul; and one morning, when the rest of the guard were out of the way, I found means to let him escape. I was tried by a court-martial for negligence of my post, and ordered, in compassion of my age, and having got this wound in my arm, and that in my leg, in the service, only to suffer 300 lashes, and be turned out of the regiment; but my sentence was mitigated as to the lashes, and I had only 200. When I had suffered these, I was turned out of the camp, and had betwixt three and four hundred miles to travel before I could reach a seaport, without guide to conduct me, or money to buy me provisions by the way. I set out, however, resolved to walk as far as I could, and then to lay myself down and die. But I had scarce gone a mile when I was met by the Indian whom I had delivered. He pressed me in his arms, and kissed the marks of the lashes on my back a thousand times; he led me to a little hut, where some friend of his dwelt; and after I was recovered of my wounds conducted me so far on my journey himself, and sent another Indian to guide me through the rest. When we parted, he pulled out a purse with two hundred pieces of gold in it: 'Take this,' said he, 'my dear preserver, it is all I have been able to procure.' I begged him not to bring himself to poverty for my sake, who should probably have no need of it long; but he insisted on my accepting it. He embraced me: 'You are an Englishman,' said he, 'but the Great Spirit has given you an Indian heart; may He bear up the weight of your old age, and blunt the arrow that brings it rest!' We parted, and not long after I made shift to get my passage to England. 'Tis but about a week since I landed, and I am going to end my days in the arms of my son. This sum may be of use to him and his

children; 'tis all the value I put upon it. I thank Heaven I never was covetous of wealth; I never had much, but was always so happy as to be content with my little."

When Edwards had ended his relation, Harley stood awhile looking at him in silence; at last he pressed him in his arms, and when he had given vent to the fullness of his heart by a shower of tears, "Edwards," said he, "let me hold thee to my bosom; let me imprint the virtue of thy sufferings on my soul. Come, my honored veteran! let me endeavor to soften the last days of a life worn out in the service of humanity; call me also thy son, and let me cherish thee as a father." Edwards, from whom the recollection of his own sufferings had scarce forced a tear, now blubbered like a boy; he could not speak his gratitude but by some short exclamations of blessings upon Harley.

LENORE.¹

By GOTTFRIED A. BÜRGER.

(Translated by Elizabeth Craigmyle.)

[GOTTFRIED AUGUST BÜRGER, a noted German lyric poet, was born at Mömerswende, in Prussian Saxony, in 1748, and studied theology at Halle and law at Göttingen. In the latter place he led a life of dissipation, and would have remained unknown if his intimacy with Voss, the two Stolbergs, and other poets had not inspired him with an earnest ambition to excel. In 1773 appeared his poem "Lenore," which at once attracted attention; and the ballads "The Song of the Brave Man," "The Emperor and the Abbot," and "The Wild Huntsman" (translated by Sir Walter Scott) were also well received. Bürger was thrice unhappily married, and died in poverty at Göttingen, June 8, 1794.]

LENORE she woke at morning red,
 (O, but her dreams were eerie!)
 "Love William, art thou untrue or dead?
 For thy coming I grow weary."
 He was with old King Frederick's powers
 Through the fight at Prague in its bloody hours,
 No message came to tell
 What chance to him befell.

The Empress and the King at last
 Decreed the strife surcease.
 Their warlike thoughts away they cast,
 And made the longed-for peace.

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And either army did homeward come
 With clang of trumpet and kettledrum,
 With joyful sound of singing,
 And green boughs round them clinging.

And far and wide, and wide and far,
 Through every path and street,
 Folk came to hail them from the war,
 With shouts of joy to greet.
 "Thank God!" the wives and children cried,
 "Welcome!" from many a maiden bride.
 Only Lenore did miss
 Her lover's clasp and kiss.

In every face her love she sought,
 Vain was her anxious tasking,
 For there was none could tell her aught,
 Useless was all her asking.
 The soldiers passed and left her there,
 And then she tore her raven hair,
 Cast herself on the ground,
 In passionate sorrow drowned.

The mother ran to clasp her child:—
 "God shield us all from harms!
 Dear one, what is this grief so wild?"
 And clasped her in her arms.
 "O mother! mother! unending woe!
 This world and the next to rack may go.
 The mercy of God is dead!
 Woe, woe is me!" she said.

"Help, God, our Lord! Look down on us!
 Child, say 'Thy will be done.'
 His will is best, though it be thus,—
 Pity us, Holy Son!"
 "O mother, mother! Words and wind!
 God robbed me. He is cruel and blind.
 What use of all my praying?
 Now,—no more need of saying."

"Have pity, Lord! Thy children know
 Thy help in their distress;
 The blessed Sacrament shall grow
 A thing to heal and bless."

"O mother, I feel this grief of mine
 Past help of blessèd bread and wine.
 No sacrament will give
 Dead men the power to live."

"My child, it may be thy false true love
 In a far-off distant land,
 Has cast off his faith like an easy glove,
 And given another his hand.
 Whistle him lightly down the wind,
 His fault will he rue, his loss will he find.
 The coward will regret his lie,
 In the hour when he comes to die."

"O mother, mother, 'Lost' is 'lost.'
 'Forlorn' is e'en 'forlorn.'
 I have bought Death at a mighty cost,
 O, had I ne'er been born!
 The light of life is quenched, I know,
 Like a torch blown out it is even so,
 And God in heaven is dead.
 Woe, woe upon my head."

"Enter not into judgment, Lord,
 Her heart and brain are dazed,
 Heavy on her is laid thy sword,
 Through sorrow she is crazed.
 Forget thine earthly love's distress;
 Think upon Heaven's blessedness,
 So that thou shalt not miss
 The Heavenly Bridegroom's kiss."

"O mother! what is dreary heaven?
 O mother, what is hell?
 With him, with him is all my heaven,
 Without him, *that* is hell.
 To lights of heaven and earth am I blind;
 They are quenched like torches in the wind.
 Blessed? — Without my love,
 Not here, nor in heaven above."

So raged the madness of despair,
 Like fire in heart and brain.
 At God's cruel will she hurled in air
 Wild curses half-insane.

She beat her bosom, she wrung her hands,
 Till the sunshine shone on other lands,
 Till in the evening sky
 Gold stars shone silently.

And hark! a sound of horse's feet
 The eerie night wind bore.
 The rider sprang from saddle seat
 With spur clash at her door.
 Hark, at the gate doth the stranger ring;
 And the bell it clashes its kling-ling-ling.
 Softly he called her name,
 These were the words that came:—

“Rise up, rise up, mine own sweetheart!
 Are you sleeping, my child, or waking?
 Is it laughter or weeping that is thy part,
 Is it holding or forsaking?”
 “Thou, Wilhelm, — thou, — and night so late?
 To wake and weep hath been my fate,
 Such sorrow was betiding:
 Whence com'st thou hither riding?”

“We saddled our horses at midnight deep,
 From Böhmen rode I hither,
 I come for my bride when the world's asleep,
 But I shall be riding with her.”
 “Nay, Wilhelm, come within the house;
 The wind in the hawthorn holds carouse,
 The clasp of my snow-white arm
 Shall keep my beloved warm.”

“Let the wind set the hawthorn boughs aswing,
 And the storm sprites rave and harry!
 The stallion stamps, spur irons ring,
 I may not longer tarry.
 Come, kilt thy kirtle, behind me spring,
 A hundred miles brook no faltering,
 For far away is spread
 My sweetheart's bridal bed.”

“Is there a hundred miles between
 Us and our bridal bed?
 Eleven has struck on the clock, I ween,
 And dawn will soon shine red.”

"Nay, look, my love, at the full moon's face:
 We and the dead folk ride apace,
 Ere day with darkness meets
 You shall press your bridal sheets."

"Now where, dear love, is the bride chambère,
 And when may we hope to win it?"
 "Six planks and two small boards are there,
 It is cool and still within it."
 "Is there room for me?" "Of a suretie.
 Come, kilt thy kirtle and ride with me,
 For we the guests are wronging,
 And the bride bed faints with longing."

She kilted her kirtle and sprang behind
 On the steed as black as night,
 And round the rider's waist she twined
 Her arms so soft and white.
 Into the night away they go
 Like a bolt that's launched from a steel crossbow.
 At every horse hoof's dint
 Fire flashes from the flint.

They ride — they ride — on either hand
 Too fast to see or know them,
 Fly hedges, wastes, and pasture land,
 The bridges thunder below them.
 "Dost fear, my love? The moon shines bright.
 Hurrah! the Dead ride fast by night. —
 Dost fear, my love, the Dead?"
 "Nay, yet let be the Dead!"

The black, black ravens are croaking there,
 The mass they sing and say,
 The dirge swells out on the midnight air,
 "Let us carry the corpse to the clay."
 The funeral chant the riders hear,
 There are mourners bearing coffin and bier.
 The dirge the echoes woke
 Like the frogs in dreary croak.

"Ye may bury the corpse at midnight drear,
 With dirge and sound of weeping:
 I ride through the dark with my sweetheart dear
 To a night of happy sleeping.

Come hither, O sexton, O choir, come near
 And sing the bride song sweet to hear,
 Come priest, and speak the blessing
 Ere we our couch are pressing."

The phantom show it melts like snows;
 As if to grant his praying,
 An eldritch sound of laughter rose,
 But their course knew no delaying.
 He never checks his horse's rein,
 And through the night they ride amain;
 The flashing fire flaught flies,
 The sparks from the horse hoofs rise.

How flew to right, how flew to left,
 The hills, the trees, the sedges!
 How flew to left, to right, to left,
 Townlets and towns and hedges!
 "Dost fear, my love? The moon shines bright.
 Hurrah! the Dead ride fast by night. —
 Dost fear, my love, the Dead?"
 "Ah, let them rest, the Dead."

See there, see there, on the scaffold's height,
 Around the ax and wheel,
 A ghostly crew in the moon's gray light
 Are dancing a ghastly reel.
 "Ha, ha, ye foot 't lustily,
 Come hither, old friends, and follow me.
 To dance shall be your lot
 While I loose her girdle knot."

And the gallows' crew they rushed behind
 On the black steed's fiery traces,
 As the leaves that whirl in the eddying wind,
 Or dust the hurricane chases.
 He never checks his horse's rein,
 And through the night they ride amain;
 The flashing fire flaught flies,
 The sparks from the horse hoofs rise.

On, on, they race by the moon's pale light,
 All things seem flying fast,
 The heaven, the stars, the earth, the night,
 In one wild dream flash past.

"Dost fear, my love? The moon shines bright.
 Hurrah! The Dead ride fast by night. —
 Dost fear, my love, the Dead?"
 "Alas, let be the Dead."

"Soon will the cock's shrill trumpet blare,
 The sand will soon be run;
 O steed! I scent the morning air;
 Press on, brave steed, press on.
 We have won to our goal through rain and mire.
 The bride bed shivers with sweet desire,
 And dead folk ride apace. —
 We have reached the trysting place."

To a portal latticed with iron grate
 He galloped with loosened rein,
 And lightly he struck on that grewsome gate —
 Burst bolt and bar in twain!
 Its iron jaws are split in sunder,
 Over the graves the horse hoofs thunder,
 And shadowy gravestones loom
 I' the moonlit churchyard gloom.

In a second's space came a wonder strange,
 A hideous thing to tell.
 The rider's face knew a ghastly change,
 The flesh from the white bones fell.
 A featureless skull glares out on her,
 No hair to wave, and no lips to stir,
 She is clasped by a skeleton!
 Still the weird ride goes on.

The coal-black stallion snorts and rears,
 Its hoofs dash sparks of fire,
 Beneath the riders it disappears,
 They have won to their desire.
 Wild shrieks on the night wind come and go,
 Wild laughs rise up from the graves below.
 The maiden's heart at strife,
 Struggled 'twixt death and life.

Ill spirits ring them in crazy dance,
 And the dance grows ever dafter;
 They point at her in the moon's gray glance,
 And howl with eldritch laughter: —

"Though thy heart be broken beneath his rod,
 Rebel not. God in heaven is God.
 Thou art ours for eternity. —
 His grace with thy poor soul be!"



THE DUEL.

By RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

(From "The Rivals.")

[RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN: A British dramatist; born in Dublin, September 30, 1751; died in London, July 7, 1816. His father was an actor, his mother the author of several plays, and his mind naturally turned toward the drama. His first play, "The Rivals" (1774), was performed January 17, 1775, at Covent Garden Theater, and at first met with utter failure. It was later revised and reproduced, and was successful. Among his other plays are: "St. Patrick's Day; or, the Scheming Lieutenant," first produced May 2, 1775; the book of a comic opera, "Duenna," November 21, 1775; "A Trip to Scarborough," February 24, 1775; "The School for Scandal," May 8, 1777; and "The Critic," October 30, 1779. In 1776 he succeeded David Garrick as manager of the Drury Lane Theater, and in 1780 he entered politics as a member of Parliament. He subsequently neglected his dramatic work for politics, was financially ruined, and finally arrested for debt.]

Present: BOB ACRES. *Enter* Sir LUCIUS O'TRIGGER.

Sir Lucius — Mr. Acres, I am delighted to embrace you.

Acres — My dear Sir Lucius, I kiss your hands.

Sir Lucius — Pray, my friend, what has brought you so suddenly to Bath?

Acres — Faith! I have followed Cupid's Jack-o'-lantern, and find myself in a quagmire at last. — In short, I have been very ill used, Sir Lucius. — I don't choose to mention names, but look on me as a very ill-used gentleman.

Sir Lucius — Pray what is the case? — I ask no names.

Acres — Mark me, Sir Lucius, I fall as deep as need be in love with a young lady — her friends take my part — I follow her to Bath — send word of my arrival; and receive answer that the lady is to be otherwise disposed of. — This, Sir Lucius, I call being ill used.

Sir Lucius — Very ill, upon my conscience. — Pray, can you divine the cause of it?

Acres — Why, there's the matter; she has another lover,



JOSEPH JEFFERSON AND WILLIAM J. FLORENCE
AS BOB ACRES AND SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER

one Beverley, who, I am told, is now in Bath. — Odds slanders and lies! he must be at the bottom of it.

Sir Lucius — A rival in the case, is there? — and you think he has supplanted you unfairly?

Acres — Unfairly! to be sure he has. He never could have done it fairly.

Sir Lucius — Then sure you know what is to be done!

Acres — Not I, upon my soul!

Sir Lucius — We wear no swords here, but you understand me.

Acres — What! fight him?

Sir Lucius — Ay, to be sure: what can I mean else?

Acres — But he has given me no provocation.

Sir Lucius — Now, I think he has given you the greatest provocation in the world. Can a man commit a more heinous offense against another than to fall in love with the same woman? Oh, by my soul! it is the most unpardonable breach of friendship.

Acres — Breach of friendship! ay, ay; but I have no acquaintance with this man. I never saw him in my life.

Sir Lucius — That's no argument at all — he has the less right then to take such a liberty.

Acres — Gad, that's true — I grow full of anger, Sir Lucius! — I fire apace! Odds hilts and blades! I find a man may have a deal of valor in him, and not know it! But couldn't I contrive to have a little right on my side?

Sir Lucius — What the devil signifies right, when your honor is concerned? Do you think Achilles, or my little Alexander the Great, ever inquired where the right lay? No, by my soul, they drew their broadswords, and left the lazy sons of peace to settle the justice of it.

Acres — Your words are a grenadier's march to my heart! I believe courage must be catching! I certainly do feel a kind of valor rising as it were — a kind of courage, as I may say. — Odds flints, pans, and triggers! I'll challenge him directly.

Sir Lucius — Ah, my little friend, if I had Blunderbuss Hall here, I could show you a range of ancestry, in the O'Trigger line, that would furnish the new room; every one of whom had killed his man! — For though the mansion house and dirty acres have slipped through my fingers, I thank Heaven our honor and the family pictures are as fresh as ever.

Acres — Oh, Sir Lucius! I have had ancestors too! — every

man of 'em colonel or captain in the militia! — Odds balls and barrels! say no more — I'm braced for it. The thunder of your words has soured the milk of human kindness in my breast. — Zounds! as the man in the play says, *I could do such deeds!*

Sir Lucius — Come, come, there must be no passion at all in the case — these things should always be done civilly.

Acres — I must be in a passion, Sir Lucius — I must be in a rage, — dear Sir Lucius, let me be in a rage, if you love me. Come, here's pen and paper. [*Sits down to write.*] I would the ink were red! — Indite, I say indite! — How shall I begin? Odds bullets and blades! I'll write a good bold hand, however.

Sir Lucius — Pray compose yourself.

Acres — Come — now, shall I begin with an oath? Do, Sir Lucius, let me begin with a damme.

Sir Lucius — Pho! pho! do the thing decently, and like a Christian. Begin now — *Sir* —

Acres — That's too civil by half.

Sir Lucius — *To prevent the confusion that might arise* —

Acres — Well —

Sir Lucius — *From our both addressing the same lady* —

Acres — Ay, there's the reason — *same lady* — well —

Sir Lucius — *I shall expect the honor of your company* —

Acres — Zounds! I'm not asking him to dinner.

Sir Lucius — Pray be easy.

Acres — Well then, *honor of your company* —

Sir Lucius — *To settle our pretensions* —

Acres — Well.

Sir Lucius — Let me see, ay, King's-Mead-Field will do — in *King's-Mead-Fields*.

Acres — So, that's done. — Well, I'll fold it up presently; my own crest — a hand and dagger shall be the seal.

Sir Lucius — You see now this little explanation will put a stop at once to all confusion or misunderstanding that might arise between you.

Acres — Ay, we fight to prevent any misunderstanding.

Sir Lucius — Now, I'll leave you to fix your own time. — Take my advice, and you'll decide it this evening if you can; then let the worst come of it, 'twill be off your mind to-morrow.

Acres — Very true.

Sir Lucius — So I shall see nothing more of you, unless it be by letter, till the evening. — I would do myself the honor to carry your message; but, to tell you a secret, I believe I shall have just such another affair on my own hands. There is a gay captain here, who put a jest on me lately, at the expense of my country, and I only want to fall in with the gentleman, to call him out.

Acres — By my valor, I should like to see you fight first! Odds life! I should like to see you kill him if it was only to get a little lesson.

Sir Lucius — I shall be very proud of instructing you. — Well, for the present — but remember now, when you meet your antagonist, do everything in a mild and agreeable manner. — Let your courage be as keen, but at the same time as polished, as your sword. [*Exeunt severally.*]

Scene: ACRES' Lodgings.

Enter DAVID.

David — Then, by the mass, sir! I would do no such thing — ne'er a Sir Lucius O'Trigger in the kingdom should make me fight, when I wa'n't so minded. Oons! what will the old lady say when she hears o't?

Acres — Ah! David, if you had heard Sir Lucius! — Odds sparks and flames! he would have roused your valor.

David — Not he, indeed. I hate such bloodthirsty cormorants. Look'ee, master, if you'd wanted a bout at boxing, quarterstaff, or short staff, I should never be the man to bid you cry off; but for your curst sharps and snaps, I never knew any good come of 'em.

Acres — But my honor, David, my honor! I must be very careful of my honor.

David — Ay, by the mass! and I would be very careful of it; and I think in return my honor couldn't do less than to be very careful of me.

Acres — Odds blades! David, no gentleman will ever risk the loss of his honor!

David — I say then, it would be but civil in honor never to risk the loss of a gentleman. — Look'ee, master, this honor seems to me to be a marvelous false friend; ay, truly, a very courtierlike servant. — Put the case, I was a gentleman (which, thank God, no one can say of me); well — my honor makes me quarrel with another gentleman of my acquaintance. — So —

we fight. (Pleasant enough that '!) Boh! — I kill him — (the more's my luck!) now, pray who gets the profit of it? — Why, my honor. But put the case that he kills me! — by the mass! I go to the worms, and my honor whips over to my enemy.

Acres — No, David — in that case! — Odds crowns and laurels! your honor follows you to the grave.

David — Now, that's just the place where I could make a shift to do without it.

Acres — Zounds! David, you are a coward! — It doesn't become my valor to listen to you. — What, shall I disgrace my ancestors? — Think of that, David — think what it would be to disgrace my ancestors!

David — Under favor, the surest way of not disgracing them is to keep as long as you can out of their company. Look'ee now, master, to go to them in such haste — with an ounce of lead in your brains — I should think might as well be let alone. Our ancestors are very good kind of folks; but they are the last people I should choose to have a visiting acquaintance with.

Acres — But, David, now, you don't think there is such very, very, very great danger, hey? — Odds life! people often fight without any mischief done!

David — By the mass, I think 'tis ten to one against you! — Oons! here to meet some lion-headed fellow, I warrant, with his damned double-barreled swords, and cut and thrust pistols! — Lord bless us! it makes me tremble to think o't! — Those be such desperate bloody-minded weapons! Well, I never could abide 'em — from a child I never could fancy 'em! — I suppose there an't been so merciless a beast in the world as your loaded pistol!

Acres — Zounds! I won't be afraid! — Odds fire and fury! you shan't make me afraid. — Here is the challenge, and I have sent for my dear friend Jack Absolute to carry it for me.

David — Ay, i' the name of mischief, let him be the messenger. — For my part, I wouldn't lend a hand to it for the best horse in your stable. By the mass! it don't look like another letter! It is, as I may say, a designing and malicious-looking letter; and I warrant smells of gunpowder like a soldier's pouch! — Oons! I wouldn't swear it mayn't go off!

Acres — Out, you poltroon! you ha'n't the valor of a grass-hopper.

David — Well, I say no more — 'twill be sad news, to be

sure, at Clod Hall! but I ha' done. — How Phillis will howl when she hears of it! — Ay, poor bitch, she little thinks what shooting her master's going after! And I warrant old Crop, who has carried your honor, field and road, these ten years, will curse the hour he was born. *[Whimpering.]*

Acres — It won't do, David — I am determined to fight — so get along, you coward, while I'm in the mind.

Enter Servant.

Servant — Captain Absolute, sir.

Acres — Oh! show him up.

[Exit Servant.]

David — Well, Heaven send we be all alive this time to-morrow.

Acres — What's that? — don't provoke me, David!

David — Good-by, master.

[Whimpering.]

Acres — Get along, you cowardly, dastardly, croaking raven!

[Exit DAVID.]

Enter CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.

Absolute — What's the matter, Bob?

Acres — A vile, sheep-hearted blockhead! If I hadn't the valor of St. George and the dragon to boot —

Absolute — But what did you want with me, Bob?

Acres — Oh! — There —

[Gives him the challenge.]

Absolute *[aside]* *To Ensign Beverley.* — So, what's going on now! *[Aloud]* Well, what's this?

Acres — A challenge!

Absolute — Indeed! Why, you won't fight him, will you, Bob?

Acres — Egad, but I will, Jack. Sir Lucius has wrought me to it. He has left me full of rage — and I'll fight this evening, that so much good passion mayn't be wasted.

Absolute — But what have I to do with this?

Acres — Why, as I think you know something of this fellow, I want you to find him out for me, and give him this mortal defiance.

Absolute — Well, give it to me, and trust me he gets it.

Acres — Thank you, my dear friend, my dear Jack; but it is giving you a great deal of trouble.

Absolute — Not in the least — I beg you won't mention it. — No trouble in the world, I assure you.

Acres — You are very kind. — What it is to have a friend !
— You couldn't be my second, could you, Jack ?

Absolute — Why, no, Bob — not in this affair — it would not be quite so proper.

Acres — Well, then, I must get my friend Sir Lucius. I shall have your good wishes, however, Jack ?

Absolute — Whenever he meets you, believe me.

Reënter Servant.

Servant — Sir Anthony Absolute is below, inquiring for the captain.

Absolute — I'll come instantly. — [*Exit Servant.*] Well, my little hero, success attend you. [*Going.*]

Acres — Stay — stay, Jack. — If Beverley should ask you what kind of a man your friend Acres is, do tell him I am a devil of a fellow — will you, Jack ?

Absolute — To be sure I shall. I'll say you are a determined dog — hey, Bob !

Acres — Ay, do, do — and if that frightens him, egad, perhaps he mayn't come. So tell him I generally kill a man a week ; will you, Jack ?

Absolute — I will, I will ; I'll say you are called in the country Fighting Bob.

Acres — Right — right — 'tis all to prevent mischief ; for I don't want to take his life if I clear my honor.

Absolute — No ! — that's very kind of you.

Acres — Why, you don't wish me to kill him — do you, Jack ?

Absolute — No, upon my soul, I do not. But a devil of a fellow, hey ? [*Going.*]

Acres — True, true — but stay — stay, Jack — you may add that you never saw me in such a rage before — a most devouring rage !

Absolute — I will, I will.

Acres — Remember, Jack — a determined dog !

Absolute — Ay, ay, Fighting Bob ! [*Exeunt severally.*]

Scene: King's-Mead-Fields.

Enter SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER and ACRES, with pistols.

Acres — By my valor ! then, Sir Lucius, forty yards is a good distance. Odds levels and aims ! — I say it is a good distance.

Sir Lucius — Is it for muskets or small fieldpieces? Upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, you must leave those things to me. — Stay now — I'll show you. [*Measures paces along the stage.*] There now, that is a very pretty distance — a pretty gentleman's distance.

Acres — Zounds! we might as well fight in a sentry box! I tell you, Sir Lucius, the farther he is off, the cooler I shall take my aim.

Sir Lucius — Faith! then I suppose you would aim at him best of all if he was out of sight!

Acres — No, Sir Lucius; but I should think forty or eight and thirty yards —

Sir Lucius — Pho! pho! nonsense! three or four feet between the mouths of your pistols is as good as a mile!

Acres — Odds bullets, no! — by my valor! there is no merit in killing him so near: do, my dear Sir Lucius, let me bring him down at a long shot: — a long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me!

Sir Lucius — Well, the gentleman's friend and I must settle that. — But tell me now, Mr. Acres, in case of an accident, is there any little will or commission I could execute for you?

Acres — I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius — but I don't understand —

Sir Lucius — Why, you may think there's no being shot at without a little risk — and if an unlucky bullet should carry a quietus with it — I say it will be no time then to be bothering you about family matters.

Acres — A quietus!

Sir Lucius — For instance, now — if that should be the case — would you choose to be pickled and sent home? — or would it be the same to you to lie here in the Abbey? — I'm told there is very snug lying in the Abbey.

Acres — Pickled! — Snug lying in the Abbey! — Odds tremors! Sir Lucius, don't talk so!

Sir Lucius — I suppose, Mr. Acres, you never were engaged in an affair of this kind before?

Acres — No, Sir Lucius, never before.

Sir Lucius — Ah! that's a pity! — there's nothing like being used to a thing. — Pray now, how would you receive the gentleman's shot?

Acres — Odds files! — I've practiced that — there, Sir Lucius — there [*Puts himself in an attitude.*] A side front,

hey? Odd! I'll make myself small enough: I'll stand edgeways.

Sir Lucius — Now — you're quite out — for if you stand so when I take my aim — [*Leveling at him.*]

Acres — Zounds! *Sir Lucius* — are you sure it is not cocked?

Sir Lucius — Never fear.

Acres — But — but — you don't know — it may go off of its own head!

Sir Lucius — Pho! be easy. — Well, now if I hit you in the body, my bullet has a double chance — for if it misses a vital part of your right side — 'twill be very hard if it don't succeed on the left!

Acres — A vital part!

Sir Lucius — But, there — fix yourself so [*placing him*] — let him see the broadside of your full front — there — now a ball or two may pass clean through your body, and never do any harm at all.

Acres — Clean through me! — a ball or two clean through me!

Sir Lucius — Ay — may they — and it is much the genteelst attitude into the bargain.

Acres — Look'ee! *Sir Lucius* — I'd just as lieve be shot in an awkward posture as a genteel one; so, by my valor! I will stand edgeways.

Sir Lucius [*looking at his watch*] — Sure they don't mean to disappoint us. — Hah! — no, faith — I think I see them coming.

Acres — Hey! — what! — coming! —

Sir Lucius — Ay. — Who are those yonder getting over the stile?

Acres — There are two of them indeed! — well — let them come — hey, *Sir Lucius*! — we — we — we — we — won't run.

Sir Lucius — Run!

Acres — No — I say — we won't run, by my valor!

Sir Lucius — What the devil's the matter with you?

Acres — Nothing — nothing — my dear friend — my dear *Sir Lucius* — but I — I — I don't feel quite so bold, somehow, as I did.

Sir Lucius — O fy! — consider your honor.

Acres — Ay — true — my honor. Do, *Sir Lucius*, edge in a word or two every now and then about my honor.

Sir Lucius — Well, here they're coming. [*Looking.*]

Acres — Sir Lucius — if I wa'n't with you, I should almost think I was afraid. — If my valor should leave me! — Valor will come and go.

Sir Lucius — Then pray keep it fast, while you have it.

Acres — Sir Lucius — I doubt it is going — yes — my valor is certainly going! — it is sneaking off! — I feel it oozing out as it were at the palms of my hands!

Sir Lucius — Your honor — your honor. — Here they are.

Acres — O mercy! — now — that I was safe at Clod Hall! or could be shot before I was aware!

Enter FAULKLAND and CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.

Sir Lucius — Gentlemen, your most obedient. — Hah! — what, Captain Absolute! — So I suppose, sir, you are come here, just like myself — to do a kind office, first for your friend — then to proceed to business on your own account.

Acres — What, Jack! — my dear Jack! — my dear friend!

Absolute — Hark'ee, Bob, Beverley's at hand.

Sir Lucius — Well, Mr. Acres — I don't blame your saluting the gentleman civilly. — [*To FAULKLAND*] So, Mr. Beverley, if you'll choose your weapons, the captain and I will measure the ground.

Faulkland — My weapons, sir!

Acres — Odds life! Sir Lucius, I'm not going to fight Mr. Faulkland; these are my particular friends.

Sir Lucius — What, sir, did you not come here to fight Mr. Acres?

Faulkland — Not I, upon my word, sir.

Sir Lucius — Well, now, that's mighty provoking! But I hope, Mr. Faulkland, as there are three of us come on purpose for the game, you won't be so cantankerous as to spoil the party by sitting out.

Absolute — O pray, Faulkland, fight to oblige Sir Lucius.

Faulkland — Nay, if Mr. Acres is so bent on the matter —

Acres — No, no, Mr. Faulkland; — I'll bear my disappointment like a Christian. — Look'ee, Sir Lucius, there's no occasion at all for me to fight; and if it is the same to you, I'd as lieve let it alone.

Sir Lucius — Observe me, Mr. Acres — I must not be trifled with. You have certainly challenged somebody — and you came here to fight him. Now, if that gentleman is willing to

represent him — I can't see, for my soul, why it isn't just the same thing.

Acres — Why no — Sir Lucius — I tell you 'tis one Beverley I've challenged — a fellow, you see, that dare not show his face! — If he were here, I'd make him give up his pretensions directly!

Absolute — Hold, Bob — let me set you right — there is no such man as Beverley in the case. — The person who assumed that name is before you; and as his pretensions are the same in both characters, he is ready to support them in whatever way you please.

Sir Lucius — Well, this is lucky. — Now you have an opportunity —

Acres — What, quarrel with my dear friend, Jack Absolute? — not if he were fifty Beverleys! Zounds! Sir Lucius, you would not have me so unnatural?

Sir Lucius — Upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, your valor has oozed away with a vengeance!

Acres — Not in the least! Odds backs and abettors! I'll be your second with all my heart — and if you should get a quietus, you may command me entirely. I'll get you snug lying in the Abbey here; or pickle you, and send you over to Blunderbuss Hall, or anything of the kind, with the greatest pleasure.

Sir Lucius — Pho! pho! you are little better than a coward.

Acres — Mind, gentlemen, he calls me a coward; coward was the word, by my valor!

Sir Lucius — Well, sir?

Acres — Look'ee, Sir Lucius, 'tisn't that I mind the word coward — coward may be said in joke. — But if you had called me a poltroon, odds daggers and balls —

Sir Lucius — Well, sir?

Acres — I should have thought you a very ill-bred man.

Sir Lucius — Pho! you are beneath my notice.

Absolute — Nay, Sir Lucius, you can't have a better second than my friend Acres. — He is a most determined dog — called in the country, Fighting Bob. — He generally kills a man a week — don't you, Bob?

Acres — Ay — at home!

Sir Lucius — Well, then, captain, 'tis we must begin — so come out, my little counselor [*draws his sword*] — and ask

the gentleman whether he will resign the lady, without forcing you to proceed against him?

Absolute — Come on then, sir [*draws*]; since you won't let it be an amicable suit, here's my reply.

Enter SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE, DAVID, MRS. MALAPROP, LYDIA, and JULIA.

David — Knock 'em all down, sweet Sir Anthony; knock down my master in particular; and bind his hands over to their good behavior!

Sir Anthony — Put up, Jack, put up, or I shall be in a frenzy — how came you in a duel, sir?

Absolute — Faith, sir, that gentleman can tell you better than I; 'twas he called on me, and you know, sir, I serve his Majesty.

Sir Anthony — Here's a pretty fellow; I catch him going to cut a man's throat, and he tells me he serves his Majesty! — Zounds! sirrah, then how durst you draw the king's sword against one of his subjects?

Absolute — Sir! I tell you, that gentleman called me out, without explaining his reasons.

Sir Anthony — Gad! sir, how came you to call my son out, without explaining your reasons?

Sir Lucius — Your son, sir, insulted me in a manner which my honor could not brook.

Sir Anthony — Zounds! Jack, how durst you insult the gentleman in a manner which his honor could not brook?

Mrs. Malaprop — Come, come, let's have no honor before ladies. — Captain Absolute, come here. How could you intimidate us so? — Here's Lydia has been terrified to death for you.

Absolute — For fear I should be killed, or escape, ma'am?

Mrs. Malaprop — Nay, no delusions to the past — Lydia is convinced; speak, child.

Sir Lucius — With your leave, ma'am, I must put in a word here: I believe I could interpret the young lady's silence. Now mark —

Lydia — What is it you mean, sir?

Sir Lucius — Come, come, Delia, we must be serious now — this is no time for trifling.

Lydia — 'Tis true, sir; and your reproof bids me offer this gentleman my hand, and solicit the return of his affections.

Absolute — O ! my little angel, say you so ! — *Sir Lucius* — I perceive there must be some mistake here, with regard to the affront which you affirm I have given you. I can only say that it could not have been intentional. And as you must be convinced that I should not fear to support a real injury — you shall now see that I am not ashamed to atone for an inadvertency — I ask your pardon. — But for this lady, while honored with her approbation, I will support my claim against any man whatever.

Sir Anthony — Well said, Jack, and I'll stand by you, my boy.

Acres — Mind, I give up all my claim — I make no pretensions to anything in the world ; and if I can't get a wife without fighting for her, by my valor ! I'll live a bachelor.

Sir Lucius — Captain, give me your hand : an affront handsomely acknowledged becomes an obligation ; and as for the lady, if she chooses to deny her own handwriting, here —

[*Takes out letters.*]

Mrs. Malaprop — Oh, he will dissolve my mystery ! — *Sir Lucius*, perhaps there's some mistake — perhaps I can illuminate —

Sir Lucius — Pray, old gentlewoman, don't interfere where you have no business. — Miss Languish, are you my Delia, or not ?

Lydia — Indeed, *Sir Lucius*, I am not.

[*Walks aside with CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.*]

Mrs. Malaprop — *Sir Lucius* O'Trigger — ungrateful as you are — I own the soft impeachment — pardon my blushes, I am Delia.

Sir Lucius — You Delia — pho ! pho ! be easy.

Mrs. Malaprop — Why, thou barbarous Vandyke — those letters are mine. — When you are more sensible of my benignity — perhaps I may be brought to encourage your addresses.

Sir Lucius — *Mrs. Malaprop*, I am extremely sensible of your condescension ; and whether you or Lucy have put this trick on me, I am equally beholden to you. — And, to show you I am not ungrateful, Captain Absolute, since you have taken that lady from me I'll give you my Delia into the bargain.

Absolute — I am much obliged to you, *Sir Lucius* ; but here's my friend, Fighting Bob, unprovided for.

Sir Lucius — Hah ! little Valor — here, will you make your fortune ?

Acres — Odds wrinkles! No. — But give me your hand, Sir Lucius, forget and forgive; but if ever I give you a chance of pickling me again, say Bob Acres is a dunce, that's all.

Sir Anthony — Come, Mrs. Malaprop, don't be cast down — you are in your bloom yet.

Mrs. Malaprop — O Sir Anthony — men are all barbarians.

[*All retire but JULIA and FAULKLAND.*]

Julia [*aside*] — He seems dejected and unhappy — not sullen; there was some foundation, however, for the tale he told me. — O woman! how true should be your judgment, when your resolution is so weak!

Faulkland — Julia! — how can I sue for what I so little deserve? I dare not presume — yet Hope is the child of Penitence.

Julia — Oh! Faulkland, you have not been more faulty in your unkind treatment of me than I am now in wanting inclination to resent it. As my heart honestly bids me place my weakness to the account of love, I should be ungenerous not to admit the same plea for yours.

Faulkland — Now I shall be blest indeed!

Sir Anthony [*coming forward*] — What's going on here? — So you have been quarreling too, I warrant! Come, Julia, I never interfered before; but let me have hand in the matter at last. — All the faults I have ever seen in my friend Faulkland seemed to proceed from what he calls the delicacy and warmth of his affection for you. — There, marry him directly, Julia; you'll find he'll mend surprisingly!

[*The rest come forward.*]

Sir Lucius — Come, now, I hope there is no dissatisfied person, but what is content; for as I have been disappointed myself, it will be very hard if I have not the satisfaction of seeing other people succeed better.

Acres — You are right, Sir Lucius. — So, Jack, I wish you joy. — Mr. Faulkland the same. — Ladies, — come now, to show you I'm neither vexed nor angry, odds tabors and pipes! I'll order the ladders in half an hour to the New Rooms — and I insist on your all meeting me there.

Sir Anthony — Gad! sir, I like your spirit; and at night we single lads will drink a health to the young couples, and a husband to Mrs. Malaprop.

A TOUR IN IRELAND.

BY ARTHUR YOUNG.

[ARTHUR YOUNG : An English writer on agriculture ; born in London, September 11, 1741 ; died there April 20, 1820. He left a mercantile business to give his attention to scientific agriculture, traveling through England, Ireland, and France to observe the methods of farming in those countries ; managing a large farm at Stamford Hall, Essex, 1765-1770 ; establishing and editing the *Annals of Agriculture*, and holding the office of secretary to the Board of Agriculture from 1793 until his death. In 1807 he became totally blind, but continued in his work with undiminished vigor and interest. He published many works on agriculture and social economy, chiefly the former. These include the following : "A Farmer's Letters to the People of England" (1768), "A Six Weeks' Tour through the Southern Countries of England and Wales" (1768), "A Six Months' Tour through the North of England" (4 vols., 1770), "The Farmer's Guide" (2 vols., 1770), "Rural Economy" (1770), "A Course of Experimental Agriculture" (2 vols., 1770), "The Farmer's Tour through the East of England" (4 vols., 1771), "The Farmer's Calendar" (1771 ; 215th edition, 1862), "Political Arithmetic" (1774-1779), "A Tour in Ireland" (2 vols., 1780), "Travels in France" (2 vols., 1792-1794), and "The Progressive Value of Money" (1812).]

SOON entered the wildest and most romantic country I had anywhere seen, a region of steep rocks and mountains, which continued for nine or ten miles, till I came in view of Mucross. There is something magnificently wild in this stupendous scenery, formed to impress the mind with a certain species of terror. All this tract has a rude and savage air, but parts of it are strikingly interesting ; the mountains are bare and rocky, and of a great magnitude ; the vales are rocky glens, where a mountain stream tumbles along the roughest bed imaginable, and receives many torrents, pouring from clefts half-overhung with shrubby wood ; some of these streams are seen, and the roar of others heard, but hid by vast masses of rock. Immense fragments, torn from the precipices by storms and torrents, are tumbled about in the wildest confusion, and seem to hang rather than rest upon projecting precipices. Upon some of these fragments of rock, perfectly detached from the soil, except by the side on which they lie, are beds of black turf, with luxuriant crops of heath, etc., which appeared very curious to me, having nowhere seen the like ; and I observed, very high in the mountains, much higher than any cultivation is at present, on the right hand, flat and cleared spaces of good grass among the ridges of rock, which had probably been cultivated, and proved that these



OLD WEIR BRIDGE, LAKE OF KILLARNEY

From a photo by W. Lawrence, Dublin

mountains were not incapable from climate of being applied to useful purposes.

From one of these heights, I looked forward to the lake of Killarney at a considerable distance, and backward to the river Kenmare; came in view of a small part of the upper lake, spotted with several islands, and surrounded by the most tremendous mountains that can be imagined, of an aspect savage and dreadful. From this scene of wild magnificence, I broke at once upon all the glories of Killarney; from an elevated point of view I looked down on a considerable part of the lake, which gave me a specimen of what I might expect. The water you command (which, however, is only a part of the lake) appears a basin of two or three miles round; to the left it is inclosed by the mountains you have passed, particularly by the Turk, whose outline is uncommonly noble, and joins a range of others that form the most magnificent shore in the world: on the other side is a rising scenery of cultivated hills, and Lord Kenmare's park and woods; the end of the lake at your feet is formed by the root of Mangerton, on whose side the road leads. From hence I looked down on a pretty range of inclosures on the lake, and the woods and lawns of Mucross, forming a large promontory of thick wood, shooting far into the lake. The most active fancy can sketch nothing in addition. Islands of wood beyond seem to join it, and reaches of the lake, breaking partly between, give the most lively intermixture of water: six or seven isles and islets form an accompaniment, some are rocky, but with a slight vegetation, others contain groups of trees, and the whole thrown into forms which would furnish new ideas to a painter. Farther is a chain of wooded islands, which also appear to join the mainland, with an offspring of lesser ones scattered around.

September 27th, walked into Mr. Herbert's beautiful grounds, to Oroch's hill, in the lawn that he has cleared from that profusion of stones which lie under the wall; the scene which this point commands is truly delicious; the house is on the edge of the lawn, by a wood which covers the whole peninsula, fringes the slope at your feet, and forms a beautiful shore to the lake. Tomys and Glená are vast mountainous masses of incredible magnificence, the outline soft and easy in its swells, whereas those above the Eagle's Nest are of so broken and abrupt an outline that nothing can be imagined more savage, an aspect horrid and sublime, that gives all the impressions to

be wished to astonish, rather than please, the mind. The Turk exhibits noble features, and Mangerton's huge body rises above the whole. The cultivated tracts towards Killarney form a shore in contrast to the terrific scenes I have just mentioned; the distant boundary of the lake is a vast ridge of distant blue mountains towards Dingle. From hence entered the garden, and viewed Mucross Abbey, one of the most interesting scenes I ever saw; it is the ruin of a considerable abbey, built in Henry the VI.'s time, and so entire that if it were more so, tho' the *building* would be more perfect, the *ruin* would be less pleasing; it is half obscured in the shade of some venerable ash trees; ivy has given the picturesque circumstance which that plant alone can confer, while the broken walls and ruined turrets throw over it

The last mournful graces of decay,

heaps of skulls and bones scattered about, with nettles, briars, and weeds sprouting in tufts from the loose stones, all unite to raise those melancholy impressions which are the merit of such scenes, and which can scarcely anywhere be felt more completely. The cloisters form a dismal area, in the center of which grows the most prodigious yew tree I ever beheld, in one great stem, two feet diameter and fourteen feet high, from whence a vast head of branches spreads on every side, so as to form a perfect canopy to the whole space; I look for its fit inhabitant — it is a spot where

The moping owl doth to the moon complain.

This ruin is in the true style in which all such buildings should appear; there is not an intruding circumstance, — the hand of dress has not touched it, — melancholy is the impression which such scenes should kindle, and it is here raised most powerfully.

From the abbey we passed to the terrace, a natural one of grass, on the very shore of the lake; it is irregular and winding; a wall of rocks broken into fantastic forms by the waves: on the other side a wood, consisting of all sorts of plants, which the climate can protect, and through which a variety of walks are traced. The view from this terrace consists of many parts of various characters, but in their different styles complete; the lake opens a spreading sheet of water, spotted by rocks and islands, all but one or two wooded; the outlines of them are

sharp and distinct; nothing can be more smiling than this scene, soft and mild, a perfect contrast of beauty to the sublimity of the mountains which form the shore: these rise in an outline so varied, and at the same time so magnificent, that nothing greater can be imagined; Tomys and Glená exhibit an immensity in point of magnitude, but from a large hanging wood on the slope, and from the smoothness of the general surface, it has nothing savage, whereas the mountains above and near the Eagle's Nest are of the most broken outlines; the declivities are bulging rocks, of immense size, which seem to impend in horrid forms over the lake, and where an opening among them is caught, others of the same rude character rear their threatening heads. From different parts of the terrace these scenes are viewed in numberless varieties.

Returned to breakfast, and pursued Mr. Herbert's new road, which he has traced through the peninsula to Dynis Island, three miles in length; and it is carried in so judicious a manner through a great variety of ground, rocky woods, lawns, etc., that nothing can be more pleasing; it passes through a remarkable scene of rocks, which are covered with woods, from thence to the marble quarry, which Mr. Herbert is working, and where he gains variety of marbles, green, red, white, and brown, prettily veined; the quarry is a shore of rocks, which surround a bay of the lake, and forms a scene, consisting of but few parts, but those strongly marked; the rocks are bold and broken into slight caverns; they are fringed with scattered trees, and from many parts of them wood shoots in that romantic manner so common at Killarney. Full in front Turk Mountain rises with the proudest outline, in that abrupt magnificence which fills up the whole space before one, and closes the scene.

The road leads by a place where copper mines were worked; many shafts appear; as much ore was raised as sold for twenty-five thousand pounds, but the works were laid aside, more from ignorance in the workmen than any defects in the mine.

Came to an opening on the Great Lake, which appears to advantage here, the town of Killarney on the northeast shore. Look full on the mountain Glená, which rises in a very bold manner, the hanging woods spread halfway, and are of great extent and uncommonly beautiful. Two very pleasing scenes succeed: that to the left is a small bay, hemmed in by a neck of land in front; the immediate shore rocks, which are in a

picturesque style, and crowned entirely with arbutus and other wood; a pretty retired scene, where a variety of objects give no fatigue to the eye. The other is an admirable mixture of the beautiful and sublime: a bare rock, of an almost regular figure, projects from a headland into the lake, which with much wood and high land forms one side of the scene, the other is wood from a rising ground only; the lake open between, in a sheet of no great extent, but in front is the hanging wood of Glená, which appears in full glory. . . .

Returned by the northern path through a thick wood for some distance, and caught a very agreeable view of Ash Island, seen through an opening, inclosed on both sides with wood. Pursued the way from these grounds to Keelbeg, and viewed the way of the Devil's Island, which is a beautiful one, inclosed by a shore, to the right of very noble rocks, in ledges and other forms, crowned in a striking manner with wood; a little rocky islet rises in front; to the left the water opens, and Turk Mountain rises with that proud superiority which attends him in all these scenes.

The view of the promontory of Dindog, near this place, closes this part of the lake, and is indeed singularly beautiful. It is a large rock, which shoots far into the water, of a height sufficient to be interesting, in full relief, fringed with a scanty vegetation; the shore on which you stand bending to the right, as if to meet that rock, presents a circular shade of dark wood: Turk still the background, in a character of great sublimity, and Mangerton's loftier summit, but less interesting outline, a part of the scenery. These views, with others of less moment, are connected by a succession of lawns breaking among the wood, pleasing the eye with lively verdure, and relieving it from the fatigue of the stupendous mountain scenes.

September 28th, took boat on the lake from the promontory of Dindog before mentioned. I had been under a million of apprehensions that I should see no more of Killarney; for it blew a furious storm all night, and in the morning the bosom of the lake heaved with agitation, exhibiting few marks but those of anger. After breakfast, it cleared up, the clouds dispersed by degrees, the waves subsided, the sun shone out in all its splendor; every scene was gay, and no ideas but pleasure possessed the breast. With these emotions sallied forth, nor did they disappoint us.

Rowed under the rocky shore of Dindog, which is romantic

to a great degree. The base, by the beating of the waves, is worn into caverns, so that the heads of the rocks project considerably beyond the base, and hang over in a manner which makes every part of it interesting. Following the coast, open marble quarry bay, the shore great fragments of rock tumbled about in the wildest manner.

The island of rocks against the copper-mine shore, a remarkable group. The shore near Casemilan is of a different nature; it is wood in some places, in unbroken masses down to the water's edge, in others divided from it by smaller tracts of rock. Come to a beautiful landlocked bay, surrounded by a woody shore, which opening in places shows other woods more retired. Tomys is here viewed in a unity of form, which gives it an air of great magnificence. Turk was obscured by the sun shining immediately above him, and casting a stream of burning light on the water, displayed an effect to describe which the pencil of a Claude alone would be equal. Turn out of the bay, and gain a full view of the Eagle's Nest, the mountains above it, and Glená, they form a perfect contrast: the first are rugged, but Glená mild. Here the shore is a continued wood. . . .

Passing the bridge, by a rapid stream, came presently to the Eagle's Nest; having viewed this rock from places where it appears only a part of an object much greater than itself, I had conceived an idea that it did not deserve the applause given it, but upon coming near I was much surprised; the approach is wonderfully fine, the river leads directly to its foot, and does not give the turn till immediately under, by which means the view is much more grand than it could otherwise be; it is nearly perpendicular, and rises in such full majesty, with so bold an outline and such projecting masses in its center, that the magnificence of the object is complete. The lower part is covered with wood, and scattered trees climb almost to the top, which (if trees can be amiss in Ireland) rather weaken the impression raised by this noble rock; this part is a hanging wood, or an object whose character is perfect beauty; but the upper scene, the broken outline, rugged sides, and bulging masses, all are sublime, and so powerful that sublimity is the general impression of the whole, by overpowering the idea of beauty raised by the wood. The immense height of the mountains of Killarney may be estimated by this rock, from any distant place that commands it; it appears the lowest crag of a

vast chain, and of no account; but on a close approach it is found to command a very different respect.

Pass between the mountains called the Great Range, towards the upper lake. Here Turk, which has so long appeared, with a figure perfectly interesting, is become, from a different position, an unmeaning lump. The rest of the mountains, as you pass, assume a varied appearance, and are of a prodigious magnitude. The scenery in this channel is great and wild in all its features; wood is very scarce; vast rocks seem tossed in confusion through the narrow vale, which is opened among the mountains for the river to pass. Its banks are rocks in a hundred forms; the mountain sides are everywhere scattered with them. There is not a circumstance but is in unison with the wild grandeur of the scene.

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Took boat again towards Ross Isle, and as Mucross retires from us, nothing can be more beautiful than the spots of lawn in the terrace opening in the wood; above it, the green hills with clumps, and the whole finishing in the noble group of wood about the abbey, which here appears a deep shade, and so fine a finishing one that not a tree should be touched. Rowed to the east point of Ross, which is well wooded, turn to the south coast. Doubling the point, the most beautiful shore of that island appears; it is the well-wooded environs of a bay, except a small opening to the castle; the woods are in deep shades, and rise on the regular slopes of a high range of rocky coast. The part in front of Filekilly point rises in the middle, and sinks towards each end. The woods of Tomys here appear uncommonly fine. Open Innisfallen, which is composed at this distance of the most various shades, within a broken outline, entirely different from the other islands, groups of different masses rising in irregular tufts, and joined by lower trees. No pencil could mix a happier assemblage. Land near a miserable room, where travelers dine.

Of the isle of Innisfallen, it is paying no great compliment to say it is the most beautiful in the king's dominions, and perhaps in Europe. It contains twenty acres of land, and has every variety that the range of beauty, unmixed with the sublime, can give. The general feature is that of wood; the surface undulates into swelling hills, and sinks into little vales; the slopes are in every direction, the declivities die gently away, forming those slight inequalities which are the



INNISFALLEN, LAKE OF KILLARNEY

From a photo by W. Lawrence, Dublin

greatest beauty of dressed grounds. The little valleys let in views of the surrounding lake between the hills, while the swells break the regular outline of the water, and give to the whole an agreeable confusion. The wood has all the variety into which nature has thrown the surface; in some parts it is so thick as to appear impenetrable, and secludes all farther view; in others, it breaks into tufts of tall timber, under which cattle feed. Here they open, as if to offer to the spectator the view of the naked lawn; in others close, as if purposely to forbid a more prying examination. Trees of large size, and commanding figure, form in some places natural arches; the ivy mixing with the branches, and hanging across in festoons of foliage, while on one side the lake glitters among the trees, and on the other a thick gloom dwells in the recesses of the wood. The figure of the island renders one part a beautiful object to another; for the coast being broken and indented, forms bays surrounded either by rock or wood: slight promontories shoot into the lake, whose rocky edges are crowned with wood. These are the great features of Innisfallen; the slighter touches are full of beauties easily imagined by the reader. Every circumstance of the wood, the water, the rocks and lawn, are characteristic, and have a beauty in the assemblage from mere disposition. I must, however, observe that this delicious retreat is not kept as one could wish.

Scenes that are great and commanding from magnitude or wildness should never be dressed; the *rugged*, and even the *horrible*, may add to the effect upon the mind; but in such as Innisfallen a degree of dress, that is, cleanliness, is even necessary to beauty. I have spoken of lawn, but I should observe that expression indicates what it ought to be, rather than what it is. It is very rich grass, poached by oxen and cows, the only inhabitants of the island. No spectator of taste but will regret the open grounds not being drained with hollow cuts, the ruggedness of the surface leveled, and the grass kept close shaven by many sheep instead of beasts. The bushes and briars where they have encroached on what ought to be lawn, cleared away; some parts of the isle more opened: in a word, no ornaments given, for the scene wants them not, but obstructions cleared, ruggedness smoothed, and the whole cleaned. This is what ought to be done; as to what might be made of the island, if its noble proprietor (Lord Kenmare) had an inclination; it admits of being converted into a terrestrial

paradise, lawning with the intermixture of other shrubs and wood, and a *little* dress, would make it an example of what ornamented grounds might be, but which not one in a thousand is. Take the island, however, as it is, with its few imperfections, and where are we to find such another? What a delicious retreat! An emperor could not bestow such an one as Innisfallen; with a cottage, a few cows, and a swarm of poultry, is it possible that happiness should refuse to be a guest here?

Row to Ross Castle, in order to coast that island; there is nothing peculiarly striking in it; return the same way around Innisfallen; in this little voyage the shore of Ross is one of the most beautiful of the wooded ones in the lake; it seems to unite with Innisfallen, and projects into the water in thick woods one beyond another. In the middle of the channel a large rock, and from the other shore a little promontory of a few scattered trees; the whole scene pleasing.

The shore of Innisfallen has much variety, but in general it is woody, and of the beautiful character which predominates in that island; one bay, at taking leave of it, is exceedingly pretty: it is a semicircular one, and in the center there is a projecting knoll of wood within a bay; this is uncommon, and has an agreeable effect.

The near approach to Tomys exhibits a sweep of wood, so great in extent, and so rich in foliage, that no person can see without admiring it. The mountainous part above is soon excluded by the approach; wood alone is seen, and that in such a noble range as to be greatly striking; it just hollows into a bay, and in the center of it is a chasm in the wood; this is the bed of a considerable stream, which forms O'Sullivan's cascade, to which all strangers are conducted, as one of the principal beauties of Killarney. Landed to the right of it, and walked under the thick shade of the wood, over a rocky declivity; close to the torrent stream, which breaks impetuously from rock to rock, with a roar that kindles expectation. The picture in your fancy will not exceed the reality; a great stream bursts from the deep bosom of a wooded glen, hollowed into a retired recess of rocks and trees, itself a most pleasing and romantic spot, were there not a drop of water; the first fall is many feet perpendicularly over a rock, to the eye it immediately makes another, the basin into which it pours being concealed; from this basin it forces itself impetuously between two rocks; this

second fall is also of a considerable height, but the lower one, the third, is the most considerable, it issues in the same manner from a basin hid from the point of view. These basins being large, there appears a space of several yards between each fall, which adds much to the picturesque scenery; the whole is within an arch of wood that hangs over it; the quantity of water is so considerable as to make an almost deafening noise, and uniting with the torrent below, where the fragments of rock are large and numerous, throw an air of grandeur over the whole. It is about seventy feet high. Coast from hence the woody shores of Tomys and Glená, they are upon the whole much the most beautiful ones I have anywhere seen; Glená woods having more oak, and some arbutus, are the finer and deeper shades; Tomys has a great quantity of birch, whose foliage is not so luxuriant. The reader may figure to himself what these woods are, when he is informed that they fill an unbroken extent of six miles in length, and from half a mile to a mile and a half in breadth, all hanging on the sides of two vast mountains, and coming down with a full robe of rich luxuriance to the very water's edge. The acclivity of these hills is such, that every tree appears full to the eye. The variety of the ground is great; in some places great swells in the mountain side, with corresponding hollows, present concave and convex masses; in others, considerable ridges of land and rock rise from the sweep, and offer to the astonished eye yet other varieties of shade. Smaller mountains rise regularly from the immense bosom of the larger, and hold forth their sylvan heads, backed by yet higher woods. To give all the varieties of this immense scenery of forest is impossible. Above the whole is a prodigious mass of mountain, of a gently swelling outline and soft appearance, varying as the sun or clouds change their position, but never becoming rugged, or threatening to the eye.

The variations are best seen by rowing near the shore, when every stroke of the oar gives a new outline and fresh tints to please the eye; but for one great impression, row about two miles from the shore of Glená: at that distance the inequalities in the surface are no longer seen, but the eye is filled with so immense a range of wood, crowned with a mountain in perfect unison with itself, that objects whose character is that of beauty are here, from their magnitude, truly magnificent, and attended with a most forcible impression.

Upon the whole, Killarney, among the lakes that I have seen, can scarcely be said to have a rival. The extent of water in Loch Earne is much greater; the islands more numerous, and some scenes near Castle Caldwell of perhaps as great magnificence. The rocks at Keswick are more sublime, and other lakes may have circumstances in which they are superior; but when we consider the prodigious woods of Killarney, the immensity of the mountains, the uncommon beauty of the promontory of Mucross, and the isle of Innisfallen, the character of the islands, the singular circumstance of the arbutus, and the uncommon echoes, it will appear, upon the whole, to be in reality superior to all comparison.



THE WEALTH OF NATIONS.

By ADAM SMITH.

[ADAM SMITH, political economist, was born at Kirkcaldy, Scotland, June 5, 1723. He was educated at the University of Glasgow (1737-1740) and at Balliol College, Oxford (1740-1747). He was a professor in Glasgow University (1751-1763); was made rector of the university in 1787, and received from it the degree of LL.D. His chief works are: "Theory of Moral Sentiments" (1759), "Origin of Languages" (1760), and "Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations" (1776), the last named being his masterpiece. He died at Edinburgh, Scotland, July 17, 1790.]

Of the Causes of Improvement in the Productive Powers of Labor, and of the Order according to which its Produce is naturally distributed among the different Ranks of the People.

OF THE DIVISION OF LABOR.

THE greatest improvement in the productive powers of labor, and the greater part of the skill, dexterity, and judgment with which it is anywhere directed, or applied, seem to have been the effects of the division of labor.

The effects of the division of labor, in the general business of society, will be more easily understood by considering in what manner it operates in some particular manufactures. It is commonly supposed to be carried furthest in some very trifling ones; not perhaps that it really is carried further in them than in others of more importance; but in those trifling manufactures which are destined to supply the small wants of but a small number of people, the whole number of workmen must necessarily be small; and those employed in every differ-

ent branch of the work can often be collected into the same workhouse, and placed at once under the view of the spectator. In those great manufactures, on the contrary, which are destined to supply the great wants of the great body of the people, every different branch of the work employs so great a number of workmen that it is impossible to collect them all into the same workhouse. We can seldom see more, at one time, than those employed in one single branch. Though in such manufactures, therefore, the work may really be divided into a much greater number of parts than in those of a more trifling nature, the division is not near so obvious, and has accordingly been much less observed.

To take an example, therefore, from a very trifling manufacture, but one in which the division of labor has been very often taken notice of, the trade of the pin maker: a workman not educated to this business (which the division of labor has rendered a distinct trade), nor acquainted with the use of the machinery employed in it (to the invention of which the same division of labor has probably given occasion), could scarce, perhaps, with his utmost industry, make one pin in a day, and certainly could not make twenty. But in the way in which this business is now carried on, not only the whole work is a peculiar trade, but it is divided into a number of branches, of which the greater part are likewise peculiar trades. One man draws out the wire, another straightens it, a third cuts it, a fourth points it, a fifth grinds it at the top for receiving the head; to make the head requires two or three distinct operations; to put it on is a peculiar business, to whiten the pins is another; it is even a trade by itself to put them into the paper; and the important business of making a pin is, in this manner, divided into about eighteen distinct operations, which, in some manufactories, are all performed by distinct hands, though in others the same man will sometimes perform two or three of them. I have seen a small manufactory of this kind where ten men only were employed, and where some of them consequently performed two or three distinct operations. But though they were very poor, and therefore but indifferently accommodated with the necessary machinery, they could, when they exerted themselves, make among them about twelve pounds of pins in a day. There are in a pound upwards of four thousand pins of a middling size. Those ten persons, therefore, could make among them upwards of forty-eight thousand pins in a day. Each

person, therefore, making a tenth part of forty-eight thousand pins, might be considered as making four thousand eight hundred pins in a day. But if they had all wrought separately and independently, and without any of them having been educated to this peculiar business, they certainly could not each of them have made twenty, perhaps not one pin in a day; that is, certainly, not the two hundred and fortieth, perhaps not the four thousand eight hundredth part of what they are at present capable of performing, in consequence of a proper division and combination of their different operations.

In every other art and manufacture, the effects of the division of labor are similar to what they are in this very trifling one; though in many of them, the labor can neither be so much subdivided, nor reduced to so great a simplicity of operation. The division of labor, however, so far as it can be introduced, occasions, in every art, a proportionable increase of the productive powers of labor. The separation of different trades and employments from one another seems to have taken place in consequence of this advantage. This separation too is generally carried furthest in those countries which enjoy the highest degree of industry and improvement; what is the work of one man in a rude state of society being generally that of several in an improved one. In every improved society, the farmer is generally nothing but a farmer; the manufacturer nothing but a manufacturer. The labor too which is necessary to produce any one complete manufacture is almost always divided among a great number of hands. How many different trades are employed in each branch of the linen and woollen manufactures, from the growers of the flax and the wool, to the bleachers and smoothers of the linen, or to the dyers and dressers of the cloth! The nature of agriculture, indeed, does not admit of so many subdivisions of labor, nor of so complete a separation of one business from another, as manufactures. It is impossible to separate so entirely the business of the grazier from that of the corn farmer, as the trade of the carpenter is commonly separated from that of the smith. The spinner is almost always a distinct person from the weaver; but the plowman, the harrower, the sower of the seed, and the reaper of the corn are often the same. The occasions for those different sorts of labor returning with the different seasons of the year, it is impossible that one man should be constantly employed in any one of them. This impossibility of making so complete and entire a separa-

tion of all the different branches of labor employed in agriculture is, perhaps, the reason why the improvement of the productive powers of labor in this art does not always keep pace with their improvement in manufactures. The most opulent nations, indeed, generally excel all their neighbors in agriculture as well as in manufactures; but they are commonly more distinguished by their superiority in the latter than in the former. Their lands are in general better cultivated, and having more labor and expense bestowed upon them, produce more in proportion to the extent and natural fertility of the ground. But this superiority of produce is seldom much more than in proportion to the superiority of labor and expense. In agriculture, the labor of the rich country is not always much more productive than that of the poor; or, at least, it is never so much more productive as it commonly is in manufactures. The corn of the rich country, therefore, will not always, in the same degree of goodness, come cheaper to market than that of the poor. The corn of Poland, in the same degree of goodness, is as cheap as that of France, notwithstanding the superior opulence and improvement of the latter country. The corn of France is, in the corn provinces, fully as good, and in most years nearly about the same price with the corn in England, though, in opulence and improvement, France is perhaps inferior to England. The corn lands of England, however, are better cultivated than those of France, and the corn lands of France are said to be much better cultivated than those of Poland. But though the poor country, notwithstanding the inferiority of its cultivation, can, in some measure, rival the rich in the cheapness and goodness of its corn, it can pretend to no such competition in its manufactures; at least if those manufactures suit the soil, climate, and situation of the rich country. The silks of France are better and cheaper than those of England, because the silk manufacture, at least under the present high duties upon the importation of raw silk, does not so well suit the climate of England as that of France. But the hardware and the coarse woollens of England are beyond all comparison superior to those of France, and much cheaper too in the same degree of goodness. In Poland there are said to be scarce any manufactures of any kind, a few of those coarser household manufactures excepted, without which no country can well subsist.

This great increase in the quantity of work, which, in con-

sequence of the division of labor, the same number of people are capable of performing, is owing to three different circumstances: first, to the increase of dexterity in every particular workman; secondly, to the saving of the time which is commonly lost in passing from one species of work to another; and, lastly, to the invention of a great number of machines which facilitate and abridge labor, and enable one man to do the work of many.

First, the improvement of the dexterity of the workman necessarily increases the quantity of the work he can perform; and the division of labor, by reducing every man's business to some one simple operation, and by making this operation the sole employment of his life, necessarily increases very much the dexterity of the workman. A common smith, who, though accustomed to handle the hammer, has never been used to make nails, if upon some particular occasion he is obliged to attempt it, will scarce, I am assured, be able to make above two or three hundred nails in a day, and those too very bad ones. A smith who has been accustomed to make nails, but whose sole or principal business has not been that of a nailer, can seldom with his utmost diligence make more than eight hundred or a thousand nails in a day. I have seen several boys under twenty years of age who had never exercised any other trade but that of making nails, and who, when they exerted themselves, could make, each of them, upwards of two thousand three hundred nails in a day. The making of a nail, however, is by no means one of the simplest operations. The same person blows the bellows, stirs or mends the fire as there is occasion, heats the iron, and forges every part of the nail: in forging the head too he is obliged to change his tools. The different operations into which the making of a pin, or of a metal button, is subdivided, are all of them much more simple, and the dexterity of the person whose whole life it has been the sole business to perform them is usually much greater. The rapidity with which some of the operations of those manufactures are performed exceeds what the human hand could, by those who had never seen them, be supposed capable of acquiring.

Secondly, the advantage which is gained by saving the time commonly lost in passing from one sort of work to another is much greater than we should at first view be apt to imagine it. It is impossible to pass very quickly from one kind of work to another that is carried on in a different place, and with quite

different tools. A country weaver, who cultivates a small farm, must lose a good deal of time in passing from his loom to the field, and from the field to his loom. When the two trades can be carried on in the same workhouse, the loss of time is no doubt much less. It is even in this case, however, very considerable. A man commonly saunters a little in turning his hand from one sort of employment to another. When he first begins the new work, he is seldom very keen and hearty; his mind, as they say, does not go to it, and for some time he rather trifles than applies to good purpose. The habit of sauntering and of indolent careless application, which is naturally, or rather necessarily, acquired by every country workman who is obliged to change his work and his tools every half-hour, and to apply his hand in twenty different ways almost every day of his life, renders him almost always slothful and lazy, and incapable of any vigorous application even on the most pressing occasions. Independent, therefore, of his deficiency in point of dexterity, this cause alone must always reduce considerably the quantity of work which he is capable of performing.

Thirdly, and lastly, everybody must be sensible how much labor is facilitated and abridged by the application of proper machinery. It is unnecessary to give any example. I shall only observe, therefore, that the invention of all those machines by which labor is so much facilitated and abridged seems to have been originally owing to the division of labor. Men are much more likely to discover easier and readier methods of attaining any object, when the whole attention of their minds is directed towards that single object, than when it is dissipated among a great variety of things. But in consequence of the division of labor, the whole of every man's attention comes naturally to be directed towards some one very simple object. It is naturally to be expected, therefore, that some one or other of those who are employed in each particular branch of labor should soon find out easier and readier methods of performing their own particular work, wherever the nature of it admits of such improvement. A great part of the machines made use of in those manufactures in which labor is most subdivided were originally the inventions of common workmen, who, being each of them employed in some very simple operation, naturally turned their thoughts towards finding out easier and readier methods of performing it. Whoever has been much accustomed to visit such manufactures, must frequently have been shown

very pretty machines, which were the inventions of such workmen, in order to facilitate and quicken their own particular part of the work. In the first fire engines, a boy was constantly employed to open and shut alternately the communication between the boiler and the cylinder, according as the piston either ascended or descended. One of those boys, who loved to play with his companions, observed that, by tying a string from the handle of the valve which opened this communication to another part of the machine, the valve would open and shut without his assistance, and leave him at liberty to divert himself with his playfellows. One of the greatest improvements that has been made upon this machine, since it was first invented, was in this manner the discovery of a boy who wanted to save his own labor.

All the improvements in machinery, however, have by no means been the inventions of those who had occasion to use the machines. Many improvements have been made by the ingenuity of the makers of the machines, when to make them became the business of a peculiar trade; and some by that of those who are called philosophers or men of speculation, whose trade it is not to do anything, but to observe everything; and who, upon that account, are often capable of combining together the powers of the most distant and dissimilar objects. In the progress of society, philosophy or speculation becomes, like every other employment, the principal or sole trade and occupation of a particular class of citizens. Like every other employment, too, it is subdivided into a great number of different branches, each of which affords occupation to a peculiar tribe or class of philosophers; and this subdivision of employment in philosophy, as well as in every other business, improves dexterity and saves time. Each individual becomes more expert in his own particular branch, more work is done upon the whole, and the quantity of science is considerably increased by it.

It is the great multiplication of the productions of all the different arts, in consequence of the division of labor, which occasions, in a well-governed society, that universal opulence which extends itself to the lowest ranks of the people. Every workman has a great quantity of his own work to dispose of beyond what he himself has occasion for; and every other workman being exactly in the same situation, he is enabled to exchange a great quantity of his own goods for a great quantity, or, what comes to the same thing, for the price of a great

quantity, of theirs. He supplies them abundantly with what they have occasion for, and they accommodate him as amply with what he has occasion for, and a general plenty diffuses itself through all the different ranks of the society. . . .

OF THE PRINCIPLE WHICH GIVES OCCASION TO THE DIVISION OF LABOR.

This division of labor, from which so many advantages are derived, is not originally the effect of any human wisdom, which foresees and intends that general opulence to which it gives occasion. It is the necessary, though very slow and gradual, consequence of a certain propensity in human nature which has in view no such extensive utility; the propensity to truck, barter, and exchange one thing for another.

Whether this propensity be one of those original principles in human nature of which no further account can be given, or whether, as seems more probable, it be the necessary consequence of the faculties of reason and speech, it belongs not to our present subject to inquire. It is common to all men, and to be found in no other race of animals, which seem to know neither this nor any other species of contracts. Two greyhounds, in running down the same hare, have sometimes the appearance of acting in some sort of concert. Each turns her towards his companion, or endeavors to intercept her when his companion turns her towards himself. This, however, is not the effect of any contract, but of the accidental concurrence of their passions in the same object at that particular time. Nobody ever saw a dog make a fair and deliberate exchange of one bone for another with another dog. Nobody ever saw one animal by its gestures and natural cries signify to another, this is mine, that yours; I am willing to give this for that. When an animal wants to obtain something either of a man or of another animal, it has no other means of persuasion but to gain the favor of those whose service it requires. A puppy fawns upon its dam, and a spaniel endeavors by a thousand attractions to engage the attention of its master who is at dinner, when it wants to be fed by him. Man sometimes uses the same arts with his brethren, and when he has no other means of engaging them to act according to his inclinations, endeavors by every servile and fawning attention to obtain their good will. He has not time, however, to do this upon every occasion.

In civilized society he stands at all times in need of the co-operation and assistance of great multitudes, while his whole life is scarce sufficient to gain the friendship of a few persons. In almost every other race of animals, each individual, when it is grown up to maturity, is entirely independent, and in its natural state has occasion for the assistance of no other living creature. But man has almost constant occasion for the help of his brethren, and it is in vain for him to expect it from their benevolence only. He will be more likely to prevail if he can interest their self-love in his favor, and show them that it is for their own advantage to do for him what he requires of them. Whoever offers to another a bargain of any kind, proposes to do this: Give me that which I want, and you shall have this which you want, is the meaning of every such offer; and it is in this manner that we obtain from one another the far greater part of those good offices which we stand in need of. It is not from the benevolence of the butcher, the brewer, or the baker that we expect our dinner, but from their regard to their own interest. We address ourselves, not to their humanity, but to their self-love, and never talk to them of our own necessities but of their advantages. Nobody but a beggar chooses to depend chiefly upon the benevolence of his fellow-citizens. Even a beggar does not depend upon it entirely. The charity of well-disposed people, indeed, supplies him with the whole fund of his subsistence. But though this principle ultimately provides him with all the necessaries of life which he has occasion for, it neither does nor can provide him with them as he has occasion for them. The greater part of his occasional wants are supplied in the same manner as those of other people, by treaty, by barter, and by purchase. With the money which one man gives him he purchases food. The old clothes which another bestows upon him he exchanges for other old clothes which suit him better, or for lodging, or for food, or for money with which he can buy either food, clothes, or lodging, as he has occasion.

As it is by treaty, by barter, and by purchase that we obtain from one another the greater part of those mutual good offices which we stand in need of, so it is this same trucking disposition which originally gives occasion to the division of labor. In a tribe of hunters or shepherds a particular person makes bows and arrows, for example, with more readiness and dexterity than any other. He frequently exchanges them for cattle or for venison with his companions; and he finds at last that

he can in this manner get more cattle and venison than if he himself went to the field to catch them. From a regard to his own interest, therefore, the making of bows and arrows grows to be his chief business, and he becomes a sort of armorer. Another excels in making the frames and covers of their little huts or movable houses. He is accustomed to be of use in this way to his neighbors, who reward him in the same manner with cattle and with venison, till at last he finds it his interest to dedicate himself entirely to this employment, and to become a sort of house carpenter. In the same manner a third becomes a smith or a brasier; a fourth a tanner or dresser of hides or skins, the principal part of the clothing of the savages. And thus the certainty of being able to exchange all that surplus part of the produce of his own labor which is over and above his own consumption, for such parts of the produce of other men's labor as he may have occasion for, encourages every man to apply himself to a particular occupation, and to cultivate and bring to perfection whatever talent or genius he may possess for that particular species of business.

The difference of natural talents in different men is, in reality, much less than we are aware of; and the very different genius which appears to distinguish men of different professions, when grown up to maturity, is not upon many occasions so much the cause as the effect of the division of labor. The difference between the most dissimilar characters, between a philosopher and a common street porter, for example, seems to arise not so much from nature, as from habit, custom, and education. When they came into the world, and for the first six or eight years of their existence, they were, perhaps, very much alike, and neither their parents nor playfellows could perceive any remarkable difference. About that age, or soon after, they come to be employed in very different occupations. The difference of talents comes then to be taken notice of, and widens by degrees, till at last the vanity of the philosopher is willing to acknowledge scarce any resemblance. But without the disposition to truck, barter, and exchange, every man must have procured to himself every necessary and conveniency of life which he wanted. All must have had the same duties to perform, and the same work to do, and there could have been no such difference of employment as could alone give occasion to any great difference of talents.

As it is this disposition which forms that difference of

talents, so remarkable among men of different professions, so it is this same disposition which renders that difference useful. Many tribes of animals, acknowledged to be all of the same species, derive from nature a much more remarkable distinction of genius than what, antecedent to custom and education, appears to take place among men. By nature a philosopher is not in genius and disposition half so different from a street porter as a mastiff is from a greyhound, or a greyhound from a spaniel, or this last from a shepherd's dog. These different tribes of animals, however, though all of the same species, are of scarce any use to one another. The strength of the mastiff is not in the least supported either by the swiftness of the greyhound, or by the sagacity of the spaniel, or by the docility of the shepherd's dog. The effects of those different geniuses and talents, for want of the power or disposition to barter and exchange, cannot be brought into a common stock, and do not in the least contribute to the better accommodation and conveniency of the species. Each animal is still obliged to support and defend itself, separately and independently, and derives no sort of advantage from that variety of talents with which nature has distinguished its fellows. Among men, on the contrary, the most dissimilar geniuses are of use to one another; the different produces of their respective talents, by the general disposition to truck, barter, and exchange, being brought, as it were, into a common stock, where every man may purchase whatever part of the produce of other men's talents he has occasion for.

OF THE ORIGIN AND USE OF MONEY.

When the division of labor has been once thoroughly established, it is but a very small part of a man's wants which the produce of his own labor can supply. He supplies the far greater part of them by exchanging that surplus part of the produce of his own labor, which is over and above his own consumption, for such parts of the produce of other men's labor as he has occasion for. Every man thus lives by exchanging, or becomes in some measure a merchant, and the society itself grows to be what is properly a commercial society.

But when the division of labor first began to take place, this power of exchanging must frequently have been very much clogged and embarrassed in its operations. One man, we shall

suppose, has more of a certain commodity than he himself has occasion for, while another has less. The former consequently would be glad to dispose of, and the latter to purchase, a part of this superfluity. But if this latter should chance to have nothing that the former stands in need of, no exchange can be made between them. The butcher has more meat in his shop than he himself can consume, and the brewer and the baker would each of them be willing to purchase a part of it. But they have nothing to offer in exchange, except the different productions of their respective trades, and the butcher is already provided with all the bread and beer which he has immediate occasion for. No exchange can, in this case, be made between them. He cannot be their merchant, nor they his customers; and they are all of them thus mutually less serviceable to one another. In order to avoid the inconveniency of such situations, every prudent man in every period of society, after the first establishment of the division of labor, must naturally have endeavored to manage his affairs in such a manner as to have at all times by him, besides the peculiar produce of his own industry, a certain quantity of some one commodity or other, such as he imagined few people would be likely to refuse in exchange for the produce of their industry.

Many different commodities, it is probable, were successively both thought of and employed for this purpose. In the rude ages of society, cattle are said to have been the common instrument of commerce; and, though they must have been a most inconvenient one, yet in old times we find things were frequently valued according to the number of cattle which had been given in exchange for them. The armor of Diomedes, says Homer, cost only nine oxen; but that of Glaucus cost a hundred oxen. Salt is said to be the common instrument of commerce and exchanges in Abyssinia; a species of shells in some parts of the coast of India; dried cod at Newfoundland; tobacco in Virginia; sugar in some of our West India colonies; hides or dressed leather in some other countries; and there is at this day a village in Scotland where it is not uncommon, I am told, for a workman to carry nails instead of money to the baker's shop or the alehouse.

In all countries, however, men seem at last to have been determined by irresistible reasons to give the preference, for this employment, to metals above every other commodity. Metals cannot only be kept with as little loss as any other

commodity, scarce anything being less perishable than they are, but they can likewise, without any loss, be divided into any number of parts, as by fusion those parts can easily be reunited again: a quality which no other equally durable commodities possess, and which more than any other quality renders them fit to be the instruments of commerce and circulation. The man who wanted to buy salt, for example, and had nothing but cattle to give in exchange for it, must have been obliged to buy salt to the value of a whole ox, or a whole sheep, at a time. He could seldom buy less than this, because what he was to give for it could seldom be divided without loss; and if he had a mind to buy more, he must, for the same reasons, have been obliged to buy double or triple the quantity, the value, to wit, of two or three oxen, or of two or three sheep. If, on the contrary, instead of sheep or oxen, he had metals to give in exchange for it, he could easily proportion the quantity of the metal to the precise quantity of the commodity which he had immediate occasion for.

Different metals have been made use of by different nations for this purpose. Iron was the common instrument of commerce among the ancient Spartans; copper among the ancient Romans; and gold and silver among all rich and commercial nations.

Those metals seem originally to have been made use of for this purpose in rude bars, without any stamp or coinage. Thus we are told by Pliny, upon the authority of Timæus, an ancient historian, that, till the time of Servius Tullius, the Romans had no coined money, but made use of unstamped bars of copper, to purchase whatever they had occasion for. These rude bars, therefore, performed at this time the function of money.

The use of metals in this rude state was attended with two very considerable inconveniences: first, with the trouble of weighing; and, secondly, with that of assaying them. In the precious metals, where a small difference in the quantity makes a great difference in the value, even the business of weighing, with proper exactness, requires at least very accurate weights and scales. The weighing of gold in particular is an operation of some nicety. In the coarser metals, indeed, where a small error would be of little consequence, less accuracy would, no doubt, be necessary. Yet we should find it excessively troublesome, if every time a poor man had occasion either to buy or

sell a farthing's worth of goods, he was obliged to weigh the farthing. The operation of assaying is still more difficult, still more tedious, and, unless a part of the metal is fairly melted in the crucible, with proper dissolvents, any conclusion that can be drawn from it is extremely uncertain. Before the institution of coined money, however, unless they went through this tedious and difficult operation, people must always have been liable to the grossest frauds and impositions, and instead of a pound weight of pure silver, or pure copper, might receive in exchange for their goods an adulterated composition of the coarsest and cheapest materials, which had, however, in their outward appearance, been made to resemble those metals. To prevent such abuses, to facilitate exchanges, and thereby to encourage all sorts of industry and commerce, it has been found necessary, in all countries that have made any considerable advances towards improvement, to affix a public stamp upon certain quantities of such particular metals as were in those countries commonly made use of to purchase goods. Hence the origin of coined money, and of those public offices called mints; institutions exactly of the same nature with those of the alnagers and stamp masters of woolen and linen cloth. All of them are equally meant to ascertain, by means of a public stamp, the quantity and uniform goodness of those different commodities when brought to market.

The first public stamps of this kind that were affixed to the current metals seem, in many cases, to have been intended to ascertain what it was both most difficult and most important to ascertain, the goodness or fineness of the metal, and to have resembled the sterling mark which is at present affixed to plate and bars of silver, or the Spanish mark which is sometimes affixed to ingots of gold, and which being struck only upon one side of the piece, and not covering the whole surface, ascertains the fineness, but not the weight of the metal. Abraham weighs to Ephron the four hundred shekels of silver which he had agreed to pay for the field of Machpelah. They are said, however, to be the current money of the merchant, and yet are received by weight and not by tale, in the same manner as ingots of gold and bars of silver are at present. The revenues of the ancient Saxon kings of England are said to have been paid, not in money, but in kind, that is, in victuals and provisions of all sorts. William the Conqueror introduced the custom of paying them in money. This money, however, was,

for a long time, received at the exchequer by weight and not by tale.

The inconveniency and difficulty of weighing those metals with exactness gave occasion to the institution of coins, of which the stamp covering entirely both sides of the piece and sometimes the edges too was supposed to ascertain, not only the fineness, but the weight of the metal. Such coins, therefore, were received by tale as at present, without the trouble of weighing.

The denominations of those coins seem originally to have expressed the weight or quantity of metal contained in them. In the time of Servius Tullius, who first coined money at Rome, the Roman As or Pondo contained a Roman pound of good copper. It was divided in the same manner as our Troyes pound, into twelve ounces, each of which contained a real ounce of good copper. The English pound sterling in the time of Edward I., contained a pound, Tower weight, of silver of a known fineness. The Tower pound seems to have been something more than the Roman pound, and something less than the Troyes pound. This last was not introduced into the mint of England till the 18th of Henry VIII. The French livre contained in the time of Charlemagne a pound, Troyes weight, of silver of a known fineness. The fair of Troyes in Champaign was at that time frequented by all the nations of Europe, and the weights and measures of so famous a market were generally known and esteemed. The Scots money pound contained, from the time of Alexander the First to that of Robert Bruce, a pound of silver of the same weight and fineness with the English pound sterling. English, French, and Scots pennies, too, contained all of them originally a real pennyweight of silver, the twentieth part of an ounce, and the two hundred and fortieth part of a pound. The shilling too seems originally to have been the denomination of a weight. *When wheat is at twelve shillings the quarter*, says an ancient statute of Henry III., *then wastel bread of a farthing shall weigh eleven shillings and fourpence*. The proportion, however, between the shilling and either the penny on the one hand, or the pound on the other, seems not to have been so constant and uniform as that between the penny and the pound. During the first race of the kings of France, the French sou or shilling appears upon different occasions to have contained five, twelve, twenty, and forty pennies. Among the ancient Saxons a shilling appears at one

time to have contained only five pennies, and it is not improbable that it may have been as variable among them as among their neighbors, the ancient Franks. From the time of Charlemagne among the French, and from that of William the Conqueror among the English, the proportion between the pound, the shilling, and the penny seems to have been uniformly the same as at present, though the value of each has been very different. For in every country of the world, I believe, the avarice and injustice of princes and sovereign states, abusing the confidence of their subjects, have by degrees diminished the real quantity of metal, which had been originally contained in their coins. The Roman As, in the latter ages of the Republic, was reduced to the twenty-fourth part of its original value, and, instead of weighing a pound, came to weigh only half an ounce. The English pound and penny contain at present about a third only; the Scots pound and penny about a thirty-sixth; and the French pound and penny about a sixty-sixth part of their original value. By means of those operations the princes and sovereign states which performed them were enabled, in appearance, to pay their debts and fulfill their engagements with a smaller quantity of silver than would otherwise have been requisite. It was indeed in appearance only; for their creditors were really defrauded of a part of what was due to them. All other debtors in the state were allowed the same privilege, and might pay with the same nominal sum of the new and debased coin whatever they had borrowed in the old. Such operations, therefore, have always proved favorable to the debtor, and ruinous to the creditor, and have sometimes produced a greater and more universal revolution in the fortunes of private persons than could have been occasioned by a very great public calamity.

It is in this manner that money has become in all civilized nations the universal instrument of commerce, by the intervention of which goods of all kinds are bought and sold, or exchanged for one another.

Digression concerning Banks of Deposit, particularly concerning that of Amsterdam.

The currency of a great state, such as France or England, generally consists almost entirely of its own coin. Should this currency, therefore, be at any time worn, clipt, or otherwise

degraded below its standard value, the state by a reformation of its coin can effectually reestablish its currency. But the currency of a small state, such as Genoa or Hamburgh, can seldom consist altogether in its own coin, but must be made up, in a great measure, of the coins of all the neighboring states with which its inhabitants have a continual intercourse. Such a state, therefore, by reforming its coin, will not always be able to reform its currency. If foreign bills of exchange are paid in this currency, the uncertain value of any sum, of what is in its own nature so uncertain, must render the exchange always very much against such a state, its currency being, in all foreign states, necessarily valued even below what it is worth.

In order to remedy the inconvenience to which this disadvantageous exchange must have subjected their merchants, such small states, when they began to attend to the interest of trade, have frequently enacted that foreign bills of exchange of a certain value should be paid, not in common currency, but by an order upon, or by a transfer in the books of a certain bank, established upon the credit and under the protection of the state; this bank being always obliged to pay, in good and true money, exactly according to the standard of the state. The banks of Venice, Genoa, Amsterdam, Hamburgh, and Nuremberg seem to have been all originally established with this view, though some of them may have afterwards been made subservient to other purposes. The money of such banks being better than the common currency of the country, necessarily bore an agio, which was greater or smaller, according as the currency was supposed to be more or less degraded below the standard of the state. The agio of the bank of Hamburgh, for example, which is said to be commonly about fourteen per cent, is the supposed difference between the good standard money of the state, and the clipt, worn, and diminished currency poured into it from all the neighboring states.

Before 1609 the great quantity of clipt and worn foreign coin which the extensive trade of Amsterdam brought from all parts of Europe, reduced the value of its currency about nine per cent below that of good money fresh from the mint. Such money no sooner appeared than it was melted down or carried away, as it always is in such circumstances. The merchants, with plenty of currency, could not always find a sufficient quantity of good money to pay their bills of exchange; and the

value of those bills, in spite of several regulations which were made to prevent it, became in a great measure uncertain.

In order to remedy these inconveniences, a bank was established in 1609 under the guarantee of the city. This bank received both foreign coin, and the light and worn coin of the country at its real intrinsic value in the good standard money of the country, deducting only so much as was necessary for defraying the expense of coinage, and the other necessary expense of management. For the value which remained, after this small deduction was made, it gave a credit in its books. This credit was called bank money, which, as it represented money exactly according to the standard of the mint, was always of the same real value, and intrinsically worth more than current money. It was at the same time enacted that all bills drawn upon or negotiated at Amsterdam, of the value of six hundred guilders and upwards, should be paid in bank money, which at once took away all uncertainty in the value of those bills. Every merchant, in consequence of this regulation, was obliged to keep an account with the bank in order to pay his foreign bills of exchange, which necessarily occasioned a certain demand for bank money.



A REVIEW OF SCHOOLS.

By WILLIAM COWPER.

[1731-1800.]

BE it a weakness, it deserves some praise,
 We love the play place of our early days.
 The scene is touching, and the heart is stone
 That feels not at that sight, and feels at none.
 The wall on which we tried our graving skill,
 The very name we carved subsisting still;
 The bench on which we sat while deep employed,
 Though mangled, hacked, and hewed, not yet destroyed.
 The little ones, unbuttoned, glowing hot,
 Playing our games, and on the very spot,
 As happy as we once, to kneel and draw
 The chalky ring, and knuckle down at taw;
 To pitch the ball into the grounded hat,
 Or drive it devious with a dexterous pat;

The pleasing spectacle at once excites
Such recollection of our own delights,
That viewing it, we seem almost to obtain
Our innocent sweet simple years again.
This fond attachment to the well-known place,
Whence first we started into life's long race,
Maintains its hold with such unfailing sway,
We feel it even in age, and at our latest day.
Hark! how the sire of chits, whose future share
Of classic food begins to be his care,
With his own likeness placed on either knee,
Indulges all a father's heart-felt glee,
And tells them, as he strokes their silver locks,
That they must soon learn Latin, and to box;
Then turning, he regales his listening wife
With all the adventures of his early life,
His skill in coachmanship, or driving chaise,
In bilking tavern bills, and spouting plays;
What shifts he used, detected in a scrape,
How he was flogged, or had the luck to escape,
What sums he lost at play, and how he sold
Watch, seals, and all — till all his pranks are told.
Retracing thus his *frolics* ('tis a name
That palliates deeds of folly and of shame)
He gives the local bias all its sway,
Resolves that where he played his sons shall play,
And destines their bright genius to be shown
Just in the scene where he displayed his own.
The meek and bashful boy will soon be taught
To be as bold and forward as he ought,
The rude will scuffle through with ease enough,
Great schools suit best the sturdy and the rough.
Ah! happy designation, prudent choice,
The event is sure, expect it, and rejoice!
Soon see your wish fulfilled in either child,
The pert made perter, and the tame made wild.



CAPTAIN JAMES COOK

CAPTAIN COOK'S DEATH.

(From "Narrative of Cook's Voyages," by A. Kippis.)

THE circumstances which brought Captain Cook back to Karakakooa Bay, and the unhappy consequences that followed, I shall give from Mr. Samwell's narrative of his death. This narrative was, in the most obliging manner, communicated to me in manuscript, by Mr. Samwell, with entire liberty to make such use of it as I should judge proper. Upon a perusal of it, its importance struck me in so strong a light that I wished to have it separately laid before the world. Accordingly, with Mr. Samwell's concurrence, I procured its publication, that, if any objections should be made to it, I might be able to notice them in my own work. As the narrative had continued for more than two years unimpeached and uncontradicted, I esteem myself fully authorized to insert it in this place, as containing the most complete and authentic account of the melancholy catastrophe which, at Owyhee, befell our illustrious navigator and commander.

"On the 6th [February, 1779] we were overtaken by a gale of wind, and the next night the 'Resolution' had the misfortune of springing the head of the foremast in such a dangerous manner that Captain Cook was obliged to return to Keragegooah in order to have it repaired; for we could find no other convenient harbor on the island. The same gale had occasioned much distress among some canoes that had paid us a visit from the shore. One of them, with two men and a child on board, was picked up by the 'Resolution,' and rescued from destruction: the men, having toiled hard all night in attempting to reach the land, were so much exhausted that they could hardly mount the ship's side. When they got upon the quarterdeck, they burst into tears, and seemed much affected with the dangerous situation from which they had escaped; but the little child appeared lively and cheerful. One of the 'Resolution's' boats was also so fortunate as to save a man and two women, whose canoe had been upset by the violence of the waves. They were brought on board and, with the others, partook of the kindness and humanity of Captain Cook.

"On the morning of Wednesday, the 10th, we were within a few miles of the harbor, and were soon joined by several

canoes, in which appeared many of our old acquaintance, who seemed to have come to welcome us back. Among them was Coo, aha, a priest; he had brought a small pig and some cocoanuts in his hand, which, after having chanted a few sentences, he presented to Captain Clerke. He then left us, and hastened on board the 'Resolution,' to perform the same friendly ceremony before Captain Cook. Having but light winds all that day, we could not gain the harbor. In the afternoon, a chief of the first rank, and nearly related to Kariopoo, paid us a visit on board the 'Discovery.' His name was Ka, mea, mea; he was dressed in a very rich feathered cloak, which he seemed to have brought for sale, but would part with it for nothing except iron daggers. These the chiefs, sometime before our departure, had preferred to every other article; for, having received a plentiful supply of hatchets and other tools, they began to collect a store of warlike instruments. Kameamea procured nine daggers for his cloak; and, being pleased with his reception, he and his attendants slept on board that night.

"In the morning of the 11th of February, the ships anchored again in Keragegooah Bay, and preparation was immediately made for landing the 'Resolution's' foremast. We were visited but by few of the Indians, because there were but few in the bay. On our departure, those belonging to other parts had repaired to their several habitations, and were again to collect from various quarters before we could expect to be surrounded by such multitudes as we had once seen in that harbor. In the afternoon, I walked about a mile into the country to visit an Indian friend, who had, a few days before, come near twenty miles, in a small canoe, to see me, while the ship lay becalmed. As the canoe had not left us long before a gale of wind came on, I was alarmed for the consequences: however, I had the pleasure to find that my friend had escaped unhurt, though not without some difficulties. I take notice of this short excursion, merely because it afforded me an opportunity of observing that there appeared no change in the disposition or behavior of the inhabitants. I saw nothing that could induce me to think that they were displeased with our return, or jealous of the intention of our second visit. On the contrary, that abundant good nature, which had always characterized them, seemed still to glow in every bosom, and to animate every countenance.

"The next day, February the 12th, the ships were put under a taboo by the chiefs: a solemnity, it seems, that was requisite to be observed before Kariopoo, the king, paid his first visit to Captain Cook after his return. He waited upon him the same day, on board the 'Resolution,' attended by a large train, some of which bore the presents designed for Captain Cook, who received him in his usually friendly manner, and gave him several articles in return. This amicable ceremony being settled, the taboo was dissolved: matters went on in the usual train, and the next day, February the 13th, we were visited by the natives in great numbers; the 'Resolution's' mast was landed, and the astronomical observatories erected on their former situation. I landed, with another gentleman at the town of Kavaruah, where we found a great number of canoes, just arrived from different parts of the island, and the Indians busy in constructing temporary huts on the beach for their residence during the stay of the ships. On our return on board the 'Discovery,' we learned that an Indian had been detected in stealing the armorer's tongs from the forge, for which he received a pretty severe flogging, and was sent out of the ship. Notwithstanding the example made of this man, in the afternoon another had the audacity to snatch the tongs and chisel from the same place, with which he jumped overboard and swam for the shore. The master and a midshipman were instantly dispatched after him in the small cutter. The Indian, seeing himself pursued, made for a canoe; his countrymen took him on board, and paddled as swift as they could towards the shore; we fired several muskets at them, but to no effect, for they soon got out of reach of our shot. Pareah, one of the chiefs, who was at that time on board the 'Discovery,' understanding what had happened, immediately went ashore, promising to bring back the stolen goods. Our boat was so far distanced, in chasing the canoe which had taken the thief on board, that he had time to make his escape into the country. Captain Cook, who was then ashore, endeavored to intercept his landing; but it seems that he was led out of the way by some of the natives, who had officiously intruded themselves as guides. As the master was approaching near the landing place, he was met by some of the Indians in a canoe; they had brought back the tongs and chisel, together with another article, that we had not missed, which happened to be the lid of the water cask. Having recovered these things, he was returning on board when

he was met by the 'Resolution's' pinnace, with five men in her, who, without any orders, had come from the observatories to his assistance. Being thus unexpectedly reënforced, he thought himself strong enough to insist upon having the thief, or the canoe which took him in, delivered up as reprisals. With that view he turned back, and having found the canoe on the beach, he was preparing to launch it into the water, when Pareah made his appearance, and insisted upon his not taking it away, as it was his property. The officer not regarding him, the chief seized upon him, pinioned his arms behind, and held him by the hair of his head, on which one of the sailors struck him with an oar; Pareah instantly quitted the officer, snatched the oar out of the man's hand, and snapped it in two across his knee. At length the multitude began to attack our people with stones. They made some resistance, but were soon overpowered, and obliged to swim for safety to the small cutter, which lay farther out than the pinnace. The officers, not being expert swimmers, retreated to a small rock in the water, where they were closely pursued by the Indians. One man darted a broken oar at the master; but his foot slipping at the time, he missed him, which fortunately saved that officer's life. At last, Pareah interfered, and put an end to their violence. The gentlemen, knowing that his presence was their only defense against the fury of the natives, entreated him to stay with them, till they could get off in the boats; but that he refused, and left them. The master went to seek assistance from the party at the observatories; but the midshipman chose to remain in the pinnace. He was very rudely treated by the mob, who plundered the boat of everything that was loose on board, and then began to knock her to pieces, for the sake of the iron work; but Pareah fortunately returned in time to prevent her destruction. He had met the other gentleman on his way to the observatories, and, suspecting his errand, had forced him to return. He dispersed the crowd again, and desired the gentlemen to return on board; they represented that all the oars had been taken out of the boat, on which he brought some of them back, and the gentlemen were glad to get off without farther molestation. They had not proceeded far before they were overtaken by Pareah, in a canoe; he delivered the midshipman's cap, which had been taken from him in the scuffle, joined noses with them, in token of reconciliation, and was anxious to know if Captain Cook would kill him for what had happened. They assured

him of the contrary, and made signs of friendship to him in return. He then left them, and paddled over to the town of Kavaroah, and that was the last time we ever saw him. Captain Cook returned on board soon after, much displeased with the whole of this disagreeable business; and the same night sent a lieutenant on board the 'Discovery' to learn the particulars of it, as it had originated in that ship.

"It was remarkable that in the midst of the hurry and confusion attending this affair Kanynah (a chief who had always been on terms particularly friendly with us) came from the spot where it happened, with a hog to sell on board the 'Discovery'; it was of an extraordinary large size, and he demanded for it a pahowa, or dagger, of an unusual length. He pointed to us that it must be as long as his arm. Captain Clerke not having one of that length, told him he would get one made for him by the morning, with which being satisfied, he left the hog, and went ashore without making any stay with us. It will not be altogether foreign to the subject to mention a circumstance that happened to-day on board the 'Resolution.' An Indian chief asked Captain Cook, at his table, if he was a Tata Toa, which means a fighting man, or a soldier. Being answered in the affirmative, he desired to see his wounds. Captain Cook held out his right hand, which had a scar upon it, dividing the thumb from the finger, the whole length of the metacarpal bones. The Indian, being thus convinced of his being a Toa, put the same question to another gentleman present, but he happened to have none of those distinguishing marks: the chief then said that he himself was a Toa, and showed the scars of some wounds he had received in battle. Those who were on duty at the observatories were disturbed, during the night, with shrill and melancholy sounds, issuing from the adjacent villages, which they took to be the lamentations of the women. Perhaps the quarrel between us might have filled their minds with apprehensions for the safety of their husbands; but be that as it may, their mournful cries struck the sentinels with unusual awe and terror.

"To widen the breach between us some of the Indians, in the night, took away the 'Discovery's' large cutter, which lay swamped at the buoy of one of her anchors; they had carried her off so quietly that we did not miss her till the morning, Sunday, February the 14th. Captain Clerke lost no time in waiting upon Captain Cook, to acquaint him with the accident;

he returned on board with orders for the launch and small cutter to go, under the command of the second lieutenant, and lie off the east point of the bay, in order to intercept all canoes that might attempt to get out; and, if he found it necessary, to fire upon them. At the same time, the third lieutenant of the 'Resolution,' with the launch and small cutter, was sent on the same service to the opposite point of the bay, and the master was dispatched in the large cutter, in pursuit of a double canoe, already under sail, making the best of her way out of the harbor. He soon came up with her, and, by firing a few muskets, drove her on shore, and the Indians left her; this happened to be the canoe of Omea, a man who bore the title of Orono. He was on board himself, and it would have been fortunate if our people had secured him, for his person was held as sacred as that of the king. During this time, Captain Cook was preparing to go ashore himself, at the town of Kavaruah, in order to secure the person of Kariopoo, before he should have time to withdraw himself to another part of the island, out of our reach. This appeared the most effectual step that could be taken on the present occasion for the recovery of the boat. It was the measure he had invariably pursued, in similar cases, at other islands in these seas, and it had always been attended with the desired success: in fact, it would be difficult to point out any other mode of proceeding on these emergencies likely to attain the object in view; we had reason to suppose that the king and his attendants had fled when the alarm was first given; in that case it was Captain Cook's intention to secure the large canoes which were hauled up on the beach. He left the ship about seven o'clock, attended by the lieutenant of marines, a sergeant, corporal, and seven private men; the pinnace's crew were also armed and under the command of Mr. Roberts. As they rowed towards the shore, Captain Cook ordered the launch to leave her station at the west point of the bay, in order to assist his own boat. This is a circumstance worthy of notice; for it clearly shows that he was not unapprehensive of meeting with resistance from the natives, or unmindful of the necessary preparations for the safety of himself and his people. I will venture to say that, from the appearance of things just at that time, there was not one, beside himself, who judged that such precaution was absolutely requisite: so little did his conduct, on the occasion, bear the marks of rashness or a precipitate self-confidence! He landed,

with the marines, at the upper end of the town of Kavaroah: the Indians immediately flocked round, as usual, and showed him the customary marks of respect by prostrating themselves before him—there were no signs of hostilities or much alarm among them. Captain Cook, however, did not seem willing to trust to appearances; but was particularly attentive to the disposition of the marines, and to have them kept clear of the crowd. He first inquired for the king's sons, two youths who were much attached to him, and generally his companions on board. Messengers being sent for them, they soon came to him, and informing him that their father was asleep at a house not far from them, he accompanied them thither, and took the marines along with them. As he passed along, the natives everywhere prostrated themselves before him, and seemed to have lost no part of that respect they had always shown to his person. He was joined by several chiefs, among whom was Kanynah, and his brother Koolhowroah. They kept the crowd in order, according to their usual custom; and, being ignorant of his intention in coming on shore, frequently asked him if he wanted any hogs or other provisions; he told them that he did not, and that his business was to see the king. When he arrived at the house, he ordered some of the Indians to go in and inform Kariopoo that he waited without to speak with him. They came out two or three times, and instead of returning any answers from the king, presented some pieces of red cloth to him, which made Captain Cook suspect that he was not in the house; he therefore desired the lieutenant of marines to go in. The lieutenant found the old man just awakened from sleep, and seemingly alarmed at the message; but he came out without hesitation. Captain Cook took him by the hand, and in a friendly manner asked him to go on board, to which he very readily consented. Thus far matters appeared in a favorable train, and the natives did not seem much alarmed or apprehensive of hostility on our side; at which Captain Cook expressed himself a little surprised, saying that, as the inhabitants of that town appeared innocent of stealing the cutter, he should not molest them, but that he must get the king on board. Kariopoo sat down before his door, and was surrounded by a great crowd: Kanynah and his brother were both very active in keeping order among them. In a little time, however, the Indians were observed arming themselves with long spears, clubs, and daggers, and putting on thick mats which they use

as armor. This hostile appearance increased, and became more alarming on the arrival of two men in a canoe from the opposite side of the bay, with the news of a chief called Kareemo having been killed by one of the 'Discovery's' boats. In their passage across they had also delivered this account to each of the ships. Upon that information the women who were sitting upon the beach at their breakfasts, and conversing familiarly with our people in the boats, retired, and a confused murmur spread through the crowd. An old priest came to Captain Cook with a cocoanut in his hand, which he held out to him as a present, at the same time singing very loud. He was often desired to be silent, but in vain; he continued importunate and troublesome, and there was no such thing as getting rid of him or his noise: it seemed as if he meant to divert our attention from his countrymen, who were growing more tumultuous and arming themselves in every quarter. Captain Cook, being at the same time surrounded by a great crowd, thought his situation rather hazardous; he therefore ordered the lieutenant of marines to march his small party to the water side, where the boats lay within a few yards of the shore; the Indians readily made a lane for them to pass, and did not offer to interrupt them. The distance they had to go might be about fifty or sixty yards; Captain Cook followed, having hold of Kariopoo's hand, who accompanied him very willingly; he was attended by his wife, two sons, and several chiefs. The troublesome old priest followed, making the same savage noise. Keowa, the younger son, went directly into the pinnace, expecting his father to follow; but just as he arrived at the water side, his wife threw her arms about his neck, and with the assistance of two chiefs forced him to sit down by the side of a double canoe. Captain Cook expostulated with them, but to no purpose: they would not suffer the king to proceed, telling him that he would be put to death if he went on board the ship. Kariopoo, whose conduct seemed entirely resigned to the will of others, hung down his head, and appeared much distressed.

"While the king was in this situation, a chief well known to us, of the name Coho, was observed lurking near, with an iron dagger partly concealed under his cloak, seemingly with the intention of stabbing Captain Cook or the lieutenant of marines. The latter proposed to fire at him, but Captain Cook would not permit it. Coho, closing upon them, obliged the officer to strike him with his piece, which made him retire.

Another Indian laid hold of the sergeant's musket and endeavored to wrench it from him, but was prevented by the lieutenant's making a blow at him. Captain Cook, seeing the tumult increase, and the Indians growing more daring and resolute, observed that if he were to take the king off by force, he could not do it without sacrificing the lives of many of his people. He then paused a little, and was on the point of giving his orders to reëmbark when a man threw a stone at him, which he returned with a discharge of small shot (with which one barrel of his double piece was loaded). The man having a thick mat before him, received little or no hurt; he brandished his spear, and threatened to dart it at Captain Cook, who being still unwilling to take away his life, instead of firing with ball, knocked him down with his musket. He expostulated strongly with the most forward of the crowd upon their turbulent behavior. He had given up all thoughts of getting the king on board, as it appeared impracticable; and his care was then only to act on the defensive, and to secure a safe embarkation for his small party, which was closely pressed by a body of several thousand people. Keowa, the king's son, who was in the pinnace, being alarmed on hearing the first firing, was, at his own entreaty, put on shore again; for even at that time Mr. Roberts, who commanded her, did not apprehend that Captain Cook's person was in any danger: otherwise he would have detained the prince, which, no doubt, would have been a great check on the Indians. One man was observed behind a double canoe in the action of darting his spear at Captain Cook, who was forced to fire at him in his own defense, but happened to kill another close to him, equally forward in the tumult; the sergeant observing that he had missed the man he aimed at, received orders to fire at him, which he did and killed him. By this time, the impetuosity of the Indians was somewhat repressed; they fell back in a body, and seemed staggered; but being pushed on by those behind, they returned to the charge, and poured a volley of stones among the marines, who, without waiting for orders, returned it with a general discharge of musketry, which was instantly followed by a fire from the boats. At this Captain Cook was heard to express his astonishment; he waved his hand to the boats, called to them to cease firing, and to come nearer in to receive the marines. Mr. Roberts immediately brought the pinnace as close to the shore as he could without grounding, notwithstanding the showers of stones

that fell among the people; but —, the lieutenant who commanded in the launch, instead of pulling in to the assistance of Captain Cook, withdrew his boat farther off at the moment that everything seems to have depended upon the timely exertions of those in the boats. By his own account, he mistook the signal; but be that as it may, this circumstance appears to me to have decided the fatal turn of the affair, and to have removed every chance which remained with Captain Cook of escaping with his life. The business of saving the marines out of the water, in consequence of that, fell altogether upon the pinnace, which thereby became so much crowded that the crew were in a great measure prevented from using their fire-arms, or giving what assistance they otherwise might have done to Captain Cook; so that he seems at the most critical point of time to have wanted the assistance of both boats, owing to the removal of the launch. For, notwithstanding that they kept up a fire on the crowd, from the situation to which they had removed in that boat, the fatal confusion which ensued on her being withdrawn, to say the least of it, must have prevented the full effect that the prompt coöperation of the two boats, according to Captain Cook's orders, must have had towards the preservation of himself and his people. At that time, it was to the boats alone that Captain Cook had to look for his safety; for when the marines had fired, the Indians rushed among them, and forced them into the water, where four of them were killed; their lieutenant was wounded, but fortunately escaped, and was taken up by the pinnace. Captain Cook was then the only one remaining on the rock; he was observed making for the pinnace, holding his left hand against the back of his head, to guard it from the stones, and carrying his musket under the other arm. An Indian was seen following him, but with caution and timidity; for he stopped once or twice, as if undetermined to proceed. At last he advanced upon him unawares, and with a large club, or common stake, gave him a blow on the back of the head, and then precipitately retreated. The stroke seemed to have stunned Captain Cook; he staggered a few paces, then fell on his hand and one knee, and dropped his musket. As he was rising, and before he could recover his feet, another Indian stabbed him in the back of the neck with an iron dagger. He then fell into a bite of water about knee deep, where others crowded upon him, and endeavored to keep him under; but struggling very strongly with them, he got his

head up, and, casting his look towards the pinnacle, seemed to solicit assistance. Though the boat was not above five or six yards distant from him, yet from the crowded and confused state of the crew it seems it was not in their power to save him. The Indians got him under again, but in deeper water; he was, however, able to get his head up once more, and being almost spent in the struggle, he naturally turned to the rock, and was endeavoring to support himself by it when a savage gave him a blow with a club, and he was seen alive no more. They hauled him up lifeless on the rocks, where they seemed to take a savage pleasure in using every barbarity to his dead body, snatching the daggers out of each other's hands to have the horrid satisfaction of piercing the fallen victim of their barbarous rage.

"I need make no reflection on the great loss we suffered on this occasion, or attempt to describe what we felt. It is enough to say that no man was ever more beloved or admired; and it is truly painful to reflect that he seems to have fallen a sacrifice merely for want of being properly supported: a fate singularly to be lamented, as having fallen to his lot who had ever been conspicuous for his care of those under his command, and who seemed, to the last, to pay as much attention to their preservation as to that of his own life.

"If anything could have added to the shame and indignation universally felt on this occasion, it was to find that his remains had been deserted, and left exposed on the beach, although they might have been brought off. It appears from the information of four or five midshipmen, who arrived on the spot at the conclusion of the fatal business, that the beach was then almost entirely deserted by the Indians, who at length had given way to the fire of the boats, and dispersed through the town; so that there seemed no great obstacle to prevent the recovery of Captain Cook's body; but the lieutenant returned on board without making the attempt. It is unnecessary to dwell longer on this painful subject, and to relate the complaints and censures that fell on the conduct of the lieutenant. It will be sufficient to observe that they were so loud as to oblige Captain Clerke publicly to notice them, and to take the depositions of his accusers down in writing. The captain's bad state of health and approaching dissolution, it is supposed, induced him to destroy these papers a short time before his death.

"It is a painful task to be obliged to notice circumstances which seem to reflect upon the character of any man. A strict regard to truth, however, compelled me to the insertion of these facts, which I have offered merely as facts, without presuming to connect with them any comment of my own; esteeming it the part of a faithful historian 'to extenuate nothing, nor set down aught in malice.'

"The fatal accident happened at eight o'clock in the morning, about an hour after Captain Cook landed. It did not seem that the king or his sons were witnesses to it; but it is supposed that they withdrew in the midst of the tumult. The principal actors were the other chiefs, many of them the king's relations and attendants; the man who stabbed him with the dagger was called Nooah. I happened to be the only one who recollected his person, from having on a former occasion mentioned his name in the journal I kept. I was induced to take particular notice of him, more from his personal appearance than any other consideration, though he was of high rank, and a near relation of the king: he was stout and tall, with a fierce look and demeanor, and one who united in his figure the two qualities of strength and agility, in a greater degree than ever I remembered to have seen before in any other man. His age might be about thirty, and by the white scurf on his skin, and his sore eyes, he appeared to be a hard drinker of kava. He was a constant companion of the king, with whom I first saw him, when he paid a visit to Captain Clerke. The chief who first struck Captain Cook with the club, was called Karimano, craha, but I did not know him by his name. These circumstances I learned of honest Kaireekea, the priest, who added, that they were both held in great esteem on account of that action; neither of them came near us afterwards. When the boats left the shore, the Indians carried away the dead body of Captain Cook and those of the marines, to the rising ground, at the back of the town, where we could plainly see them with our glasses from the ships.

"This most melancholy accident appears to have been altogether unexpected and unforeseen, as well on the part of the natives as ourselves. I never saw sufficient reason to induce me to believe that there was anything of design, or a preconcerted plan on their side, or that they purposely sought to quarrel with us; thieving, which gave rise to the whole, they were equally guilty of in our first and second visits. It was the

cause of every misunderstanding that happened between us: their petty thefts were generally overlooked, but sometimes slightly punished; the boat which they at last ventured to take away was an object of no small magnitude to people in our situation, who could not possibly replace her, and therefore not slightly to be given up. We had no other chance of recovering her, but by getting the person of the king into our possession; on our attempting to do that, the natives became alarmed for his safety, and naturally opposed those whom they deemed his enemies. In the sudden conflict that ensued, we had the unspeakable misfortune of losing our excellent commander, in the manner already related. It is in this light the affair has always appeared to me as entirely accidental, and not in the least owing to any previous offense received, or jealousy of our second visit entertained by the natives.

"Pareah seems to have been the principal instrument in bringing about this fatal disaster. We learned afterwards that it was he who had employed some people to steal the boat; the king did not seem to be privy to it, or even apprised of what had happened, till Captain Cook landed.

"It was generally remarked that, at first, the Indians showed great resolution in facing our firearms; but it was entirely owing to ignorance of their effect. They thought that their thick mats would defend them from a ball as well as from a stone; but being soon convinced of their error, yet still at a loss to account how such execution was done among them, they had recourse to a stratagem, which, though it answered no other purpose, served to show their ingenuity and quickness of invention. Observing the flashes of the muskets, they naturally concluded that water would counteract their effect, and therefore, very sagaciously, dipped their mats, or armor, in the sea, just as they came on to face our people; but finding this last resource to fail them, they soon dispersed, and left the beach entirely clear. It was an object they never neglected, even at the greatest hazard, to carry off their slain: a custom probably owing to the barbarity with which they treat the dead body of an enemy, and the trophies they make of his bones."

THE MURDER OF ABEL.¹

BY VITTORIO ALFIERI.

(From "Abel.")

[COUNT VITTORIO ALFIERI, one of the greatest of Italian dramatists, was born at Asti, in Piedmont, January 17, 1749. Of good birth and independent means, he traveled extensively in Europe, and after the successful production of his first play, "Cleopatra" (1775), devoted himself to dramatic composition. While in Florence he met the Countess of Albany, wife of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, and passed many years in her society in Alsace and Paris, and at the outbreak of the French Revolution returned to Italy and died at Florence, October 8, 1803. He was buried in the church of Santa Croce, between the tombs of Machiavelli and Michelangelo, where a beautiful monument by Canova covers his remains. Alfieri left twenty-one tragedies and six comedies, besides five odes on American Independence, various sonnets, and a number of prose works. Included among his tragedies are "Saul," "Philip II.," "Orestes," and "Mary Stuart."]

ENVY, CAIN, DEATH.

Envy—

Why tremble, O youth, why thus fixedly stare,
 While fiercely is beating thy heart, on the wound
 Which is made doubly sore by the chilling despair
 Of the snakes which entwine it, like ivy, around ?
 O deign, if thou'rt fearless, and fain wouldst be there,
 Where joy never ending is certainly found,
 O deign of the waters transparent to think,
 Which make those men happy supremely, who drink.

Cain—

O who art thou who in these accents strange
 Addressest me ? Are there upon the earth
 Men that we know not of ? Remove my doubts,
 I pray thee : tell me who thou art : but use
 A language that doth more resemble mine,
 That I more easily may understand it.

Envy—

Thou son of Adam, by thy speech I know thee.
 'Twas not sufficient for thy father then
 To get himself expelled, with so much shame,
 From that terrestrial lovely Paradise,
 Where I with multitudes of others dwell ?
 For him 'twas not enough ? he furthermore
 Must keep his own son in deep ignorance
 Of the great good thus lost, and take away
 The slightest chance of e'er regaining it ?

¹ From "Alfieri's Tragedies." By permission of Geo. Bell & Sons. Price 3s. 6d.



CAIN AND HIS FAMILY

From a painting by F. Carman

Cain —

What dost thou say ? There was a Paradise
On earth ? and from it Adam banished was ?
And he from his own son so vast a good
Conceals, and hinders ?

Envy —

Harsh and unjust father,
He envies his own son that happiness,
Of which he was unworthy. There, beyond
The banks of the great river, I was standing
With this my mother dear : and thence I saw
(For those who dwell there all things see and know)
Thee as a fugitive, thy father's dwelling
Leaving, and hither coming . . .

Cain —

How canst thou

This know of me, whilst I . . .

Envy —

We're not alike.

To us, the happy and perpetual dwellers
Upon that further shore, all things are easy.
There, matters distant or not understood,
Or things impossible, are words unknown :
Brothers and sisters numerous are we,
And sons and fathers ; there to every man
Is coupled one like me ; as thou hast seen
Eve with thy father live. — I pity took
Upon thy ignorance ; and therefore came
As far as this to meet thee. Do but try
To cross the limpid waves, and thou'lt become
Straightway like me ; and there, if thou so wilt it,
Possessor of my beauty thou mayst be ;
As I may, if I please, divide with thee
Each of the many things that I possess
Collected in that happy place together.

Cain —

How is it possible that my dear father,
Who loves us so, could cruelly conceal
So vast a good ? Thou with thy words dost wake
Within my heart a contrast wonderful.
Thy beauty moves me much ; the flatt'ring hope
Of thee ; thy sweet discourse, the like of which
I never heard before ; yes, I am moved
By all in thee : but how can I abandon
Ungratefully those dear ones to the toil
Of ceaseless labor, whilst I pass myself
An idle life at ease amid delights ?

Envy —

Thou thinkest well. Slave, then, and suffer thou,
Fatigue thyself, and sweat. Meanwhile another
Will occupy thy place before thee there.

Cain —

Another? who?

Envy —

Thou'rt very blind.

Cain —

Perchance,

Is there but room for one?

Envy —

For one alone

Of Adam's sons a passage there is granted:
Concealed from thee, but not from all . . .

Cain —

O what,

What chill again pervades me! horrible
The doubt I feel . . .

Envy —

The thing is manifest,

Not doubtful: I perceive thy every thought:
Yes, Adam to his Abel all revealed,
But hid from thee . . .

Cain —

What hear I!

Envy —

And the place

For him reserves he.

Cain —

Madness! That thick mist

Which so obscured my eyesight suddenly
Has disappeared: I now behold the source
Of that unknown and indistinct fierce impulse,
Which, at the sight, and even at the name
Of Abel, thrilled me through, from time to time.

Envy —

Thou now dost know it all. Only take care
Lest Abel should anticipate thy steps.
As soon as thou hast reached the other shore,
I'll meet thee, and be thine: but I may not
Go with thee to the crossing: and meanwhile,
To strengthen thee in thy design, observe
What I will do. — Now, mother, just to give him
A little sample of our happy race,
Which he will find beyond those waters, say,
Would it not fitting be to let him see
The sudden apparition of a fine
Well-chosen troop of them?

Death —

Do as thou will'st,

Dear daughter.

Envy —

Thou shalt see, Cain, presently

A handsome people, and harmonious dances

To dulcet notes danced nimbly, which thy heart
 Will ravish. — Now, dear brothers, swiftly come;
 Appear as rapidly as flies my thought.
[Strikes her foot on the ground. The different Choruses of musicians and dancers immediately appear on every side.

DEATH, ENVY, CAIN, CHORUS of Male and Female Dancers; CHORUS
 of Male and Female Singers.

Chorus.

His cheeks shall both be overflowed
 With tears, with sweat his brow,
 To whom it is not granted now
 Into our joyous land to press:
 But he who in our bright abode
 His happy feet can plant,
 Has written down in adamant
 His full eternal happiness.

Right-hand Chorus.

In this drear place of misery,
 How sad the fate of hapless man,
 Condemned by cruel destiny
 To earn his food as best he can!

Left-hand Chorus.

The man who here doth dwell, we know,
 A man like one of us is not:
 He has been struck a deadly blow,
 Which utterly has changed his lot.

All.

He who the apple tasted ne'er,
 Shall he not all life's pleasures share?

A voice.

He shall not lose them, no, no, no. —
 Thou, who of the rigid
 Ignored prohibition
 Nothing dost know;
 O come to the frigid
 Glad stream of fruition,
 And drown there each woe.

Man shall not lose anew
The rights that are his due.

All.

He shall not lose them, no, no, no.

A woman's voice in the Chorus.

Thou son of Adam, come where we
Are living in a feast eternal,
Which equaleth the life supernal
In its supreme felicity.

Thou ne'er hast seen the sun's rays blend
So brilliantly as there ;
Thou ne'er hast seen from Heaven descend
Such manna sweet and fair,
As in that place thou'lt see :

A man's voice.

There only doth the stream o'erflow
With milk of whitest hue ;
There on each tree and hedge doth grow
The purest honey dew,
Man's nutriment to be.

The two voices.

Thou son of Adam, come where we
Are living in a feast eternal,
Which equaleth the life supernal
In its supreme felicity.

All.

Thou son of Adam, come where we
Are living in felicity.
Quick, quick ! Make haste ! Away !
If thou shouldst long delay,
Another, with a step less slow,
Before thee will arrive there soon.
If thou dost know how vast the boon,
Thou wilt not lose it, no, no, no.

DEATH, CAIN, ENVY.

Envy—

Do thou awake from out thy stupor, Cain,
Thou hast both seen and heard : then naught remains
For me, but as a pledge of faith, to give thee

My hand. Come, take it.

[*As she touches his hand, she disappears with her mother.*]

CAIN.

Cain — Ah, I pray thee, stay . . .
— What frightful chill has pierced my heart! my blood
Appears to stagnate there, all frozen . . . O,
What dreadful flame has now succeeded it!
I follow thee, for fear that villain Abel
Should first arrive there.

CAIN and ABEL [*turning towards the river*].

Abel — Cain! what is't I see?

Cain [*running towards him with his pickaxe*] —
Ah, traitor! dost thou come from there? I soon
Will punish thee.

Abel [*flying backwards*] — Help, mother, help me, help!

Cain [*following him, and disappearing from view*] —
Fly as thou mayst, I'll overtake thee soon.

CAIN, ABEL.

Cain — Come, villain, come! [*Dragging him by the hair.*]

Abel — O my dear brother, pity!
What have I done? . . .

Cain — Come! far away indeed
From that much-longed-for river shalt thou breathe
Thy final vital breath.

Abel — Ah, hear thou me!
My brother, do thou hearken!

Cain — No, that good
Which was my due, but which I ne'er received,
Shall ne'er be thine. Perfidious one, behold,
Around thee look; this is the desert waste,
From which I fled, and where thou leftest me:
Thy last looks never shall behold those waters
Which thou, in thy disloyal thoughts, didst deem
As crossed already: here, upon this sand,
Thou soon shalt lie a corpse.

Abel — But, O my God!
What means all this? at least explain thy words:
I understand thee not: explain, and hear me;
Thou afterwards mayst slay me at thy will,
But hear me first, I pray.

Cain — Say on.

Abel — But tell me,
In what have I offended thee? . . . Alas!

How can I speak to thee, if fierce and stern
 Thou standest o'er me? neck and nostrils swollen;
 Looks full of fire and blood; thy lips, thy face
 All livid; whilst thy knees, thine arms, thy head
 Are moved convulsively by trembling strange:—
 Pity, my brother: calm thyself: and loosen
 Thy hold upon my hair a little, so
 That I may breathe.

Cain — I never fancied, Abel,
 That thou wouldst be a traitor.

Abel — I am not.
 My father knows it; and thou too.

Cain — My father?
 Ne'er name him: father of us both alike,
 And just, I deemed him, and I was deceived.

Abel —
 What sayest thou? Dost doubt his love? thou scarce
 Hadst gone away from us this morning, when,
 Anxious for thee, with mortal sorrow filled,
 My father straightway sent me on thy track . . .

Cain —
 Perfidious ones, I know it all; to me
 This was a horrible, undoubted proof
 Of my bad brother and my still worse father.
 I know it all; the veil has fallen; the secret
 Has been revealed to me: and I'm resolved
 That thou shalt ne'er be happy at my cost.

Abel —
 Cain, by that God who both of us created,
 And who maintains us, I entreat of thee,
 Explain thyself: what is my fault? what secret
 Has been revealed to thee? upon my face,
 And in my eyes, and words, and countenance,
 Does not my innocence reveal itself?
 I happy at thy cost? O, how could Abel
 Be happy if thou'rt not? Ah, hadst thou seen me,
 When I awoke, and found thee not beside me
 This morning! Ah, how sorely did I weep!
 And how our parents wept! The livelong day
 Have I since then consumed, but fruitlessly,
 In seeking thee and sadly calling thee,
 But never finding thee; although I heard
 Thy voice in front of me from time to time,
 In the far distance answering: and I
 Went ever further on in search of thee,

Up to yon river; over whose broad waves
I feared that thou, who art a swimmer bold,
Hast crossed . . .

Cain — And of that river darest thou,
Foolhardy one, a single word to speak?
I well believe thou fearedst, if I crossed it,
That thou wouldst have forever lost the hope
Of crossing it thyself. Thou darest, too,
To mingle truth and falsehood? and assert
That I replied to thee? But now the end
Of every wicked art has come: in vain
Thou soughtest to anticipate my steps:
Thou seest that I have caught thee just in time:
Nor river, nor the light of heaven shalt thou
E'er see again. I'll kill thee; fall thou down!

Abel —
Keep back thy ax! O do not strike me! See,
I fall before thee, and embrace thy knees.
Keep back thy ax, I pray thee! Hear thou me:
The sound of this my voice, in yonder fields,
Has soothed thee oftentimes, when much incensed,
Now with the stubborn clods, now with the lambs,
But thou wast ne'er so angry as thou'rt now.
Dear brother of my heart . . .

Cain — I'm so no more.

Abel —
But I shall ever be so: thou art too:
I pledge to thee my innocence: I swear it
By both our parents; I have never heard
One word about this river; nor can fathom
Thy accusations.

Cain — Can there be such malice,
Such craftiness, at such a tender age?
All this dissembling makes me madder still;
Vile liar . . .

Abel — What! thou call'st thy Abel, liar?

Cain —
Die now.

Abel — Embrace me first.

Cain — I hate thee.

Abel — I
Still love thee. Strike, if thou wilt have it so;
I'll not resist; but I have not deserved it.

Cain —
— And yet, his weeping, and his juvenile

Candor, which true appears, the sweet accustomed
 Sound of his voice, restrain me: and my arm
 And anger fall. — But, shall a foolish pity
 Rob me forever of my property? . . .
 Alas! what to resolve? what do?

Abel — What say'st thou
 Apart? Turn towards me: look at me: in vain
 Thou hid'st from me thy face: amidst thy fierce
 And dreadful ravings, from thy moistened eye
 Gleamed there upon me just one passing ray
 Of love fraternal and of pity. Take,
 I pray thee, pity on my tender youth,
 And on thyself. O! dost thou think that God
 Can afterwards take pleasure in thy prayers,
 Or gifts, if with the blood of thine own brother
 He sees thee dyed? And then our excellent
 Unhappy mother, wouldst thou rob her thus
 Of both her sons? for, certainly, if thou
 Shouldst slay me, thou wouldst never dare again
 To show thyself before her. Ah, just think
 How that unhappy one can live without us:
 Think too . . .

Cain — Ah, brother! thou dost rend my heart:
 Rise, then, arise: I pardon thee: in this
 Embrace . . . What do I? and what said I? Base one,
 Thy tears are but a juggle: and not doubtful
 Thy treason is; thou dost not merit pardon;
 I will not pardon thee.

Abel — What see I? Fiercer
 Dost thou become than ever?

Cain — I become
 What I should be to thee. Come now what may;
 The good denied me, none shall have instead. —
 No more of pardon, no more pity; thou
 Hast now no brother, father, mother more.
 My eye is dimmed already with thick blood:
 I see a monster at my feet. Now, die!
 What holds me back? What seizes on my arm?
 What voice is thundering?

Abel — God sees us.

Cain — God?
 Methinks I hear Him: now methinks I see Him,
 Pursuing me in fearful wise: already
 I see my own ensanguined ax fall down
 Upon my guilty head with crashing sound!

Abel—

His senses he has lost. Sad sight! I tremble . . .
From head to foot . . .

Cain—

Thou, Abel, do thou take
This ax; and strike with both thy hands, upon
My head. Why dost thou tarry? now behold,
I offer no defense: be quick, and slay me:
Slay me; for in no other way canst thou
Escape my fury, which is fast returning:
I pray thee then, make haste.

Abel—

What do I hear?
That I should strike thee? Why, if I still love thee
As much as ever? Calm thyself: become
Thyself again: let's both our father seek:
He waits for thee . . .

Cain—

My father? to my father
Go now with thee? I understand: thyself
Hast thou betrayed. The mention of his name
Fiercer than ever wakens all my rage.
Once more then, die thou, die.

[*Strikes him.*]

Abel—

Alas! . . . I feel
My strength depart . . . O mother! . . .

Cain—

What, O what
Have I now done? his blood spurts o'er my face!
He falls; he faints . . . Where hide myself? O Heavens!
What have I done? Accursèd ax, begone
Forever from my hand, my eyes . . . What hear I?
Alas! already doth the thund'ring voice
Of God upon me call . . . O where to fly?
There, raves my father in wild fury . . . Here,
My dying brother's sobs . . . Where hide myself?
I fly.

[*Flies.*]

Abel—

ABEL [*dying*], then ADAM.

Ah dreadful pain! . . . O, how my blood
Is running down! . . .

Adam—

Already towards the west
The sun approaches fast, and I as yet
Have found them not! The livelong day have I
And Eve consumed in searching for them both,
And all without success . . . But this is surely
The track of Abel: I will follow it.

[*Advances.*]

Abel—

Alas! help, help! . . . O mother! . . .

Adam—

O, what hear I?

Sobs of a human being, like the wails
 Of Abel! . . . Heavens! what see I there? a stream
 Of blood? . . . Alas! a body further on? . . .
 Abel! My son, thou here? . . . Upon thy body
 Let me at least breathe forth my own last breath!

Abel —

My father's voice, methinks . . . O! is it thou? . . .
 My eyes are dim, and ill I see . . . Ah, tell me,
 Shall I again behold . . . my . . . darling mother? . . .

Adam —

My son! . . . sad day! . . . sad sight! . . . How deep
 and large
 The wound with which his guiltless head is cloven!
 Alas! there is no remedy. My son,
 Who gave thee such a blow? and what the weapon? . . .
 O Heavens! Is't not Cain's pickax that I see
 Lying all-bloody there? . . . O grief! O madness!
 And is it possible that Cain has slain thee?
 A brother kill his brother? I myself
 Will arm, with thy own arms; and find thee out,
 And with my own hands slay thee. O thou just
 Almighty God, didst Thou behold this crime,
 And suffer it? breathes still the murderer?
 Where is the villain? Didst not Thou, great God,
 Beneath the feet of such a monster cause
 The very earth to gape and swallow him
 In its profound abyss? Then, 'tis Thy will,
 Ah yes! that by my hand should punished be
 This crime irreparable: 'tis Thy will
 That I should follow on the bloody track
 Of that base villain: here it is: from me,
 Thou wicked Cain, shalt thou receive thy death . . .
 O God! But leave my Abel breathing still . . .

Abel —

Father! . . . return, return! . . . I fain would tell thee . . .

Adam —

My son, but how could Cain . . .

Abel —

He was . . . indeed . . .
 Beside himself: . . . it was not he . . . Moreover . . .
 He is thy son . . . O pardon him, . . . as I do . . .

Adam —

Thou only art my son. Devotion true!
 O Abel! my own image! thou, my all! . . .
 How could that fierce . . .

Abel —

Ah, father! . . . tell me . . . truly;

Didst thou e'er plan . . . to take away . . . from Cain, . . .
 And give . . . to me . . . some mighty good, . . . which lies
 Beyond . . . the river?

Adam — What dost mean? one son

Alone I deemed that I possessed in both.

Abel —

Deceived . . . was Cain then; . . . this he said to me . . .
 Ofttimes, . . . inflamed with rage . . . The only cause . . .
 Was this: . . . he had . . . a conflict fierce . . . and long . . .
 Within himself . . . at first; . . . but . . . then . . . o'ercome,
 He struck me . . . and then fled . . . — But now . . . my
 breath,

Father, . . . is failing . . . Kiss me . . .

Adam — He is dying . . .

O God! . . . He dies. — Unhappy father! How
 Has that last sob cut off at once his voice
 And life as well! — Behold thee, then, at last,
 Death terrible and cruel, who the daughter
 Of my transgression art! O ruthless Death,
 Is, then, the first to fall before thy blows
 A guileless youth like this? 'Twas me the first,
 And me alone, whom thou shouldst have struck down . . .
 — What shall I do without my children now?
 And this dear lifeless body, how can I
 From Eve conceal it? Hide from her the truth?
 In vain: but, how to tell her? And, then, where,
 Where bury my dear Abel? O my God!
 How tear myself from him? — But, what behold I?
 Eve is approaching me with weary steps
 From far! She promised me that she would wait
 Beyond the wood for me . . . Alas! — But I
 Must meet her and detain her; such a sight
 Might in one moment kill her . . . How I tremble!
 Already she has seen me, and makes haste . . .

EVE, and ADAM [running to meet her].

Adam —

Why, woman, hast thou come? 'tis not allowed
 Farther to go: return; return at once
 Unto our cottage; there will I erelong
 Rejoin thee.

Eve — Heavens! what see I? in thy face

What new and dreadful trouble do I see?
 Hast thou not found them?

Adam —

No: but, very soon . . .
 Do thou meanwhile retrace thy steps, I pray . . .

Eve—

And leave thee? . . . And my children, where are they?
But, what do I behold? thy vesture stained
With quite fresh blood? thy hands, too, dyed with blood?
Alas! what is't, my darling Adam, say!
Yet on thy body are no wounds . . . But, what,
What is the blood there on the ground? and near it
Is not the ax of Cain? . . . and that is also
All soiled with blood? . . . Ah, leave me; yes, I must,
I must approach; to see . . .

Adam—

I pray thee, no . . .

Eve—

In vain . . .

Adam— O Eve, stop, stop! on no account
Shalt thou go farther.

Eve [*pushing her way forward a little*]—

But, in spite of thee,
From out thine eyes a very stream of tears
Is pouring! . . . I must see, at any cost,
The reason . . . Ah, I see it now! . . . there lies
My darling Abel . . . O unhappy I! . . .
The ax . . . the blood . . . I understand . . .

Adam—

Alas!

We have no sons.

Eve—

Abel, my life . . . 'Tis vain
To hold me back . . . Let me embrace thee, Abel.

Adam—

To hold her is impossible: a slight
Relief to her immense maternal sorrow . . .

Eve—

Adam, has God the murderer not punished?

Adam—

O impious Cain! in vain thy flight; in vain
Wilt thou conceal thyself. Within thy ears
(However far away from me thou art)
Shall ring the fearful echo of my threats,
And make thy bosom tremble.

Eve—

Abel, Abel . . .
Alas, he hears me not! . . . —I ever told thee,
That I discerned a traitor's mark, yes, traitor's,
Between Cain's eyebrows.

Adam—

Never on the earth
That traitor peace shall find, security,
Or an asylum. — Cain, be thou accursed
By God, as thou art by thy father cursed.

FROM "EVELINA."

BY FRANCES BURNEY.

[FRANCES BURNEY, later Madame D'Arblay, English novelist, was born at Lynn Regis, June 13, 1752. Her first novel, "Evelina," was published in 1778; her second, "Cecilia," in 1782; the third, "Camilla," in 1796, after her marriage to a French "*Émigré*" artillery officer; her last, "The Wanderer," in 1814. She brought out a tragedy, "Edwy and Elvina," in 1794. She wrote also the "Memoirs of Dr. Burney" (her father), published in 1832. She died January 6, 1840. Her "Letters and Diaries" were published 1842-1846.]

HOLBORN, *June 17th.*

BUT, indeed, anywhere in the open air is preferable to remaining indoors, for London is very hot at present, and a feeling of fatigue and lassitude makes one desire for a change of scene. Besides, London now seems no longer the same place where I lately enjoyed so much happiness! Everything is new and strange to me; even the town itself has not the same aspect—my situation so altered—my home so different—my companions so changed. I had never been to the Garden before, and anything to relieve the tedium of my bandbox existence was in itself a great pleasure. The only drawback was the people who would accompany me. I do not think I am exceptionally fastidious in choosing my company, but there *are* people to whose society it is impossible for one to be reconciled.

Yesterday Mr. Smith carried his point, of making a party for Vauxhall, consisting of Madame Duval, M. Du Bois, all the Branghtons, Mr. Brown, himself,—and me!—for I find all endeavors vain to escape anything which these people desire I should not.

There were twenty disputes previous to our setting out; first, as to the *time* of our going: Mr. Branghton, his son, and young Brown were for six o'clock; and all the ladies and Mr. Smith were for eight;—the latter, however, conquered.

Then, as to the *way* we should go; some were for a boat, others for a coach, and Mr. Branghton himself was for walking; but the boat, at length, was decided upon. Indeed, this was the only part of the expedition that was agreeable to me, for the Thames was delightfully pleasant.

The Garden is very pretty, but too formal; I should have been better pleased had it consisted less of straight walks, where

Grove nods at grove, each alley has its brother.

The trees, the numerous lights, and the company in the circle round the orchestra make a most brilliant and gay appearance; and, had I been with a party less disagreeable to me, I should have thought it was a place formed for animation and pleasure. There was a concert, in the course of which a hautbois concerto was so charmingly played that I could have thought myself upon enchanted ground, had I had spirits more gentle to associate with. The hautbois in the open air is heavenly.

Mr. Smith endeavored to attach himself to me, with such officious assiduity, and impertinent freedom, that he quite sickened me. Indeed, M. Du Bois was the only man of the party to whom, voluntarily, I ever addressed myself. He is civil and respectful, and I have found nobody else so since I left Howard Grove. His English is very bad, but I prefer it to speaking French myself, which I dare not venture to do. I converse with him frequently, both to disengage myself from others, and to oblige Madame Duval, who is always pleased when he is attended to.

As we were walking about the orchestra, I heard a bell ring, and, in a moment, Mr. Smith, flying up to me, caught my hand, and, with a motion too quick to be resisted, ran away with me many yards before I had breath to ask his meaning, though I struggled as well as I could to get from him. At last, however, I insisted upon stopping; "Stopping, Ma'am!" cried he, "why, we must run on, or we shall lose the cascade!"

And then again he hurried me away, mixing with a crowd of people, all running with so much velocity that I could not imagine what had raised such an alarm. We were soon followed by the rest of the party; and my surprise and ignorance proved a source of diversion to them all, which was not exhausted the whole evening. Young Branghton, in particular, laughed till he could hardly stand.

The scene of the cascade I thought extremely pretty, and the general effect striking and lively.

But this was not the only surprise which was to divert them at my expense; for they led me about the garden, purposely to enjoy my first sight of various other deceptions.

About ten o'clock, Mr. Smith having chosen a *box* in a very conspicuous place, we all went to supper. Much fault was found with everything that was ordered, though not a morsel of anything was left; and the dearness of provisions, with con-

jectures upon what profit was made by them, supplied discourse during the whole meal.

When wine and cider were brought, Mr. Smith said, "Now let's enjoy ourselves; now is the time, or never. Well, Ma'am, and how do you like Vauxhall?"

"Like it!" cried young Branghton, "why, how can she help liking it? She has never seen such a place before, that I'll answer for."

"For my part," said Miss Branghton, "I like it because it is not vulgar."

"This must have been a fine treat for you, Miss," said Mr. Branghton; "why, I suppose you was never so happy in all your life before?"

I endeavored to express my satisfaction with some pleasure, yet I believe they were much amazed at my coldness.

"Miss ought to stay in town till the last night," said young Branghton, "and then, it's my belief, she'd say something to it! Why, Lord, it's the best night of any; there's always a riot,—and there the folks run about,—and then there's such squealing and squalling!—and there all the lamps are broke,—and the women run skimper scamper—I declare I would not take five guineas to miss the last night!"

I was very glad when they all grew tired of sitting, and called for the waiter to pay the bill. The Miss Branghtons said they would walk on, while the gentlemen settled the account, and asked me to accompany them; which, however, I declined.

"You girls may do as you please," said Madame Duval; "but as to me, I promise you, I shan't go nowhere without the gentlemen."

"No more, I suppose, will my *Cousin*," said Miss Branghton, looking reproachfully towards Mr. Smith.

This reflection, which I feared would flatter his vanity, made me, most unfortunately, request Madame Duval's permission to attend them. She granted it, and away we went, having promised to meet in the room.

To the room, therefore, I would immediately have gone: but the sisters agreed that they would first have a *little pleasure*, and they tittered, and talked so loud, that they attracted universal notice.

"Lord, Polly," said the eldest, "suppose we were to take a turn in the dark walks?"

"Ay, do," answered she, "and then we'll hide ourselves, and then Mr. Brown will think we are lost."

I remonstrated very warmly against this plan, telling them it would endanger our missing the rest of the party all the evening.

"O dear," cried Miss Branghton, "I thought how uneasy Miss would be, without a beau!"

This impertinence I did not think worth answering; and, quite by compulsion, I followed them down a long alley, in which there was hardly any light.

By the time we came near the end, a large party of gentlemen, apparently very riotous, and who were hallooing, leaning on one another, and laughing immoderately, seemed to rush suddenly from behind some trees, and, meeting us face to face, put their arms at their sides, and formed a kind of circle, which first stopped our proceeding, and then our retreating, for we were presently entirely inclosed. The Miss Branghtons screamed aloud, and I was frightened exceedingly: our screams were answered with bursts of laughter, and, for some minutes, we were kept prisoners, till at last, one of them, rudely seizing hold of me, said I was a pretty little creature.

Terrified to death, I struggled with such vehemence to disengage myself from him, that I succeeded, in spite of his efforts to detain me; and immediately, and with a swiftness which fear only could have given me, I flew rather than ran up the walk, hoping to secure my safety by returning to the lights and company we had so foolishly left: but before I could possibly accomplish my purpose, I was met by another party of men, one of whom placed himself so directly in my way, calling out, "Whither so fast, my love?" that I could only have proceeded by running into his arms.

In a moment, both my hands, by different persons, were caught hold of; and one of them, in a most familiar manner, desired, when I ran next, to accompany me in a race; while the rest of the party stood still and laughed.

I was almost distracted with terror, and so breathless with running that I could not speak, till another, advancing, said I was as handsome as an angel, and desired to be of the party. I then just articulated, "For Heaven's sake, Gentlemen, let me pass."

Another then rushing suddenly forward exclaimed, "Heaven and earth! what voice is that?"

"The voice of the prettiest little actress I have seen this age," answered one of my persecutors.

"No, — no, — no, —" I *panted* out, "I am no actress, — pray let me go, — pray let me pass."

"By all that's sacred," cried the same voice, which I then knew for Sir Clement Willoughby's, "'tis herself!"

"Sir Clement Willoughby," cried I. "O Sir, assist — assist me — or I shall die with terror!"

"Gentlemen," cried he, disengaging them all from me in an instant, "pray leave this lady to me."

Loud laughs proceeded from every mouth, and two or three said, "*Willoughby has all the luck!*" But one of them, in a passionate manner, vowed he would not give me up, for that he had the first right to me, and would support it.

"You are mistaken," said Sir Clement; "this lady is — I will explain myself to you another time; but, I assure you, you are all mistaken."

And then, taking my willing hand, he led me off, amidst the loud acclamations, laughter, and gross merriment of his impertinent companions.

As soon as we had escaped from them, Sir Clement, with a voice of surprise, exclaimed, "My dearest creature, what wonder, what strange revolution, has brought you to such a spot as this?"

Ashamed of my situation, and extremely mortified to be thus recognized by him, I was for some time silent, and when he repeated his question, only stammered out, "I have, — I hardly know how, — lost myself from my party."

He caught my hand, and eagerly pressing it, in a passionate voice said, "O that I had sooner met with thee!"

Surprised at a freedom so unexpected, I angrily broke from him, saying, "Is this the protection you give me, Sir Clement?"

And then I saw, what the perturbation of my mind had prevented my sooner noticing, that he had led me, though I know not how, into another of the dark alleys, instead of the place whither I meant to go.

"Good God!" I cried, "where am I? — What way are you going?"

"Where," answered he, "we shall be least observed."

Astonished at this speech, I stopped short, and declared I would go no further.

"And why not, my angel?" again endeavoring to take my hand.

My heart beat with resentment; I pushed him away from me with all my strength, and demanded how he dared treat me with such insolence.

"Insolence?" repeated he.

"Yes, Sir Clement, *insolence*; from you, who know me, I had a claim for protection, — not to such treatment as this."

"By Heaven," cried he, with warmth, "you distract me, — why, tell me, — why do I see you here? — Is this a place for Miss Anville? — these dark walks! — no party! — no companion! — by all that's good, I can scarce believe my senses!"

Extremely offended at this speech, I turned angrily from him, and, not deigning to make any answer, walked on towards that part of the garden whence I perceived the lights and company.

He followed me; but we were both some time silent.

"So you will not explain to me your situation?" said he, at length.

"No, Sir," answered I, disdainfully.

"Nor yet — suffer me to make my own interpretation?"

I could not bear this strange manner of speaking; it made my very soul shudder, — and I burst into tears.

He flew to me, and actually flung himself at my feet, as if regardless who might see him, saying, "Oh, Miss Anville — loveliest of women — forgive me — my — I beseech you forgive me; — if I have offended, — if I have hurt you — I could kill myself at the thought!"

"No matter, Sir, no matter," cried I, "if I can but find my friends, — I will never speak to — never see you again!"

"Good God! — good Heaven! — my dearest life, what is it I have done? — what is it I have said?"

"You best know, Sir, *what* and *why*; — but don't hold me here, — let *me* be gone; and do *you*!"

"Not till you forgive me! — I cannot part with you in anger."

"For shame, for shame, Sir!" cried I, indignantly; "do you suppose I am to be thus compelled? — do you take advantage of the absence of my friends, to affront me?"

"No, Madam," cried he, rising, "I would sooner forfeit my life than act so mean a part. But you have flung me into

amazement unspeakable, and you will not condescend to listen to my request of giving me some explanation."

"The manner, Sir," said I, "in which you spoke that request made and will make me scorn to answer it."

"Scorn! — I will own to you, I expected not such displeasure from Miss Anville."

"Perhaps, Sir, if you had, you would less voluntarily have merited it."

"My dearest life, surely it must be known to you that the man does not breathe who adores you so passionately, so fervently, so tenderly, as I do! — why then will you delight in perplexing me? — in keeping me in suspense — in torturing me with doubt?"

"I, Sir, delight in perplexing you! — You are much mistaken. Your suspense, your doubts, your perplexities, — are of your own creating; and believe me, Sir, they may *offend*, but they can never *delight* me: — but, as you have yourself raised, you must yourself satisfy them."

"Good God! — that such haughtiness and such sweetness can inhabit the same mansion!"

I made no answer, but quickening my pace, I walked on silently and sullenly; till this most impetuous of men, snatching my hand, which he grasped with violence, besought me to forgive him, with such earnestness of supplication that, merely to escape his importunities, I was forced to speak, and, in some measure, to grant the pardon he requested: though it was accorded with a very ill grace; but, indeed, I knew not how to resist the humility of his entreaties: yet never shall I recollect the occasion he gave me of displeasure, without feeling it renewed.

We now soon arrived in the midst of the general crowd, and my own safety being then insured, I grew extremely uneasy for the Miss Branghtons, whose danger, however imprudently incurred by their own folly, I too well knew how to tremble for. To this consideration all my pride of heart yielded, and I determined to seek my party with the utmost speed; though not without a sigh did I recollect the fruitless attempt I had made, after the opera, of concealing from this man my unfortunate connections, which I was now obliged to make known.

I hastened, therefore, to the room, with a view of sending young Branghton to the aid of his sisters. In a very short time,

I perceived Madame Duval, and the rest, looking at one of the paintings.

I must own to you, honestly, my dear Sir, that an involuntary repugnance seized me, at presenting such a set to Sir Clement, — he who had been used to see me in parties so different! — My pace slackened as I approached them, — but they presently perceived me.

“*Ah, Mademoiselle!*” cried M. Du Bois, “*Que je suis charmé de vous voir!*”

“Pray, Miss,” cried Mr. Brown, “where’s Miss Polly?”

“Why, Miss, you’ve been a long while gone,” said Mr. Branghton; “we thought you’d been lost. But what have you done with your cousins?”

I hesitated, — for Sir Clement regarded me with a look of wonder.

“*Pardi,*” cried Madame Duval, “I shan’t let you leave me again in a hurry. Why, here we’ve been in such a fright! — and, all the while, I suppose, you’ve been thinking nothing about the matter.”

“Well,” said young Branghton, “as long as Miss is come back, I don’t mind, for as to Bid and Poll, they can take care of themselves. But the best joke is, Mr. Smith is gone all about a looking for you.”

These speeches were made almost in a breath: but when, at last, they waited for an answer, I told them that, in walking up one of the long alleys, we had been frightened and separated.

“The long alleys!” repeated Mr. Branghton, “and, pray, what had you to do in the long alleys? why, to be sure, you must all of you have had a mind to be affronted!”

This speech was not more impertinent to me, than surprising to Sir Clement, who regarded all the party with evident astonishment. However, I told young Branghton no time ought to be lost, for that his sisters might require his immediate protection.

“But how will they get it?” cried this brutal brother; “if they’ve a mind to behave in such a manner as that, they ought to protect themselves; and so they may for me.”

“Well,” said the simple Mr. Brown, “whether you go or no, I think I may as well see after Miss Polly.”

The father, then interfering, insisted that his son should accompany him; and away they went.

It was now that Madame Duval first perceived Sir Clement;



VAUXHALL GARDENS

to whom turning with a look of great displeasure, she angrily said, "*Ma foi*, so you are comed here, of all the people in the world ! — I wonder, child, you would let such a — such a *person* as that keep company with you."

"I am very sorry, Madam," said Sir Clement, in a tone of surprise, "if I have been so unfortunate as to offend you; but I believe you will not regret the honor I now have of attending Miss Anville, when you hear that I have been so happy as to do her some service."

Just as Madame Duval, with her usual *Ma foi*, was beginning to reply, the attention of Sir Clement was wholly drawn from her, by the appearance of Mr. Smith, who coming suddenly behind me, and freely putting his hands on my shoulders, cried, "Oho, my little runaway, have I found you at last? I have been scampering all over the gardens for you, for I was determined to find you, if you were above ground. — But how could you be so cruel as to leave us?"

I turned round to him, and looked with a degree of contempt that I hoped would have quieted him; but he had not the sense to understand me; and, attempting to take my hand, he added, "Such a demure-looking lady as you are, who'd have thought of your leading one such a dance? — Come, now, don't be so coy, — only think what a trouble I have had in running after you!"

"The trouble, Sir," said I, "was of your own choice, — not mine." And I walked round to the other side of Madame Duval.

Perhaps I was too proud, — but I could not endure that Sir Clement, whose eyes followed him with looks of the most surprised curiosity, should witness his unwelcome familiarity.

Upon my removal, he came up to me and, in a low voice, said, "You are not, then, with the Mirvans?"

"No, Sir."

"And pray, may I ask, — have you left them long?"

"No, Sir."

"How unfortunate I am! — but yesterday I sent to acquaint the Captain I should reach the Grove by to-morrow noon! However, I shall get away as fast as possible. Shall you be long in town?"

"I believe not, Sir."

"And then, when you leave it, — which way — will you allow me to ask, which way you shall travel?"

"Indeed, — I don't know."

"Not know! — But do you return to the Mirvans any more?"

"I — I can't tell, Sir."

And then I addressed myself to Madame Duval, with such a pretended earnestness that he was obliged to be silent.

As he cannot but observe the great change in my situation, which he knows not how to account for, there is something in all these questions, and this unrestrained curiosity, that I did not expect from a man who, when he pleases, can be so well-bred as Sir Clement Willoughby. He seems disposed to think that the alteration in my companions authorizes an alteration in his manners. It is true, he has always treated me with uncommon freedom, but never before with so disrespectful an abruptness. This observation, which he has given me cause to make, of his *changing with the tide*, has sunk him more in my opinion than any other part of his conduct.

Yet I could almost have laughed, when I looked at Mr. Smith, who no sooner saw me addressed by Sir Clement, than, retreating aloof from the company, he seemed to lose at once all his happy self-sufficiency and conceit; looking now at the baronet, now at himself, surveying, with sorrowful eyes, his dress, struck with his air, his gestures, his easy gayety; he gazed at him with envious admiration, and seemed himself, with conscious inferiority, to shrink into nothing.

Soon after, Mr. Brown, running up to us, called out, "La, what, i'n't Miss Polly come yet?"

"Come!" said Mr. Branghton, "why, I thought you went to fetch her yourself, didn't you?"

"Yes, but couldn't find her; — yet I dare say I've been over half the garden."

"Half! but why did not you go over it all?"

"Why, so I will: but only I thought I'd just come and see if she was here first."

"But where's Tom?"

"Why, I don't know; for he would not stay with me, all as ever I could say; for we met some young gentlemen of his acquaintance, and so he bid me go and look by myself, for he said, says he, 'I can divert myself better another way,' says he."

This account being given, away went this silly young man; and Mr. Branghton, extremely incensed, said he would go and see after them himself.

"So now," cried Madame Duval, "he's gone too! Why, at this rate, we shall have to wait for one or other of them all night!"

Observing that Sir Clement seemed disposed to renew his inquiries, I turned towards one of the paintings, and, pretending to be very much occupied in looking at it, asked M. Du Bois some questions concerning the figures.

"O, *mon Dieu!*" cried Madame Duval, "don't ask him; your best way is to ask Mr. Smith, for he's been here the oftenest. Come, Mr. Smith, I dare say you can tell us all about them."

"Why, yes, Ma'am, yes," said Mr. Smith, who, brightening up at this application, advanced towards us, with an air of assumed importance, which, however, sat very uneasily upon him, and begged to know what he should explain first; "For I have attended," said he, "to all these paintings, and know everything in them perfectly well; for I am rather fond of pictures, Ma'am; and, really, I must say, I think a pretty picture is a—a very—is really a very—is something very pretty."

"So do I too," said Madame Duval, "but pray now, Sir, tell us who that is meant for," pointing to a figure of Neptune.

"That!—why that, Ma'am, is,—Lord bless me, I can't think how I come to be so stupid, but really I have forgot his name,—and yet, I know it as well as my own, too,—however, he's a *General*, Ma'am, they are all *Generals*."

I saw Sir Clement bite his lips; and, indeed, so did I mine.

"Well," said Madame Duval, "it's the oddest dress for a General ever I see!"

"He seems so capital a figure," said Sir Clement to Mr. Smith, "that I imagine he must be *Generalissimo* of the whole army."

"Yes, Sir, yes," answered Mr. Smith, respectfully bowing, and highly delighted at being thus referred to, "you are perfectly right,—but I cannot for my life think of his name;—perhaps, Sir, you may remember it?"

"No, really," replied Sir Clement, "my acquaintance among the Generals is not so extensive."

The ironical tone of voice in which Sir Clement spoke entirely disconcerted Mr. Smith; who, again retiring to an humble distance, seemed sensibly mortified at the failure of his attempt to recover his consequence.

Soon after, Mr. Branghton returned, with his youngest daughter, whom he had rescued from a party of insolent young men ; but he had not yet been able to find the eldest. Miss Polly was really frightened, and declared she would never go into the dark walks again. Her father, leaving her with us, went in quest of her sister.

While she was relating her adventures, to which nobody listened more attentively than Sir Clement, we saw Mr. Brown enter the room. "O la !" cried Miss Polly, "let me hide myself, and don't tell him I'm come."

She then placed herself behind Madame Duval, in such a manner that she could not be seen.

"So Miss Polly is not come yet !" said the simple swain ; "well, I can't think where she can be ! I've been a looking and looking, and looking all about, and can't find her, all I can do."

"Well but, Mr. Brown," said Mr. Smith, "shan't you go and look for the lady again ?"

"Yes, Sir," said he, sitting down, "but I must rest me a little bit first. You can't think how tired I am."

"O fie, Mr. Brown, fie," cried Mr. Smith, winking at us, "tired of looking for a lady ! Go, go, for shame !"

"So I will, Sir, presently ; but you'd be tired too, if you had walked so far : besides, I think she's gone out of the garden, or else I must have seen something or other of her."

A *he, he, he!* of the tittering Polly now betrayed her, and so ended this ingenious little artifice.

At last appeared Mr. Branghton and Miss Biddy, who, with a face of mixed anger and confusion, addressing herself to me, said, "So, Miss, so you ran away from me ! Well, see if I don't do as much by you, some day or other ! But I thought how it would be, you'd no mind to leave the *gentlemen*, though you'd run away from *me*."

I was so much surprised at this attack that I could not answer her for very amazement ; and she proceeded to tell us how ill she had been used, and that two young men had been making her walk up and down the dark walks by absolute force, and as fast as ever they could tear her along ; and many other particulars, which I will not tire you with relating. In conclusion, looking at Mr. Smith, she said, "But, to be sure, thought I, at least all the company will be looking for me ; so I little expected to find you all here, talking as comfortably

as ever you can. However, I know I may thank my cousin for it!"

"If you mean *me*, Madam," said I, very much shocked, "I am quite ignorant in what manner I can have been accessory to your distress."

"Why, by running away so. If you'd stayed with us, I'll answer for it, Mr. Smith and M. Du Bois would have come to look for us; but I suppose they could not leave your ladyship."

The folly and unreasonableness of this speech would admit of no answer. But what a scene was this for Sir Clement! his surprise was evident; and, I must acknowledge, my confusion was equally great.

We had now to wait for young Branghton, who did not appear for some time; and, during this interval, it was with difficulty that I avoided Sir Clement, who was on the rack of curiosity, and dying to speak to me.

When, at last, the hopeful youth returned, a long and frightful quarrel ensued between him and his father, in which his sisters occasionally joined, concerning his neglect; and he defended himself only by a brutal mirth, which he indulged at their expense.

Every one, now, seemed inclined to depart,—when, as usual, a dispute arose, upon the *way* of our going, whether in a coach or a boat. After much debating, it was determined that we should make two parties, one by the water and the other by land; for Madame Duval declared she would not, upon any account, go into a boat at night.

Sir Clement then said that if she had no carriage in waiting, he should be happy to see her and me safe home, as his was in readiness.

Fury started into her eyes, and passion inflamed every feature, as she answered, "*Pardi*, no,—you may take care of yourself, if you please; but as to me, I promise you I shan't trust myself with no such person."

He pretended not to comprehend her meaning, yet, to waive a discussion, acquiesced in her refusal. The coach party fixed upon consisted of Madame Duval, M. Du Bois, Miss Branghton, and myself.

I now began to rejoice, in private, that, at least, our lodgings would be neither seen nor known by Sir Clement. We soon met with a hackney coach, into which he handed me, and then took leave.

Madame Duval, having already given the coachman her direction, he mounted the box, and we were just driving off, when Sir Clement exclaimed, "By Heaven, this is the very coach I had in waiting for myself!"

"This coach, your honor!" said the man; "no, that it i'n't."

Sir Clement, however, swore that it was, and, presently, the man, begging his pardon, said he had really forgotten that he was engaged.

I have no doubt but that this scheme occurred to him at the moment, and that he made some sign to the coachman, which induced him to support it: for there is not the least probability that the accident really happened, as it is most likely his own chariot was in waiting.

The man then opened the coach door, and Sir Clement, advancing to it, said, "I don't believe there is another carriage to be had, or I would not incommode you; but, as it may be disagreeable to you to wait here any longer, I beg you will not get out, for you shall be set down before I am carried home, if you will be so good as to make a little room."

And so saying, in he jumped, and seated himself between M. Du Bois and me, while our astonishment at the whole transaction was too great for speech. He then ordered the coachman to drive on, according to the directions he had already received.

For the first ten minutes, no one uttered a word; and then, Madame Duval, no longer able to contain herself, exclaimed, "*Ma foi*, if this isn't one of the most impudentest things ever I see!"

Sir Clement, regardless of this rebuke, attended only to me; however, I answered nothing he said, when I could possibly avoid so doing. Miss Branghton made several attempts to attract his notice, but in vain, for he would not take the trouble of paying her any regard.

Madame Duval, during the rest of the ride, addressed herself to M. Du Bois in French, and in that language exclaimed with great vehemence against boldness and assurance.

I was extremely glad when I thought our journey must be nearly at an end, for my situation was very uneasy to me, as Sir Clement perpetually endeavored to take my hand. I looked out of the coach window, to see if we were near home; Sir Clement, stooping over me, did the same, and then, in a



MADAME D'ARBLAY

voice of infinite wonder, called out, "Where the d——l is the man driving to? — why, we are in Broad St. Giles'!"

"O, he's very right," cried Madame Duval, "so never trouble your head about that, for I shan't go by no directions of yours, I promise you."

When, at last, we stopped, at a *Hosier's* in *High Holborn* — Sir Clement said nothing, but his *eyes*, I saw, were very busily employed in viewing the place, and the situation of the house. The coach, he said, belonged to him, and therefore he insisted upon paying for it; and then he took leave. M. Du Bois walked home with Miss Branghton, and Madame Duval and I retired to our apartments.

How disagreeable an evening's adventure! Not one of the party seemed satisfied except Sir Clement, who was in high spirits: but Madame Duval was enraged at meeting with him; Mr. Branghton, angry with his children; the frolic of the Miss Branghtons had exceeded their plan, and ended in their own distress; their brother was provoked that there had been no riot; Mr. Brown was tired; and Mr. Smith mortified. As to myself, I must acknowledge, nothing could be more disagreeable to me than being seen by Sir Clement Willoughby with a party at once so vulgar in themselves, and so familiar to me.



DIARY OF MADAME D'ARBLAY.

By FRANCES BURNEY.

MADAME D'ARBLAY'S LITTLE BOY AT COURT.

ABOUT a week after this theatrical regale, I went to the Queen's house, to make known I had only a few more days to remain at Chelsea. I arrived just as the royal family had set out for Windsor; but Miss Bachmeister, fortunately, had only ascended her coach to follow. I alighted, and went to tell my errand. Mrs. Bremyere, Mrs. Cheveley, and Miss Planta were her party. The latter promised to speak for me to the queen; but, gathering I had my little boy in my father's carriage, she made me send for him. They took him in, loaded him with *bonbons* and admiration, and would have loaded him with caresses to boot, but the little wretch resisted that part of the entertainment.

Upon their return from Windsor, you will not suppose me made very unhappy to receive the following billet : —

March 8, 1798.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — The queen has commanded me to acquaint you that she desires you will be at the Queen's house on Thursday morning at ten o'clock, with your lovely boy. You are desired to come upstairs in Princess Elizabeth's apartments, and her Majesty will send for you as soon as she can see you. Adieu! Yours most affectionately,

M. PLANTA.

A little before ten, you will easily believe, we were at the Queen's house, and were immediately ushered into the apartment of the Princess Elizabeth, who, to show she expected my little man, had some playthings upon one of her many tables; for her royal highness has at least twenty in her principal room. The child, in a new muslin frock, sash, etc., did not look to much disadvantage, and she examined him with the most good-humored pleasure, and, finding him too shy to be seized, had the graciousness, as well as sense, to play round, and court him by sportive wiles, instead of being offended at his insensibility to her royal notice. She ran about the room, peeped at him through chairs, clapped her hands, half caught without touching him, and showed a skill and a sweetness that made one almost sigh she should have no call for her maternal propensities.

There came in presently Miss D——, a young lady about thirteen, who seems in some measure under the protection of her Royal Highness, who had rescued her poor injured and amiable mother, Lady D——, from extreme distress, in which she had been involved by her unworthy husband's connection with the infamous Lady W——, who, more hard-hearted than even bailiffs, had forced certain of those gentry, in an execution she had ordered in Sir H. D——'s house, to seize even all the children's playthings! as well as their clothes, and that when Lady D—— had but just lain in, and was nearly dying! This charming princess, who had been particularly acquainted with Lady D—— during her own illness at Kew Palace, where the queen permitted the intercourse, came forward upon this distress, and gave her a small independent house in the neighborhood of Kew, with every advantage she could annex to it. But she is now lately no more, and, by the sort of reception given to her

daughter, I fancy the princess transfers to her that kind benevolence the mother no longer wants.

Just then, Miss Planta came to summon us to the Princess Augusta. She received me with her customary sweetness, and called the little boy to her. He went fearfully and cautiously, yet with a look of curiosity at the state of her head, and the operations of her *friseur*, that seemed to draw him on more powerfully than her commands. He would not, however, be touched, always flying to my side at the least attempt to take his hand. This would much have vexed me, if I had not seen the ready allowance she made for his retired life, and total want of use to the sight of anybody out of our family, except the Lockes, amongst whom I told her his peculiar preference for Amelia. "Come then," cried she, "come hither, my dear, and tell me all about her, — is she very good to you? — do you like her very much?"

He was now examining her fine carpet, and no answer was to be procured. I would have apologized, but she would not let me. "'Tis so natural," she cried, "that he should be more amused with those shapes and colors than with my stupid questions."

Princess Mary now came in, and, earnestly looking at him, exclaimed, "He's beautiful! — what eyes! — do look at his eyes!"

"Come hither, my dear," again cried Princess Augusta, "come hither;" and, catching him to her for a moment and holding up his hair, to lift up his face and make him look at her, she smiled very archly, and cried, "O! horrid eyes! — shocking eyes! — take them away!"

Princess Elizabeth then entered, attended by a page, who was loaded with playthings, which she had been sending for. You may suppose him caught now! He seized upon dogs, horses, chaise, a cobbler, a watchman, and all he could grasp; but would not give his little person or cheeks, to my great confusion, for any of them.

I was fain to call him a little savage, a wild deer, a creature just caught from the woods, and whatever could indicate his rustic life, and apprehension of new faces, — to prevent their being hurt; and their excessive good nature helped all my excuses, nay, made them needless, except to myself.

Princess Elizabeth now began playing upon an organ she had brought him, which he flew to seize. "Ay, do! that's

right, my dear!" cried Princess Augusta, stopping her ears at some discordant sounds: "take it to *mon ami*, to frighten the cats out of his garden."

And now, last of all, came in Princess Amelia, and, strange to relate! the child was instantly delighted with her! She came first up to me, and, to my inexpressible surprise and enchantment, she gave me her sweet beautiful face to kiss!—an honor I had thought now forever over, though she had so frequently gratified me with it formerly. Still more touched, however, than astonished, I would have kissed her hand, but, withdrawing it, saying, "No, no,—you know I hate that!" she again presented me her ruby lips, and with an expression of such ingenuous sweetness and innocence as was truly captivating. She is and will be another Princess Augusta.

She then turned to the child, and his eyes met hers with a look of the same pleasure that they were sought. She stooped down to take his unresisting hands, and, exclaiming, "Dear little thing!" took him in her arms, to his own as obvious content as hers.

"He likes her!" cried Princess Augusta, "a little rogue! see how he likes her!"

"Dear little thing!" with double the emphasis, repeated the young princess, now sitting down and taking him upon her knee; "and how does M. d'Arblay do?"

The child now left all his new playthings, his admired carpet, and his privilege of jumping from room to room, for the gentle pleasure of sitting in her lap and receiving her caresses. I could not be very angry, you will believe, yet I would have given the world I could have made him equally grateful to the Princess Augusta.

This last charming personage, I now found, was going to sit for her picture—I fancy to send to the Duchess of Würtemberg. She gave me leave to attend her with my bantling. The other princesses retired to dress for Court.

It was with great difficulty I could part my little love from his grand collection of new playthings, all of which he had dragged into the painting room, and wanted now to pull them downstairs to the queen's apartment. I persuaded him, however, to relinquish the design without a quarrel, by promising we would return for them.

HIS PRESENTATION TO THE QUEEN.

I was not a little anxious, you will believe, in this presentation of my unconsciously honored rogue, who entered the White closet totally unimpressed with any awe, and only with a sensation of disappointment in not meeting again the gay young party, and variety of playthings, he had left above. The queen, nevertheless, was all condescending indulgence, and had a Noah's ark ready displayed upon the table for him.

But her look was serious and full of care, and, though perfectly gracious, none of her winning smiles brightened her countenance, and her voice was never cheerful. I have since known that the Irish conspiracy with France was just then discovered, and O'Connor that very morning taken. No wonder she should have felt a shock that pervaded her whole mind and manners! If we all are struck with horror at such developments of treason, danger, and guilt, what must they prove to the royal family, at whom they are regularly aimed? How my heart has ached for them in that horrible business!

"And how does your papa do?" said the queen.

"He's at Telsea," answered the child.

"And how does grandpapa do?"

"He's in the toach," he replied.

"And what a pretty frock you've got on! Who made it you, mamma, or little aunty?"

The little boy now grew restless, and pulled me about, with a desire to change his situation. I was a good deal embarrassed, as I saw the queen meant to enter into conversation as usual; which I knew to be impossible, unless he had some entertainment to occupy him. She perceived this soon, and had the goodness immediately to open the Noah's ark herself, which she had meant he should take away with him to examine and possess at once. But he was now soon in raptures; and, as the various animals were produced, looked with a delight that danced in all his features; and when any appeared of which he knew the name, he capered with joy; such as, "O! a tow [cow]!" But at the dog, he clapped his little hands, and running close to her Majesty, leant upon her lap, exclaiming, "O, it's bowwow!"

"And do you know this, little man?" said the queen, showing him a cat.

"Yes," cried he, again jumping as he leant upon her, "its name is talled pussie!"

And at the appearance of Noah, in a green mantle, and leaning on a stick, he said, "At's [that's] the shepherd's boy!"

The queen now inquired about my dear father, and heard all I had to say relative to his apartments, with an air of interest, yet not as if it was new to her. I have great reason to believe the accommodation then arranging, and since settled, as to his continuance in the College, has been deeply influenced by some royal hint. . . .

I imagined she had just heard of the marriage of Charlotte, for she inquired after my sister Frances, whom she had never mentioned before since I quitted my post. I was obliged briefly to relate the transaction, seeking to adorn it by stating Mr. Broome's being the author of "Simkin's Letters." She agreed in their uncommon wit and humor.

My little rebel, meanwhile, finding his animals were not given into his own hands, but removed from their mischief, was struggling all this time to get at the Tunbridge ware of the queen's workbox; and, in defiance of all my efforts to prevent him, he seized one piece, which he called a hammer, and began violently knocking the table with it. I would fain have taken it away silently; but he resisted such grave authority, and so continually took it back, that the queen, to my great confusion, now gave it him. Soon, however, tired also of this, he ran away from me into the next room, which was their Majesties' bedroom, and in which were all the jewels ready to take to St. James', for the Court attire.

I was excessively ashamed, and obliged to fetch him back in my arms, and there to keep him. "Get down, little man," said the queen; "you are too heavy for your mamma."

He took not the smallest notice of this admonition. The queen, accustomed to more implicit obedience, repeated it; but he only nestled his little head in my neck, and worked about his whole person, so that I with difficulty held him.

The queen now imagined he did not know whom she meant, and said, "What does he call you? Has he any particular name for you?"

He now lifted up his head, and before I could answer, called out, in a fondling manner, "Mamma, mamma!"

"O!" said she, smiling, "he knows who I mean!"

His restlessness still interrupting all attention, in defiance

of my earnest whispers for quietness, she now said, "Perhaps he is hungry," and rang her bell, and ordered a page to bring some cakes.

He took one with great pleasure, and was content to stand down to eat it. I asked him if he had nothing to say for it; he nodded his little head and composedly answered, "Sanky, queen!" This could not help amusing her, nor me, neither, for I had no expectation of quite so succinct an answer.

The carriages were now come for St. James', and the Princesses Augusta and Elizabeth came into the apartment. The little monkey, in a fit of renewed lassitude after his cake, had flung himself on the floor, to repose at his ease. He rose, however, upon their appearance, and the sweet Princess Augusta said to the queen, "He has been so good, upstairs, mamma, that nothing could be better behaved." I could have kissed her for this instinctive kindness, excited by a momentary view of my embarrassment at his little airs and liberties.

The queen heard her with an air of approving, as well as understanding, her motive, and spoke to me with the utmost condescension of him, though I cannot recollect how, for I was a good deal fidgeted lest he should come to some disgrace, by any actual mischief or positive rebellion. I escaped pretty well, however, and they all left us with smiles and graciousness. . . .

You will not be much surprised to hear that papa came to help us out of the coach, at our return to Chelsea, eager to know how our little rebel had conducted himself, and how he had been received. The sight of his playthings, you will believe, was not very disagreeable. The ark, watchman, and cobbler I shall keep for him till he may himself judge their worth beyond their price.



DIARY OF WILHELMINE OF BAYREUTH.

[WILHELMINE, the favorite sister of Frederick the Great, was born in 1709; married the Margrave of Bayreuth in 1731; and died in 1758. Her memoirs were published in 1810.]

ON the evening of the 12th of August, as my mother was sitting near Mademoiselle von Bülow, and taking off her headdress, they heard a terrible noise in my mother's boudoir. This room was beautifully decorated with china, some pieces

being most rare, and embossed with crystal and precious stones. All the crown plate, too, and my mother's jewel case, were kept in this room. The queen at once exclaimed that all her china had been broken, and that it must be looked after. Mademoiselle von Bülow and three maids immediately entered the boudoir, but they found everything in order and nothing broken. The noise was repeated three times, and they also heard a great disturbance in the corridor connecting the king and queen's rooms, at the end of which sentinels were always posted. The queen said, "I cannot stand this; I must go and see myself what is the matter." Upon this the queen, Mademoiselle von Bülow, and the maids each took a candle and stepped out into the corridor. As they did so they heard sighing and groaning close to them, but could discover nobody. They asked the sentinels if they had seen anything, and they answered, No, but they had heard the same noise. My mother, who was very courageous, caused every nook and corner to be searched, even the king's rooms, but nothing whatever was discovered. My mother and those that were present with her on this occasion gave me an account of everything next day.

A few days afterwards the queen gave a concert. I generally accompanied on the piano and guitar, and every amateur in Berlin was present. When I had played long enough, I rose to go into another room, where some ladies were playing at cards. I was suddenly stopped by Katt, who said to me, "For God's sake, and for the love you bear your brother, listen to me for a moment. I am distracted. I have been calumniated to the queen and to yourself, and you have been made to believe that I have put the idea of flight into the crown prince's head. I swear to your Royal Highness, by all that is most holy, the whole plan was settled long before I knew anything of it. You can assure the queen most emphatically from me that I have written to him, and told him that if he carries out his intention I shall not follow him. But there is nothing to fear this time: I will answer for it with my head."

"I already see your head shaking," I replied, "and fear it will soon be lying at your feet. What pleasure can it have afforded you to have proclaimed everywhere that my brother had the intention of taking flight? And who allowed you to have a snuffbox with my portrait on it?"

Katt then answered me, "As regards your first question, I

merely mentioned your brother's idea to M. von Löwner, and a few others whom I knew I could trust ; then as to your second remark, I did not think it such a serious matter to have shown a portrait of you which I had myself painted."

"You are playing a dangerous game," I replied, "and I fear that I shall prove but too true a prophet."

He grew very pale, and answered, "Well, if misfortune is to be my fate, then it will be in a good cause, and I know that the crown prince will never desert me."

This was my last conversation with Katt, and I never saw him again. I had not thought that I could so truly have foretold what was in store for him, and I said it then only to make him more modest and discreet.

The next day was the 15th of August, the king's birthday, and every one came to congratulate my mother. On such occasions the Court was very numerously attended. I had another long conversation with Grumkow. He had got rid of his fit of moroseness, and held forth at length on my father's many great qualities. He finished up the conversation by saying, "I shall soon have an opportunity of proving to your Royal Highness how truly I am devoted to you." He said this in such a marked manner that I could not make out what he meant by it. Mademoiselle von Bülow was on such a good footing with him that she teased him on every possible occasion. Sometimes the jokes went too far, so that I cautioned her to be careful, but her great vivacity carried her beyond herself. On the present occasion she and Grumkow were, as usual, having a friendly altercation ; but he wound up the dispute by using almost the same words as he had addressed to me, "You will shortly find out how true a friend of yours I am."

The queen had prepared a fête at Monbijou for the next day, which was to be a surprise for us all. It was also to celebrate a second time the king's birthday. I shall never forget this day. My mother had arranged the supper table most beautifully, and each guest found a charming little present under his napkin. We were all in the highest spirits, except Countess Finkenstein and Mademoiselle von Bülow, who never uttered a word. After supper there was a ball, and as I loved dancing I enjoyed myself to my heart's content. Mademoiselle von Bülow said several times, "It is late, I wish the dancing would stop !" to which I replied, "Oh, do let me have the

pleasure of dancing as long as possible. I shall not soon have the opportunity again." "That is very likely," she answered. At the end of half an hour she touched my arm and said, "Do put an end to the ball; you have danced quite enough. You are so engrossed by it that you neither see nor hear." "But what is the matter?" I answered, in great astonishment. "Look at your mother," Mademoiselle von Bülow said, pointing to the queen, who was standing in a corner of the room, talking in whispers to Countess Finkenstein, Madame von Konnken, and Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld. All four were pale as death, and showed symptoms of the greatest alarm. I asked at once what was the matter, and if it concerned my brother. Mademoiselle von Bülow shrugged her shoulders and said she knew nothing. The queen at last took leave of the company and got into her carriage with me, but she never spoke one word the whole way home. My heart began beating furiously; I was in a terrible state of agitation, and yet I dared not ask her a single question.

No sooner had I reached my room than I tormented Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld to tell me what had happened. "You will learn it but too soon," she replied. Yet as she saw the state of mind in which I was, she continued, "The queen was anxious not to disturb your rest, and has therefore forbidden me to mention anything of what has occurred." As, however, she now saw in what great distress I was, she thought it better to tell me the truth than to let me suppose even worse news. She then proceeded to say that the king had sent a messenger to the mistress of the robes, Madame von Konnken, to tell her he had been obliged to arrest the crown prince, as he had discovered his intention of taking flight. Madame von Konnken was to tell this to the queen, as he wished to spare her health, and she was to give her the inclosed letter. "The crown prince was arrested on the 11th," Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld continued — "the very same day on which the queen heard all that noise in the corridor." I thought I must have fainted on hearing all this. My grief about my brother knew no bounds, and I spent a terrible night.

Early next morning my mother at once sent for me, and showed me the king's letter, which had evidently been written in the first heat of passion: "I have arrested and imprisoned the scoundrel (Schurke), and shall treat him as his crime and cowardice deserve. I no longer acknowledge him as my son.

He has cast dishonor on me as well as on my family. Such a wretch as he is does not deserve to live." My mother and I were beside ourselves with misery.

The queen then told me that Katt had been secretly arrested next day, and all his papers and possessions seized. Marshal Natzmer had been intrusted with this task.

As this whole occurrence sounds very strange, I must try and explain it all. Grumkow had been in possession of the fact of the crown prince's arrest since the 15th, and could not resist telling several people of his great satisfaction at it. M. von Löwner, the Danish envoy, had been informed by his spies of the probable arrest of Katt, and had written him a note advising him to fly before it was too late. Katt accordingly went next morning to Marshal Natzmer and asked leave to go to Friedrichsfelde, where the Margrave Albert had invited him to dinner. As Natzmer had not then received any orders from the king, he gave him permission to go. Katt had ordered a saddle to be made on purpose for him, in which he could put money and papers and even clothes. This saddle was unfortunately not quite finished, and this delayed his departure, and he employed the time he was kept waiting in burning letters and papers. Just as he was about to mount his horse Marshal Natzmer appeared and desired him to give up his sword. Natzmer had waited three hours after receiving the king's orders to arrest Katt, in order to give the unfortunate young man a chance of escape, and was therefore not a little surprised when he still found him in Berlin.

When my mother had somewhat recovered from her first burst of grief, she asked me if I had known of my brother's intentions. I answered in the affirmative, and then proceeded to tell her everything that had passed on the subject, saying that I had not told her anything of it that she might not be involved if he did carry out his plan, but that after what Katt had lately told me I had not been in the least prepared for this catastrophe. "But what has he done with our letters?" the queen said. "We are lost if they are discovered." "I have often spoken to him about this," I answered, "and he has always assured me that he had destroyed them." "But I know him better," my mother replied, "and I am sure they are among Katt's papers." "That is possible," I said, "and if so, then my head is in danger." "And mine too," the queen answered. "I have sent for Countess Finkenstein and Made-

moiselle von Sonnsfeld, to consult with them as to what can be done." And we really heard next day that all my brother's papers were among Katt's things. The officers who had been present when these were seized described to me all the different boxes, and I recognized from the description the casket which contained our letters. After much consideration, the queen determined to seek the aid of her chaplain, Reinbeck, in this matter. He was to ask Natzmer to find some means of getting the casket out of Katt's house. Reinbeck was unfortunately ill, and could not come. These letters were of the utmost importance to us. In several of them I had expressed myself in very strong terms about the king. I repeat it here again, that I have reproached myself over and over again for having been wanting in respect towards him. In spite of my sharp words I loved my father dearly, and it was more from a desire to show off my cleverness than from any evil motive that I wrote about him as I did. But to return to my subject.

Next morning Countess Finkenstein came to my room in a great state of alarm, exclaiming, "I am lost! Yesterday on my return from the queen I found a casket sealed with Katt's arms addressed to the queen at my house, accompanied by this note." She gave it to me to read, and its contents were as follows: "Pray have the goodness to deliver this casket into the queen's hands; it contains her correspondence and the princess' with the crown prince." "Four trusty friends brought the box and letter to my servants," Countess Finkenstein continued; "I do not know what I am to decide on doing. Am I to say anything to the queen about it, or shall I send it to the king? If I do this last, then I may be certain of sharing Katt's fate." We teased and begged her so long that she consented, although in fear and trembling, to speak with the queen about it. My mother was greatly relieved at this good news, till she reflected where she was to hide the casket. If we made a mystery about it, and Katt were to mention it during the inquiry held on his conduct, then Countess Finkenstein would be ruined, and my mother would lay herself open to every kind of suspicion, and consequently would be exposed to the king's fury. If, on the other hand, the casket were brought openly to the queen, then my father would hear of it, and he would force the queen to give up these luckless letters to him, by doing which she would herself work her own destruction.

After due consideration, and weighing carefully all the ad-

vantages and disadvantages, it was decided to make no mystery of the matter, and the casket was brought to the queen, who locked it up in her boudoir in the presence of all her household.

No sooner had one difficulty been surmounted than another presented itself. The question now was how to destroy the letters. The queen was of opinion that they had best be burned, and the king told quite simply that they were of no importance of any kind, and that she had not thought it necessary to show them to him. This proposition, however, met with general disapproval, and the whole day was spent in useless discussion. The next day I and Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld again carefully considered what could be done. At last I said, "I have thought of a last resource, but we must be careful that we risk nothing. The seal on the casket is only of leather; we must break it, break the lock, take out our letters and write others, which we must put in the casket in their stead. I think we shall hardly need even to break the seal, and if the queen will only promise solemnly not to say anything to Ramen about it, I will at once set to work." Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld entirely approved of my idea, and we proposed its execution to the queen, who agreed. We explained to her how all-important it was to keep it a profound secret from Ramen, who saw so many people, and might let drop a word which would at once rouse suspicion. The queen promised to say nothing to her about it, and kept her word. That afternoon she sent all her ladies away, and kept me alone with her. As the casket was too heavy for the queen and me to lift, we had to take her page into our confidence; but we ran no risk in doing so, for he was an old, tried, and faithful servant. It was not possible to undo the cords which were tied round the casket without breaking the seal, and this necessity made us tremble. However, when we came to examine the seal we found it a very simple one. The arms on it were composed of a dog surrounded by implements of war, and we thought we might easily find one like it; and, as good luck would have it, the queen's page's own seal was very similar to it. We broke open the lock, and began our examination of the letters.

The sight of them caused me a deadly fear. I had often secretly written to my brother, and, to escape discovery in case the letters fell into the king's hands, we had used lemon juice instead of ink. If you held the letter close to the fire you could decipher the writing. My letters contained chiefly abuse

of Ramen, and complaints of her influence over the queen. The effect these letters would produce on my mother, if she read them, would be anything but pleasant for me. And this would have happened had not the chaplain, Reinbeck, been announced to her at this moment, and extricated me from the difficulty. As the queen had sent for Reinbeck some days previously, she could not do otherwise than receive him. My mother was so nervous at all that was taking place that she said to me, as she left the room, "For goodness' sake burn every single one of these horrid letters." I did not require to be told this twice, and all my letters, five hundred in number, fell a prey to the flames. I then next destroyed my mother's letters, and had just finished my task when she returned. We then proceeded to look through the other papers. We found two French passports made out in the name of Ferrand, a letter from my brother to Katt, and some quite unimportant papers. Then we lighted on a bag with a thousand pistoles, some notes and meditations in my brother's handwriting, and some jewels in gold, as also in precious stones.

His letter to Katt was written as follows: "I am leaving, dear Katt, and have taken such precautions that I risk nothing. I go first to Leipsic, where I shall give myself out a Marquis d'Ambreville. Keith is already informed of all, and goes straight to England. Don't lose any time, for I hope to find you at Leipsic. Good-by! Be of good courage." We thought it best to burn all these things. For several days we were busily occupied in writing letters with different dates. But how could we possibly manage to write twelve or fifteen hundred of these missives? We therefore took sheets of paper with the dates of different years, and folded them so tightly together that the devil even would have noticed nothing. Yet, in spite of all our trouble, the casket was still so empty that that would have betrayed us, so my mother filled it up with a quantity of snuffboxes and other knickknacks. I did not like this, and offered to write a hundred more letters, but the queen would not hear of it. We therefore replaced the lock and fastened up the casket, and no one could ever have discovered that it had been tampered with.

The king arrived on the evening of the 27th, his household having preceded him. We asked in vain after my brother; nobody could give us any news of him, or knew where he was. They could only tell us of the circumstances and manner of his

arrest. As this account tallies with all my brother has since told us about it, I think it will be well if I repeat it here.

When my brother arrived at Anspach, he complained bitterly to the Margrave of the ill usage he received at the king's hands. He added that, not satisfied with abusing him before his family, he had publicly insulted him, and had on several occasions even said to him, "If my father treated me as I do you, I should have run away a thousand times over. But you, you are such an arrant coward, you have courage for nothing." This reiterated remark at last determined my brother on carrying out his intention. He asked the Margrave to lend him his fastest horse, saying he wished to go for a ride; but as the former knew nothing of my brother's plan, he put off the ride till after the king's departure. As my brother saw his first attempt thwarted, he thought of another. Katt's messenger met my brother a few miles beyond Anspach. I knew of this messenger, but I have never learned what the contents of the letters he brought were. He answered at once that he intended to take flight two days later, and that he advised him to do the same: they would meet at the Hague. My brother again assured Katt that his plan would certainly succeed. If he were pursued, he could then take refuge in the monasteries which were on his road. He sent this answer back by the same messenger. The crown prince had unfortunately forgotten to address the letter to Berlin. A cousin of Katt's was stationed ten or twelve miles from Anspach, and the messenger, instead of going on to Berlin, delivered the letter to this officer.

The king meanwhile had continued his journey to the neighborhood of Frankfort, and found himself compelled with his suite to spend the night in some barns in a small village. The crown prince had a barn appropriated to him, in which he, Colonel Rochow, and his valet were to sleep. The king had made Keith's brother his page. This young man was very stupid, so that my brother had said nothing to him of his intentions. He determined, however, to take advantage of this lad's stupidity, and told him to wake him at four in the morning, as he wished to go to the neighboring village in quest of adventures; also to get him horses, which was an easy thing, as a horse fair was being held close by. The page did as he was told, but mistook the bed, and woke the valet instead of the crown prince. This man had presence of mind enough to pretend that he had not observed anything, so he lay quiet, watch-

ing the course of events. My brother rose hastily, dressed himself in a French uniform instead of his own, and left the barn. The valet instantly told Rochow what he had seen, and he rushed to the king's generals and suite and told them of it. These were Generals Bedenbruck, Waldow, and Derchow. The last named was a thorough scoundrel, and as true a son of Satan as ever walked this earth; he was, besides, a sworn enemy to my brother. These four gentlemen at once went out to look for the prince, and after having searched the village thoroughly found him in the market place, leaning against a carriage. His French uniform startled them at once, and they asked him, at first respectfully, what he was doing there. My brother has often told me since that his despair and fury at having been discovered were so great that, but that he had no arms, he would have attempted violence. He answered them very brusquely. "Sir," they said, "the king is awake, and intends starting in half an hour; for goodness' sake change your clothes before he sees you!" The prince refused to do so, and said he was going for a walk, and would be back before the king left. They were still disputing when Keith appeared with the horses. My brother endeavored to jump on one of them, but the gentlemen surrounded him and took him back to the barn, where they forced him to change his uniform. His state of mind resembled that of a madman. They reached Frankfort that evening, and next morning the king received a messenger sent by Katt's cousin, sending him my brother's letter. The king at once summoned Rochow and Waldow, and communicated this beautiful news to them. It is said that the valet had already told my father of the scene enacted that morning.

The king desired the two gentlemen to watch my brother, and to answer for him with their lives. He then commanded the crown prince to be immediately brought on board the yacht on which they were going from Frankfort to Wesel, and his orders were at once obeyed. This was the 11th of August.

My father came on board the yacht next morning. As soon as he caught sight of my brother, he sprang upon him, and would have throttled him had not General Waldow liberated him. The king tore my brother's hair out in handfuls, and in one moment beat him till he bled. At length the entreaties of the gentlemen prevailed on the king to allow the crown prince to be removed to another vessel. They took his sword from

him and all his clothes, but discovered no papers of any kind, for the valet had taken possession of these before the search commenced, and burned them in my brother's presence. In doing this he had rendered my mother and myself a signal service. Nothing further of importance took place during the journey. The king never saw my brother, but swore he should die — an oath which he repeated constantly.

My brother meanwhile tried his utmost to discover some means of eluding the watchfulness of the two gentlemen.

In this manner Wesel was at last reached. The king strengthened the watch put on the prince by adding a company of soldiers, and treated him like a State prisoner. The next day he sent for my brother. There was nobody present with the king but General Mosel, a brave officer and a most upright man.

At first my father asked my brother in a furious tone why he wished "to desert"; this was his own expression. "Why did I wish to do so?" the prince replied, in a firm, calm voice, "because you do not treat me like your son, but like a slave." "You are a mean deserter; you have neither courage nor honor!" the king screamed at him.

"I have as much as you have," the prince answered, "and I have only done that which, as you yourself told me, a hundred times over, you would have done had you been in my place." This answer, and the voice in which it was made, drove the king into a perfect frenzy. He drew his sword, and would have pierced my brother through with it, had not General Mosel thrown himself between them. This honest man called out, "My sovereign, kill me, but spare your son!" He defended my brother so well with his own person that the king could not strike at him. From that day my father and my brother were never allowed to meet. It was represented to the king that my brother's life was at all times in his power, but that such behavior was opposed to all the principles of Christianity. Upon this the king never asked again to see his son.

A few days only were spent at Wesel, and the journey was then continued to Berlin. My brother — this was the king's order — was to follow in four days. My father, who did not sufficiently trust his two Arguses, appointed a third, General Dostow, who was as great a scoundrel as Derchow. In spite of the king's orders, Weldow and Rochow allowed the crown prince to receive visits. In that part of the country my brother

was adored; his generosity, courtesy, and goodness had won him all hearts. The cruel treatment he had received from the king was an excuse for everything, but at the same time made all tremble for his life. He had found numbers of people who would gladly have risked their lives to set him at liberty. Ropes had already been brought him, by which to let himself down from the windows, and a disguise in the shape of a peasant's dress, in which to escape, when General Dostow's appearance spoiled all his plans. As Dostow was a great favorite with the king, and was anxious to pay him as much court as possible, he offered to take the sole watch over the prince, pretending that he wished to lighten Waldow and Rochow's work. From this time forward my brother was so incessantly watched that it was quite impossible to try to think of escaping. He started four days after the king, and was by his orders taken to some place six or seven miles beyond Berlin.

After the king's arrival, the queen went alone to see him in his room. As soon as he saw her he said, in a furious tone, "Your son is dead!" and then at once, "Where is the casket with the letters?"

My poor mother cried out in great distress, saying how was it possible to believe that he could have made his son a victim of his "barbarous" fury.

"He is dead," the king repeated, "and I will have the casket." The queen fetched it, and as she brought it called out, "Oh, my God, my God!" I heard these lamentations, which pierced me through and through. The king had scarcely got hold of the casket, when he broke it open and tore the papers out of it, and therewith left the room. The queen lost not a moment in taking possession of the seals and whatever else there was which could rouse suspicion, and gave them to me to burn. My mother afterwards came and told us all that had passed between her and the king. God alone knows what I endured during this terrible tale, and I burst out crying violently.

At this moment my father entered the room. In the terrible state of uncertainty in which we were as to my brother's fate, I did not know what I had best do. My sisters and I approached the king to kiss his hand, but he had no sooner caught sight of me than he became black with rage, and hit me so violently in the face, one blow striking my temple, that I fell insensible to the ground. The king wanted to kick me

and repeat his blows ; but the queen and my sisters surrounded me like a wall, and prevented his touching me. One of my sisters, seeing me lying, as it were, lifeless, fetched a glass of water with a little spirits, to try and restore me to consciousness. The king was struggling meanwhile with my defenders, and prevented my being lifted up from the ground. After much rubbing, and smelling strong salts, I recovered sufficiently to be placed on a stool which stood in the window. How gladly would I have remained in my unconscious condition ! It is impossible for me to describe our despairing condition. The king was almost choked with rage, and had a wild look in his eyes, while his face was red and swollen, and his mouth foaming. The queen was crying and wringing her hands. My sisters were kneeling at my father's feet—even our little tiny sister of three years old—all sobbing bitterly. Madame von Konnken and Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld stood there pale as death, unable to speak, and I—I was in the very depths of despair. I was shivering from head to foot, and a cold perspiration poured off my face. My father now said that my brother was not dead, but that “by all holy angels,” he would kill him ! These reiterated assertions roused me from my lethargy, and I cried out, “Spare my brother, and I will marry the Duke of Weissenfels !” The king was too angry to understand what I was saying, and Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld, fearing that I should repeat these imprudent words, stuffed her pocket handkerchief into my mouth just as I was going to do so. My father now began to abuse me. He said I was the cause of all the trouble that had fallen on us, and that I should pay for it with my head. He could not then have granted me a greater favor than to have carried out his threat. My grief was so intense that I would gladly have left this world.

During this scene I saw poor Katt being led between two gendarmes to the king. He looked pale and disordered ; and as he caught sight of me, he took off his hat, and I observed his distressed and frightened expression. My brother's boxes and his own were carried behind him. Immediately afterwards the king was informed of Katt's presence, and he rushed off saying, “Now at last I shall have proofs enough against the scoundrel Fritz to cost him his head.” The mistress of the robes followed him, saying, “For God's sake, if you wish to put the crown prince to death, at least do not kill the queen !

I can assure you that she has known absolutely nothing of the whole business, and if you are kind to her you may succeed in obtaining much help from her." Madame von Konnken then continued in another tone: "Hitherto you have laid great stress on being a just and pious king, and God blessed you for it; but now you wish to become a tyrant. Take heed that God's wrath does not fall on you. Sacrifice your son to your fury, and be sure that God's vengeance will light upon you. Remember Peter the Great and Philip the Second: they died without heirs, and their memory is held in abhorrence." The king looked at her, and said, "You are very bold to say such things, but you are a good woman, and mean well. Go and calm my wife." I really admired this lady's courage in speaking at such a moment in the manner she did, because she ran the risk of being sent to Spandau. We were, on the other hand, much astonished when Ramen in the queen's presence insisted on having been ignorant of what had occurred. I was at last dragged out of the queen's room, for I shook all over, and was incapable of walking a step. I was brought into an apartment into which the king never came.

My father had meanwhile sent for Grumkow, Mylius, and Gerber to come to his room. Mylius was fiscal general, and a very bad man, and Gerber auditor general. As soon as the king entered the room, Katt threw himself on his knees before him. My father fell upon him, hit him with his stick, and treated him shamefully. The inquiry then commenced. Katt confessed at once that he had agreed with the crown prince about his flight, but that there had never been any designs against the king, and that their only intention had been to escape into England to be safe from his anger, and to put themselves under English protection. On being asked what had become of my letters and those of my mother, he answered that he had given them back to the queen. Katt was then asked if I had known of the plot: his answer was "No." He was then questioned as to whether he had been intrusted with letters from the crown prince to me, and if I had ever given him any for my brother. He replied that he remembered giving me a letter from the prince one Sunday morning as I came out of the Dom (Cathedral), but that he had no idea what were its contents. He had never any letters intrusted to him by me. Katt then confessed to having been several times secretly to Potsdam, where Lieutenant Span had let him into

the town; that Keith knew of the plan, and was to have accompanied them in their flight. After the inquiry was over, my brother's boxes and Katt's were searched, but not a single letter was discovered. Grunkow, who had hoped to have caught us this time safely in his net, was in despair at this, and said to the king, "These devils of women are cleverer than we are, and have cheated us."

The king returned again to the queen and said to her, "I have not made a mistake; I knew it must be so. Your worthless daughter has been mixed up in this plot. Katt has just confessed that he gave her letters from the prince; I shall have her conduct rigorously inquired into! Command her in my name not to leave her room. In three days I will have her removed to a place where she may repent of her misdeeds. Tell her this, and that she is to be ready to start as soon as her examination is closed." The king was in a great rage as he said this. The queen swore that I had never received any letter through Katt, and offered to go and ask me about it.

I must call to remembrance what I said about that letter, which I suppressed on account of Ramen. I now gave myself up for lost, and I was rather glad than otherwise. In order not to involve the queen I determined to brave it out alone, and I at once answered Madame von Konnken that I was surprised that my mother remembered nothing about the letter, as it had been given me in public, and had contained only the most ordinary expressions of friendship. I had burned it, but I remembered every word, and if the king wished would write it all down. The queen, to whom I had shown the letter, must have forgotten all about it.

Madame von Konnken brought my answer to my father, who then left the room to be present at the close of Katt's examination. I was able to persuade my mother that she had read the letter, till at last she really believed she had done so. The queen now gave me the king's orders, crying bitterly as she did so. She impressed on me the importance of never mentioning the casket. "But if I have to take an oath about it, what shall I do then?" I asked her, and she answered that the sore straits in which we were must condone what, in another case, would be a grave fault. I promised her absolute obedience, but added, "I cannot do anything my conscience disapproves of. The good God will not desert me. I will rather sacrifice all than expose you to danger, but I cannot

take a false oath." We then took leave of each other, my mother holding me for some time in her arms, and at last we parted in deep sorrow.

The whole town was horror-struck at the misery and sorrow which had fallen on our family. People spoke of me and my fate openly in the streets, for my mother's rooms were on the ground floor, and the windows stood open, so that passers-by must have witnessed that terrible scene. As I was carried to my room that day, I had to pass through quite a crowd, who all were sobbing and crying. Things were very much exaggerated, and in several parts of the town the rumor of my death was circulated, and also that of my brother, and this only tended to increase the general feeling of hopelessness.

I spent a very sad night, disturbed by dark and sinister forebodings. Fear of death did not trouble me, and I was not disturbed about the journey: but what I dreaded beyond description was being separated from Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld, and being given over into strange hands. These sad reflections kept me awake till the news was brought me in the morning that the sentinels before my room had been doubled. I had scarcely risen when Ramen appeared and brought me a message from my mother to the effect that the king would send the same people to examine me as had conducted Katt's inquiry, and that she begged me to be careful and not to forget my promise. I was much put out at receiving such a message through so suspicious a person, who could at any moment, by betraying the queen and myself to the king, ruin us.

She then continued in a hypocritical tone to say that my mother "was in great anxiety" about my examination, and feared I "should not retain my firmness." "I cannot understand," I replied, "how the queen can trouble herself about such a trivial matter. I need not be afraid, as I have had nothing whatever to do with the whole business, and if the king has me examined I shall simply say what I know about it." "Yes," she answered, "and other terrible things are happening. Your departure is decided on, and you are to be taken to a convent called 'The Holy Grave.' There you will be kept as a State prisoner. Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld and all your own people are to be taken away from you, and you will be much to be pitied." I replied that the king was my father and my master, and that he would decide my fate as he pleased. "I trust in God and in my innocence, and know that Providence

will watch over me." Ramen then proceeded to say, "You are only so full of courage because you believe these are mere threats; but I have seen the written order for your imprisonment, signed by the king himself. Besides which you must see by all that has taken place that the king is in earnest. Poor Mademoiselle von Bülow has received commands to leave the Court in two days, and to retire with her family to Lithuania. Lieutenant Span, who let Katt secretly into Potsdam, is cashiered, and has been sent to Spandau. A mistress of the crown prince who lives at Potsdam is to be flogged by the public hangman, and turned out of the town. Dühau (he was my brother's master, and devoted to him) is exiled to Memel. Jaques (his librarian) is also sent there, and your governess would have shared the same fate had she not been, as good luck would have it, not on good terms with the queen during this last winter." Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld had had a quarrel with the queen because she had said that she thought it had been a mistake to insist on Grumkow's dismissal. It would have been best, in her opinion, had my marriage first been settled, and then the dismissal insisted on. This had annoyed my mother, and she had in consequence treated my governess rather unkindly. I do not understand how I could listen to all this quietly. God does indeed give strength in the time of our sorest need. My great composure saved me, and made this old Megæra believe that I was either innocent or that nothing would shake my courage. When she had left me, I felt I need no longer control myself. The ruin of so many excellent people cut me to the heart. My brother's fate inspired me with deadly fear, and the separation from Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld filled me with the bitterest sorrow.

The day went by. I hourly expected my examination to commence, and every little sound made my heart beat faster. But I waited in vain; no one appeared, and I began to feel calmer. My face as well as my body were so bruised by my fall, and I was so exhausted, that when the evening drew on I lay down.

The next morning Ramen made her appearance. She again repeated my mother's injunctions as to courage and determination, and then added that my inquiry had not yet taken place because it had been determined to confront me with my brother and Katt, and that to prevent the possibility of any disturbance, the crown prince would be brought to Berlin only in the

dusk of the evening. I answered Ramen in the same way at which, the previous day, the queen had been so vexed. She thought I must be so overcome with fear that I should lose my head and mention the casket, because otherwise she could not understand my determination to say all I knew about this sad business. In the afternoon she sent me her faithful old page to implore me not to betray anything. I confided to him in what a difficult position I was placed by having Ramen sent to me with such messages, and begged him to assure the queen that she need fear nothing, and that I should never say anything which could compromise her. All I ventured to beg of her was not to send so often to me, as it might awaken the king's suspicions, but if she had any message to send it through her page and not through Ramen, who knew nothing about the business of the letters. I was obliged to treat the matter from this point of view to avoid vexing my mother. I knew she would have been annoyed if she had found out that I distrusted Ramen.

Another day passed in the same manner, and I remained standing at the window till one in the morning, only to have the comfort of seeing my brother pass by. The thought of seeing him made me wish ardently to be confronted with him at my examination. This wish was not fulfilled. My brother was taken to Küstrin on the 5th of September, and shut up in the fortress of that place. All his household and all his possessions were taken from him, so that he had nothing but the shirt and clothes he wore. Nobody waited on him, and his only means of occupation were a Bible and Prayer Book.

His expenditure was limited to fourpence a day. The room in which he was imprisoned received all its light from one tiny aperture. He had a candle only when his supper was brought him at seven o'clock; all the rest of the time he had to sit in the dark. What an awful fate for a prince that was already held in such high esteem! So much sorrow could only make him bitter and harsh.



JOHN GILPIN'S RIDE

From a painting by Thomas Stothard

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN.

SHOWING HOW HE WENT FARTHER THAN HE INTENDED, AND
CAME SAFE HOME AGAIN.

By WILLIAM COWPER.

[WILLIAM COWPER, English poet, was born at Great Berkhamstead, Hertfordshire, November 15, 1731. He was educated at Westminster School, where he remained from his tenth to his eighteenth year, and was called to the bar, but never practiced. He early showed symptoms of melancholia, and in 1763 had an attack of suicidal mania, which necessitated a temporary confinement in a private asylum at St. Albans. On his release he resided with the Unwins at Huntingdon, and the Rev. John Newton at Olney, and was tenderly cared for by Lady Austen and Lady Hesketh. Towards the close of his life his mental infirmities overcame him completely, and he died at East Dereham, Norfolk, April 25, 1800. His first volume of poems (1782) contained: "The Progress of Error," "Truth," "Table Talk," etc. "The Task," with "Tirocinium" and the famous "John Gilpin," appeared in 1785. He also published translations of Madame Guyon's poems, of Homer's Iliad and Odyssey, and of Milton's Latin and Italian poems.]

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A trainband captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, — "I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linen draper bold,
 As all the world doth know,
 And my good friend the calender
 Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, — "That's well said;
 And for that wine is dear,
 We will be furnished with our own,
 Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
 O'erjoyed was he to find,
 That, though on pleasure she was bent,
 She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
 But yet was not allowed
 To drive up to the door, lest all
 Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
 Where they did all get in;
 Six precious souls, and all agog
 To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
 Were never folk so glad,
 The stones did rattle underneath,
 As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
 Seized fast the flowing mane,
 And up he got, in haste to ride,
 But soon came down again;

For saddletree scarce reached had he,
 His journey to begin,
 When turning round his head he saw
 Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
 Although it grieved him sore,
 Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
 Would trouble him much more.

"Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came downstairs,
"The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he, "yet bring it me
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So "Fair and softly," John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
 Had handled been before,
 What thing upon his back had got
 Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or naught;
 Away went hat and wig;
 He little dreamt, when he set out,
 Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
 Like streamer long and gay,
 Till, loop and button falling both,
 At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
 The bottles he had slung;
 A bottle swinging at each side,
 As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
 Up flew the windows all;
 And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
 As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin — who but he?
 His fame soon spread around;
 "He carries weight!" "He rides a race!"
 "'Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still as fast as he drew near,
 'Twas wonderful to view,
 How in a trice the turnpike men
 Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
 His reeking head full low,
 The bottles twain behind his back
 Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
 Most piteous to be seen,
 Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
 As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
 With leathern girdle braced;
 For all might see the bottle necks
 Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington,
 These gambols he did play,
 Until he came unto the Wash
 Of Edmonton so gay;

And here he threw the Wash about,
 On both sides of the way,
 Just like unto a trundling mop,
 Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton, his loving wife
 From the balcony spied
 Her tender husband, wondering much
 To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin! — Here's the house!"
 They all at once did cry;
 "The dinner waits, and we are tired:" —
 Said Gilpin — "So am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit
 Inclined to tarry there;
 For why? — his owner had a house
 Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew
 Shot by an archer strong;
 So did he fly — which brings me to
 The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
 And sore against his will,
 Till, at his friend the calender's,
 His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
 His neighbor in such trim,
 Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
 And thus accosted him: —

"What news? what news? your tidings tell,
 Tell me you must and shall —
 Say why bareheaded you are come,
 Or why you come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
 And loved a timely joke;
 And thus unto the calender,
 In merry guise, he spoke: —

"I came because your horse could come;
 And, if I well forebode,
 My hat and wig will soon be here, —
 They are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find
 His friend in merry pin,
 Returned him not a single word,
 But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig —
 A wig that flowed behind,
 A hat not much the worse for wear,
 Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn,
 Thus showed his ready wit: —
 "My head is twice as big as yours,
 They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away
 That hangs upon your face;
 And stop and eat, for well you may
 Be in a hungry case."

Said John, — "It is my wedding day,
 And all the world would stare,
 If wife should dine at Edmonton,
 And I should dine at Ware."

So turning to his horse, he said,
 "I am in haste to dine;
 'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
 You shall go back for mine."

Ah ! luckless speech, and bootless boast,
 For which he paid full dear ;
 For while he spake, a braying ass
 Did sing most loud and clear ;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
 Had heard a lion roar,
 And galloped off with all his might,
 As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
 Went Gilpin's hat and wig :
 He lost them sooner than at first,
 For why ? — they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
 Her husband posting down
 Into the country far away,
 She pulled out half a crown ;

And thus unto the youth she said,
 That drove them to the Bell,
 "This shall be yours, when you bring back
 My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
 John coming back amain ;
 Whom in a trice he tried to stop
 By catching at his rein ;

But not performing what he meant,
 And gladly would have done,
 The frightened steed he frightened more
 And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
 Went postboy at his heels,
 The postboy's horse right glad to miss
 The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
 Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
 With postboy scampering in the rear,
 They raised the hue and cry : —

"Stop thief! stop thief! — a highwayman!"

Not one of them was mute;

And all and each that passed that way

Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again

Flew open in short space;

The tollmen thinking as before,

That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,

For he got first to town;

Nor stopped till where he had got up

He did again get down.

Now let us sing long live the King,

And Gilpin, long live he;

And when he next doth ride abroad,

May I be there to see!



THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

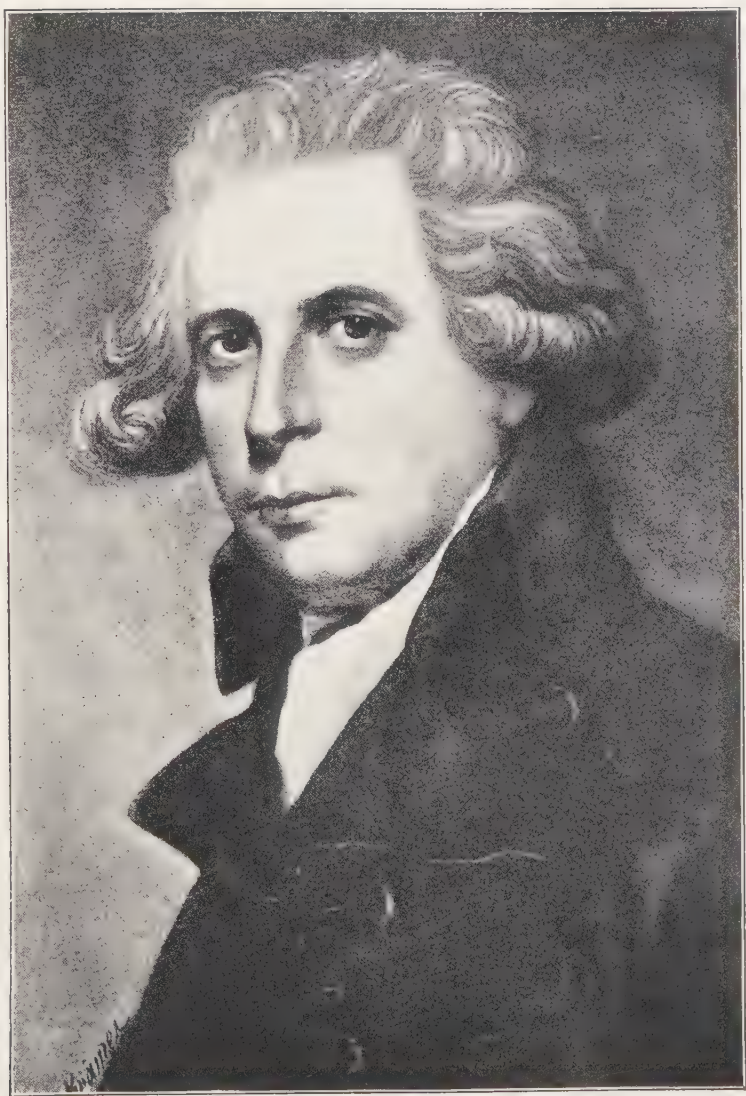
By RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

[RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN: A British dramatist; born in Dublin, September 30, 1751; died in London, July 7, 1816. His father was an actor, his mother the author of several plays, and his mind naturally turned toward the drama. His first play, "The Rivals" (1774), was performed January 17, 1775, at Covent Garden Theater, and at first met with utter failure. It was later revised and reproduced, and was successful. Among his other plays are: "St. Patrick's Day; or, the Scheming Lieutenant," first produced May 2, 1775; the book of a comic opera, "Duenna," November 21, 1775; "A Trip to Scarborough," February 24, 1775; "The School for Scandal," May 8, 1777; and "The Critic," October 30, 1779. In 1776 he succeeded David Garrick as manager of the Drury Lane Theater, and in 1780 he entered politics as a member of Parliament. He subsequently neglected his dramatic work for politics, was financially ruined, and finally arrested for debt.]

Scene: A Room in SIR PETER TEAZLE'S House.

Enter SIR PETER TEAZLE.

Sir Peter — When an old bachelor marries a young wife, what is he to expect? 'Tis now six months since Lady Teazle made me the happiest of men — and I have been the most miserable dog ever since! We tiffed a little going to church, and



RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

By permission of F. Bruckmann, Munich

fairly quarreled before the bells had done ringing. I was more than once nearly choked with gall during the honeymoon, and had lost all comfort in life before my friends had done wishing me joy. Yet I chose with caution—a girl bred wholly in the country, who never knew luxury beyond one silk gown, nor dissipation above the annual gala of a race ball. Yet she now plays her part in all the extravagant fopperies of fashion and the town, with as ready a grace as if she never had seen a bush or a grass plot out of Grosvenor Square! I am sneered at by all my acquaintance, and paragraphed in the newspapers. She dissipates my fortune, and contradicts all my humors; yet the worst of it is, I doubt I love her, or I should never bear all this. However, I'll never be weak enough to own it.

Enter ROWLEY.

Rowley—Oh! Sir Peter, your servant: how is it with you, sir?

Sir Peter—Very bad, Master Rowley, very bad. I meet with nothing but crosses and vexations.

Rowley—What can have happened since yesterday?

Sir Peter—A good question to a married man!

Rowley—Nay, I'm sure, Sir Peter, your lady can't be the cause of your uneasiness.

Sir Peter—Why, has anybody told you she was dead?

Rowley—Come, come, Sir Peter, you love her notwithstanding your tempers don't exactly agree.

Sir Peter—But the fault is entirely hers, Master Rowley. I am, myself, the sweetest-tempered man alive, and hate a teasing temper; and so I tell her a hundred times a day.

Rowley—Indeed!

Sir Peter—Ay; and what is very extraordinary, in all our disputes she is always in the wrong! But Lady Sneerwell, and the set she meets at her house, encourage the perverseness of her disposition. Then, to complete my vexation, Maria, my ward, whom I ought to have the power of a father over, is determined to turn rebel too, and absolutely refuses the man whom I have long resolved on for her husband; meaning, I suppose, to bestow herself on his profligate brother.

Rowley—You know, Sir Peter, I have always taken the liberty to differ with you on the subject of these two young gentlemen. I only wish you may not be deceived in your opinion of

the elder. For Charles, my life on't! he will retrieve his errors yet. Their worthy father, once my honored master, was, at his years, nearly as wild a spark; yet, when he died, he did not leave a more benevolent heart to lament his loss.

Sir Peter — You are wrong, Master Rowley. On their father's death, you know, I acted as a kind of guardian to them both, till their uncle Sir Oliver's liberality gave them an early independence; of course, no person could have more opportunities of judging of their hearts, and I was never mistaken in my life. Joseph is indeed a model for the young men of the age. He is a man of sentiment and acts up to the sentiments he professes; but, for the other, take my word for't, if he had any grain of virtue by descent, he has dissipated it with the rest of his inheritance. Ah! my old friend, Sir Oliver, will be deeply mortified when he finds how part of his bounty has been misapplied.

Rowley — I am sorry to find you so violent against the young man, because this may be the most critical period of his fortune. I came hither with news that will surprise you.

Sir Peter — What! let me hear.

Rowley — Sir Oliver is arrived, and at this moment in town.

Sir Peter — How! you astonish me! I thought you did not expect him this month.

Rowley — I did not; but his passage has been remarkably quick.

Sir Peter — Egad, I shall rejoice to see my old friend. 'Tis sixteen years since we met. We have had many a day together: — but does he still enjoin us not to inform his nephews of his arrival?

Rowley — Most strictly. He means, before it is known, to make some trial of their dispositions.

Sir Peter — Ah! there needs no art to discover their merits — however, he shall have his way; but, pray, does he know I am married?

Rowley — Yes, and will soon wish you joy.

Sir Peter — What, as we drink health to a friend in a consumption! Ah! Oliver will laugh at me. We used to rail at matrimony together, but he has been steady to his text. Well, he must be soon at my house, though — I'll instantly give orders for his reception. But, Master Rowley, don't drop a word that Lady Teazle and I ever disagree.

Rowley — By no means.

Sir Peter — For I should never be able to stand Noll's jokes ; so I'll have him think, Lord forgive me ! that we are a very happy couple.

Rowley — I understand you : — but then you must be very careful not to differ while he is in the house with you.

Sir Peter — Egad, and so we must — and that's impossible. Ah ! Master Rowley, when an old bachelor marries a young wife, he deserves — no — the crime carries its punishment along with it. [*Exeunt*

Scene : A Room in SIR PETER TEAZLE'S House.

Enter SIR PETER and LADY TEAZLE.

Sir Peter — Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I'll not bear it !

Lady Teazle — Sir Peter, Sir Peter, you may bear it or not, as you please ; but I ought to have my own way in everything, and, what's more, I will, too. What ! though I was educated in the country, I know very well that women of fashion in London are accountable to nobody after they are married.

Sir Peter — Very well, ma'am, very well ; so a husband is to have no influence, no authority ?

Lady Teazle — Authority ! No, to be sure : if you wanted authority over me, you should have adopted me, and not married me : I am sure you were old enough.

Sir Peter — Old enough ! — ay, there it is. Well, well, Lady Teazle, though my life may be made unhappy by your temper, I'll not be ruined by your extravagance !

Lady Teazle — My extravagance ! I'm sure I'm not more extravagant than a woman of fashion ought to be.

Sir Peter — No, no, madam, you shall throw away no more sums on such unmeaning luxury. 'Slife ! to spend as much to furnish your dressing room with flowers in winter as would suffice to turn the Pantheon into a greenhouse, and give a *fête champêtre* at Christmas.

Lady Teazle — And am I to blame, Sir Peter, because flowers are dear in cold weather ? You should find fault with the climate, and not with me. For my part, I'm sure I wish it was spring all the year round, and that roses grew under our feet !

Sir Peter — Oons ! madam — if you had been born to this, I shouldn't wonder at your talking thus ; but you forget what your situation was when I married you.

Lady Teazle — No, no, I don't ; 'twas a very disagreeable one, or I should never have married you.

Sir Peter — Yes, yes, madam, you were then in somewhat a humbler style — the daughter of a plain country squire. Recollect, Lady Teazle, when I saw you first sitting at your tambour, in a pretty figured linen gown, with a bunch of keys at your side, your hair combed smooth over a roll, and your apartment hung round with fruits in worsted, of your own working.

Lady Teazle — Oh, yes ! I remember it very well, and a curious life I led. My daily occupation to inspect the dairy, superintend the poultry, make extracts from the family receipt book, and comb my aunt Deborah's lapdog.

Sir Peter — Yes, yes, ma'am, 'twas so indeed.

Lady Teazle — And then, you know, my evening amusements ! To draw patterns for ruffles, which I had not materials to make up ; to play Pope Joan with the curate ; to read a sermon to my aunt ; or to be stuck down to an old spinet to strum my father to sleep after a fox chase.

Sir Peter — I am glad you have so good a memory. Yes, madam, these were the recreations I took you from ; but now you must have your coach — *vis-à-vis* — and three powdered footmen before your chair ; and, in the summer, a pair of white cats to draw you to Kensington Gardens. No recollection, I suppose, when you were content to ride double, behind the butler, on a docked coach horse.

Lady Teazle — No — I swear I never did that : I deny the butler and the coach horse.

Sir Peter — This, madam, was your situation ; and what have I done for you ? I have made you a woman of fashion, of fortune, of rank — in short, I have made you my wife.

Lady Teazle — Well, then, and there is but one thing more you can make me to add to the obligation, that is —

Sir Peter — My widow, I suppose ?

Lady Teazle — Hem ! hem !

Sir Peter — I thank you, madam — but don't flatter yourself, for, though your ill conduct may disturb my peace of mind, it shall never break my heart, I promise you : however, I am equally obliged to you for the hint.

Lady Teazle — Then why will you endeavor to make yourself so disagreeable to me, and thwart me in every little elegant expense?

Sir Peter — 'Slife, madam, I say, had you any of these little elegant expenses when you married me?

Lady Teazle — Lud, Sir Peter! would you have me be out of the fashion?

Sir Peter — The fashion, indeed! what had you to do with the fashion before you married me?

Lady Teazle — For my part, I should think you would like to have your wife thought a woman of taste.

Sir Peter — Ay — there again — taste! Zounds! madam, you had no taste when you married me!

Lady Teazle — That's very true, indeed, Sir Peter! and, after having married you, I should never pretend to taste again, I allow. But now, Sir Peter, since we have finished our daily jangle, I presume I may go to my engagement at Lady Sneerwell's.

Sir Peter — Ay, there's another precious circumstance — a charming set of acquaintance you have made there!

Lady Teazle — Nay, Sir Peter, they are all people of rank and fortune, and remarkably tenacious of reputation.

Sir Peter — Yes, egad, they are tenacious of reputation with a vengeance; for they don't choose anybody should have a character but themselves! Such a crew! Ah! many a wretch has rid on a hurdle who has done less mischief than these utterers of forged tales, coiners of scandal, and clippers of reputation.

Lady Teazle — What, would you restrain the freedom of speech?

Sir Peter — Ah! they have made you just as bad as any one of the society.

Lady Teazle — Why, I believe I do bear a part with a tolerable grace.

Sir Peter — Grace indeed!

Lady Teazle — But I vow I bear no malice against the people I abuse: when I say an ill-natured thing, 'tis out of pure good humor; and I take it for granted they deal exactly in the same manner with me. But, Sir Peter, you know you promised to come to Lady Sneerwell's, too.

Sir Peter — Well, well, I'll call in, just to look after my own character.

Lady Teazle — Then, indeed, you must make haste after me, or you'll be too late. So good-by to ye. [*Exit.*

Sir Peter — So — I have gained much by my intended expostulation ! Yet with what a charming air she contradicts everything I say, and how pleasantly she shows her contempt for my authority ! Well, though I can't make her love me, there is great satisfaction in quarreling with her ; and I think she never appears to such advantage as when she is doing everything in her power to plague me. [*Exit.*

Scene: A Room in LADY SNEERWELL'S House.

LADY SNEERWELL, MRS. CANDOUR, CRABTREE, SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE, and JOSEPH SURFACE, *discovered.*

Lady Sneerwell — Nay, positively, we will hear it.

Joseph Surface — Yes, yes, the epigram, by all means.

Sir Benjamin — O plague on't, uncle ! 'tis mere nonsense.

Crabtree — No, no ; 'fore Gad, very clever for an extempore !

Sir Benjamin — But, ladies, you should be acquainted with the circumstance. You must know that one day last week, as Lady Betty Currie was taking the dust in Hyde Park, in a sort of duodecimo phaeton, she desired me to write some verses on her ponies ; upon which, I took out my pocketbook, and in one moment produced the following : —

Sure never were seen two such beautiful ponies ;
Other horses are clowns, but these macaronis :
To give them this title I'm sure can't be wrong,
Their legs are so slim, and their tails are so long.

Crabtree — There, ladies, done in the smack of a whip, and on horseback too.

Joseph Surface — A very Phœbus, mounted — indeed, Sir Benjamin !

Sir Benjamin — Oh dear, sir ! trifles — trifles.

Enter LADY TEAZLE and MARIA.

Mrs. Candour — I must have a copy.

Lady Sneerwell — Lady Teazle, I hope we shall see Sir Peter ?

Lady Teazle — I believe he'll wait on your ladyship presently.

Lady Sneerwell — Maria, my love, you look grave. Come, you shall sit down to piquet with Mr. Surface.

Maria — I take very little pleasure in cards — however, I'll do as your ladyship pleases.

Lady Teazle — I am surprised Mr. Surface should sit down with her ; I thought he would have embraced this opportunity of speaking to me before Sir Peter came. [Aside.

Mrs. Candour — Now, I'll die ; but you are so scandalous, I'll forswear your society.

Lady Teazle — What's the matter, Mrs. Candour ?

Mrs. Candour — They'll not allow our friend Miss Vermilion to be handsome.

Lady Sneerwell — Oh, surely she is a pretty woman.

Crabtree — I am very glad you think so, ma'am.

Mrs. Candour — She has a charming fresh color.

Lady Teazle — Yes, when it is fresh put on.

Mrs. Candour — Oh, fie ! I'll swear her color is natural : I have seen it come and go !

Lady Teazle — I dare swear you have, ma'am : it goes off at night, and comes again in the morning.

Sir Benjamin — True, ma'am, it not only comes and goes ; but, what's more, egad, her maid can fetch and carry it !

Mrs. Candour — Ha ! ha ! ha ! how I hate to hear you talk so ! But surely, now, her sister is, or was, very handsome.

Crabtree — Who ? Mrs. Evergreen ? O Lord ! she's six and fifty if she's an hour !

Mrs. Candour — Now positively you wrong her ; fifty-two or fifty-three is the utmost — and I don't think she looks more.

Sir Benjamin — Ah ! there's no judging by her looks, unless one could see her face.

Lady Sneerwell — Well, well, if Mrs. Evergreen does take some pains to repair the ravages of time, you must allow she effects it with great ingenuity ; and surely that's better than the careless manner in which the widow Ochre calks her wrinkles.

Sir Benjamin — Nay, now, Lady Sneerwell, you are severe upon the widow. Come, come, 'tis not that she paints so ill — but, when she has finished her face, she joins it on so badly to her neck, that she looks like a mended statue, in which the connoisseur may see at once that the head is modern, though the trunk's antique.

Crabtree — Ha ! ha ! ha ! Well said, nephew !

Mrs. Candour — Ha ! ha ! ha ! Well, you make me laugh ; but I vow I hate you for it. What do you think of Miss Simper ?

Sir Benjamin — Why, she has very pretty teeth.

Lady Teazle — Yes ; and on that account, when she is neither speaking nor laughing (which very seldom happens), she never absolutely shuts her mouth, but leaves it always on ajar, as it were — thus. [Shows her teeth.]

Mrs. Candour — How can you be so ill-natured ?

Lady Teazle — Nay, I allow even that's better than the pains Mrs. Prim takes to conceal her losses in front. She draws her mouth till it positively resembles the aperture of a poor's box, and all her words appear to slide out edgewise, as it were — thus : *How do you do, madam ? Yes, madam.* [Mimics.]

Lady Sneerwell — Very well, Lady Teazle ; I see you can be a little severe.

Lady Teazle — In defense of a friend it is but justice. But here comes Sir Peter to spoil our pleasantry.

Enter SIR PETER TEAZLE.

Sir Peter — Ladies, your most obedient. — [Aside] Mercy on me, here is the whole set ! a character dead at every word, I suppose.

Mrs. Candour — I am rejoiced you are come, Sir Peter. They have been so censorious — and Lady Teazle as bad as any one.

Sir Peter — That must be very distressing to you, indeed, Mrs. Candour.

Mrs. Candour — Oh, they will allow good qualities to nobody ; not even good nature to our friend Mrs. Pursy.

Lady Teazle — What, the fat dowager who was at Mrs. Quadrille's last night ?

Mrs. Candour — Nay, her bulk is her misfortune ; and, when she takes so much pains to get rid of it, you ought not to reflect on her.

Lady Sneerwell — That's very true, indeed.

Lady Teazle — Yes, I know she almost lives on acids and small whey ; laces herself by pulleys ; and often, in the hottest noon in summer, you may see her on a little squat pony, with her hair plaited up behind like a drummer's and puffing round the Ring on a full trot.

Mrs. Candour — I thank you, Lady Teazle, for defending her.

Sir Peter — Yes, a good defense, truly.

Mrs. Candour — Truly, Lady Teazle is as censorious as Miss Sallow.

Crabtree — Yes, and she is a curious being to pretend to be censorious — an awkward gawky, without any one good point under heaven.

Mrs. Candour — Positively you shall not be so very severe. Miss Sallow is a near relation of mine by marriage, and, as for her person, great allowance is to be made; for, let me tell you, a woman labors under many disadvantages who tries to pass for a girl of six and thirty.

Lady Sneerwell — Though, surely, she is handsome still — and for the weakness in her eyes, considering how much she reads by candlelight, it is not to be wondered at.

Mrs. Candour — True, and then as to her manner: upon my word I think it is particularly graceful, considering she never had the least education: for you know her mother was a Welsh milliner, and her father a sugar baker at Bristol.

Sir Benjamin — Ah! you are both of you too good-natured!

Sir Peter — Yes, damned good-natured! This their own relation! mercy on me! [Aside.]

Mrs. Candour — For my part, I own I cannot bear to hear a friend ill spoken of.

Sir Peter — No, to be sure!

Sir Benjamin — Oh! you are of a moral turn. Mrs. Candour and I can sit for an hour and hear Lady Stucco talk sentiment.

Lady Teazle — Nay, I vow Lady Stucco is very well with the dessert after dinner; for she's just like the French fruit one cracks for mottoes — made up of paint and proverb.

Mrs. Candour — Well, I will never join in ridiculing a friend; and so I constantly tell my cousin Ogle, and you all know what pretensions she has to be critical on beauty.

Crabtree — Oh, to be sure! she has herself the oddest countenance that ever was seen; 'tis a collection of features from all the different countries of the globe.

Sir Benjamin — So she has, indeed — an Irish front —

Crabtree — Caledonian locks —

Sir Benjamin — Dutch nose —

Crabtree — Austrian lips —

Sir Benjamin — Complexion of a Spaniard —

Crabtree — And teeth *à la Chinoise* —

Sir Benjamin — In short, her face resembles a *table d'hôte* at Spa — where no two guests are of a nation —

Crabtree — Or a congress at the close of a general war — wherein all the members, even to her eyes, appear to have a different interest, and her nose and chin are the only parties likely to join issue.

Mrs. Candour — Ha ! ha ! ha !

Sir Peter — Mercy on my life ! — a person they dine with twice a week ! [*Aside.*

Mrs. Candour — Nay, but I vow you shall not carry the laugh off so — for give me leave to say that Mrs. Ogle —

Sir Peter — Madam, madam, I beg your pardon — there's no stopping these good gentlemen's tongues. But when I tell you, Mrs. Candour, that the lady they are abusing is a particular friend of mine, I hope you'll not take her part.

Lady Sneerwell — Ha ! ha ! ha ! well said, Sir Peter ! but you are a cruel creature — too phlegmatic yourself for a jest, and too peevish to allow wit in others.

Sir Peter — Ah, madam, true wit is more nearly allied to good nature than your ladyship is aware of.

Lady Teazle — True, Sir Peter : I believe they are so near akin that they can never be united.

Sir Benjamin — Or rather, suppose them man and wife, because one seldom sees them together.

Lady Teazle — But Sir Peter is such an enemy to scandal, I believe he would have it put down by parliament.

Sir Peter — 'Fore Heaven, madam, if they were to consider the sporting with reputation of as much importance as poaching on manors, and pass an act for the preservation of fame, as well as game, I believe many would thank them for the bill.

Lady Sneerwell — O Lud ! Sir Peter ; would you deprive us of our privileges ?

Sir Peter — Ay, madam ; and then no person should be permitted to kill characters and run down reputations, but qualified old maids and disappointed widows.

Lady Sneerwell — Go, you monster !

Mrs. Candour — But, surely, you would not be quite so severe on those who only report what they hear ?

Sir Peter — Yes, madam, I would have law merchant for them too ; and in all cases of slander currency, whenever the

drawer of the lie was not to be found, the injured parties should have a right to come on any of the indorsers.

Crabtree — Well, for my part, I believe there never was a scandalous tale without some foundation.

Lady Sneerwell — Come, ladies, shall we sit down to cards in the next room?

Enter Servant, who whispers SIR PETER.

Sir Peter — I'll be with them directly. [*Exit Servant.*]
I'll get away unperceived. [*Aside.*]

Lady Sneerwell — Sir Peter, you are not going to leave us?

Sir Peter — Your ladyship must excuse me; I'm called away by particular business. But I leave my character behind me. [*Exit.*]

Sir Benjamin — Well — certainly, Lady Teazle, that lord of yours is a strange being: I could tell you some stories of him would make you laugh heartily if he were not your husband.

Lady Teazle — Oh, pray don't mind that; come, do let's hear them. [*Exeunt all but JOSEPH SURFACE and MARIA.*]

Joseph Surface — Maria, I see you have no satisfaction in this society.

Maria — How is it possible I should? If to raise malicious smiles at the infirmities or misfortunes of those who have never injured us be the province of wit or humor, Heaven grant me a double portion of dullness!

Joseph Surface — Yet they appear more ill-natured than they are; they have no malice at heart.

Maria — Then is their conduct still more contemptible; for, in my opinion, nothing could excuse the intemperance of their tongues but a natural and uncontrollable bitterness of mind.

Joseph Surface — Undoubtedly, madam; and it has always been a sentiment of mine, that to propagate a malicious truth wantonly is more despicable than to falsify from revenge. But can you, Maria, feel thus for others, and be unkind to me alone? Is hope to be denied the tenderest passion?

Maria — Why will you distress me by renewing this subject?

Joseph Surface — Ah, Maria! you would not treat me thus, and oppose your guardian Sir Peter's will, but that I see that profligate Charles is still a favored rival.

Maria — Ungenerously urged! But, whatever my sentiments are for that unfortunate young man, be assured I shall

not feel more bound to give him up, because his distresses have lost him the regard even of a brother.

Joseph Surface — Nay, but, Maria, do not leave me with a frown : by all that's honest, I swear — [*Kneels.*]

Reënter LADY TEAZLE behind.

[*Aside*] Gad's life, here's Lady Teazle. — [*Aloud to MARIA*] You must not — no, you shall not — for, though I have the greatest regard for Lady Teazle —

Maria — Lady Teazle !

Joseph Surface — Yet were Sir Peter to suspect —

Lady Teazle [*coming forward*] — What is this, pray ? Does he take her for me ? — Child, you are wanted in the next room. — [*Exit MARIA.*] What is all this, pray ?

Joseph Surface — Oh, the most unlucky circumstance in nature ! Maria has somehow suspected the tender concern I have for your happiness, and threatened to acquaint Sir Peter with her suspicions, and I was just endeavoring to reason with her when you came in.

Lady Teazle — Indeed ! but you seemed to adopt a very tender mode of reasoning — do you usually argue on your knees ?

Joseph Surface — Oh, she's a child, and I thought a little bombast — But, Lady Teazle, when are you to give me your judgment on my library, as you promised ?

Lady Teazle — No, no ; I begin to think it would be imprudent, and you know I admit you as a lover no farther than fashion requires.

Joseph Surface — True — a mere Platonic cicisbeo, what every wife is entitled to.

Lady Teazle — Certainly, one must not be out of the fashion. However, I have so many of my country prejudices left, that, though Sir Peter's ill humor may vex me ever so, it never shall provoke me to —

Joseph Surface — The only revenge in your power. Well, I applaud your moderation.

Lady Teazle — Go — you are an insinuating wretch ! But we shall be missed — let us join the company.

Joseph Surface — But we had best not return together.

Lady Teazle — Well, don't stay ; for Maria shan't come to hear any more of your reasoning, I promise you. [*Exit.*]

Joseph Surface — A curious dilemma, truly, my politics have

run me into ! I wanted, at first, only to ingratiate myself with Lady Teazle, that she might not be my enemy with Maria ; and I have, I don't know how, become her serious lover. Sincerely I begin to wish I had never made such a point of gaining so very good a character, for it has led me into so many cursed rogueries that I doubt I shall be exposed at last. [*Exit.*]

Scene: A Room in SIR PETER TEAZLE'S House.

Enter SIR OLIVER SURFACE and ROWLEY.

Sir Oliver — Ha ! ha ! ha ! so my old friend is married, hey ? — a young wife out of the country. Ha ! ha ! ha ! that he should have stood bluff to old bachelor so long, and sink into a husband at last !

Rowley — But you must not rally him on the subject, Sir Oliver ; 'tis a tender point, I assure you, though he has been married only seven months.

Sir Oliver — Then he has been just half a year on the stool of repentance ! — Poor Peter ! But you say he has entirely given up Charles — never sees him, hey ?

Rowley — His prejudice against him is astonishing, and I am sure greatly increased by a jealousy of him with Lady Teazle, which he has industriously been led into by a scandalous society in the neighborhood, who have contributed not a little to Charles' ill name. Whereas the truth is, I believe, if the lady is partial to either of them, his brother is the favorite.

Sir Oliver — Ay, I know there are a set of malicious, prating, prudent gossips, both male and female, who murder characters to kill time, and will rob a young fellow of his good name before he has years to know the value of it. But I am not to be prejudiced against my nephew by such, I promise you ! No, no : if Charles has done nothing false or mean, I shall compound for his extravagance.

Rowley — Then, my life on't, you will reclaim him. Ah, sir, it gives me new life to find that your heart is not turned against him, and that the son of my good old master has one friend, however, left.

Sir Oliver — What, shall I forget, Master Rowley, when I was at his years myself ? Egad, my brother and I were

neither of us very prudent youths; and yet, I believe, you have not seen many better men than your old master was?

Rowley—Sir, 'tis this reflection gives me assurance that Charles may yet be a credit to his family. But here comes Sir Peter.

Sir Oliver—Egad, so he does! Mercy on me! he's greatly altered, and seems to have a settled married look! One may read husband in his face at this distance!

Enter SIR PETER TEAZLE.

Sir Peter—Ha! Sir Oliver—my old friend! Welcome to England a thousand times!

Sir Oliver—Thank you, thank you, Sir Peter! and i' faith I am glad to find you well, believe me!

Sir Peter—Oh! 'tis a long time since we met—fifteen years, I doubt, Sir Oliver, and many a cross accident in the time.

Sir Oliver—Ay, I have had my share. But, what! I find you are married, hey, my old boy? Well, well, it can't be helped; and so—I wish you joy with all my heart!

Sir Peter—Thank you, thank you, Sir Oliver.—Yes, I have entered into—the happy state; but we'll not talk of that now.

Sir Oliver—True, true, Sir Peter; old friends should not begin on grievances at first meeting. No, no, no.

Rowley [*aside to SIR OLIVER*]—Take care, pray, sir.

Sir Oliver—Well, so one of my nephews is a wild rogue, hey?

Sir Peter—Wild! Ah, my old friend, I grieve for your disappointment there; he's a lost young man, indeed. However, his brother will make you amends; Joseph is, indeed, what a youth should be—everybody in the world speaks well of him.

Sir Oliver—I am sorry to hear it; he has too good a character to be an honest fellow. Everybody speaks well of him! Psha! then he has bowed as low to knaves and fools as to the honest dignity of genius and virtue.

Sir Peter—What, Sir Oliver! do you blame him for not making enemies?

Sir Oliver—Yes, if he has merit enough to deserve them.

Sir Peter—Well, well—you'll be convinced when you

know him. 'Tis edification to hear him converse; he professes the noblest sentiments.

Sir Oliver—Oh, plague of his sentiments! If he salutes me with a scrap of morality in his mouth, I shall be sick directly. But, however, don't mistake me, Sir Peter; I don't mean to defend Charles' errors: but, before I form my judgment of either of them, I intend to make a trial of their hearts; and my friend Rowley and I have planned something for the purpose.

Rowley—And Sir Peter shall own for once he has been mistaken.

Sir Peter—Oh, my life on Joseph's honor!

Sir Oliver—Well—come give us a bottle of good wine, and we'll drink the lads' health, and tell you our scheme.

Sir Peter—*Allons*, then!

Sir Oliver—And don't, Sir Peter, be so severe against your old friend's son. Odds my life! I am not sorry that he has run out of the course a little: for my part, I hate to see prudence clinging to the green suckers of youth; 'tis like ivy round a sapling, and spoils the growth of the tree. [*Exeunt*.

Scene: A Room in SIR PETER TEAZLE'S House.

Enter SIR PETER TEAZLE.

Sir Peter—I should be glad to be convinced my suspicions of Lady Teazle and Charles were unjust. I have never yet opened my mind on this subject to my friend Joseph—I am determined I will do it—he will give me his opinion sincerely.

Enter MARIA.

So, child, has Mr. Surface returned with you?

Maria—No, sir; he was engaged.

Sir Peter—Well, Maria, do you not reflect, the more you converse with that amiable young man, what return his partiality for you deserves?

Maria—Indeed, Sir Peter, your frequent importunity on this subject distresses me extremely—you compel me to declare that I know no man who has ever paid me a particular attention whom I would not prefer to Mr. Surface.

Sir Peter—So, here's perverseness! No, no, Maria, 'tis Charles only whom you would prefer. 'Tis evident his vices and follies have won your heart.

Maria — 'This is unkind, sir. You know I have obeyed you in neither seeing nor corresponding with him: I have heard enough to convince me that he is unworthy my regard. Yet I cannot think it culpable if, while my understanding severely condemns his vices, my heart suggests some pity for his distresses.

Sir Peter — Well, well, pity him as much as you please; but give your heart and hand to a worthier object.

Maria — Never to his brother!

Sir Peter — Go, perverse and obstinate! But take care, madam; you have never yet known what the authority of a guardian is: don't compel me to inform you of it.

Maria — I can only say, you shall not have just reason. 'Tis true, by my father's will, I am for a short period bound to regard you as his substitute; but must cease to think you so, when you would compel me to be miserable. [*Exit.*]

Sir Peter — Was ever man so crossed as I am, everything conspiring to fret me! I had not been involved in matrimony a fortnight, before her father, a hale and hearty man, died, on purpose, I believe, for the pleasure of plaguing me with the care of his daughter — [*LADY TEAZLE sings without.*] But here comes my helpmate! She appears in great good humor. How happy I should be if I could tease her into loving me, though but a little!

Enter LADY TEAZLE.

Lady Teazle — Lud! Sir Peter, I hope you haven't been quarreling with Maria? It is not using me well to be ill-humored when I am not by.

Sir Peter — Ah, Lady Teazle, you might have the power to make me good-humored at all times.

Lady Teazle — I am sure I wish I had; for I want you to be in a charming sweet temper at this moment. Do be good-humored now, and let me have two hundred pounds, will you?

Sir Peter — Two hundred pounds; what, an't I to be in a good humor without paying for it! But speak to me thus, and i' faith there's nothing I could refuse you. You shall have it; but seal me a bond for the repayment.

Lady Teazle — Oh, no — there — my note of hand will do as well. [*Offering her hand.*]

Sir Peter — And you shall no longer reproach me with not



LADY TEAZLE

giving you an independent settlement. I mean shortly to surprise you : but shall we always live thus, hey ?

Lady Teazle — If you please. I'm sure I don't care how soon we leave off quarreling, provided you'll own you were tired first.

Sir Peter — Well — then let our future contest be, who shall be most obliging.

Lady Teazle — I assure you, Sir Peter, good nature becomes you. You look now as you did before we were married, when you used to walk with me under the elms, and tell me stories of what a gallant you were in your youth, and chuck me under the chin, you would ; and ask me if I thought I could love an old fellow, who would deny me nothing — didn't you ?

Sir Peter — Yes, yes, and you were as kind and attentive —

Lady Teazle — Ay, so I was, and would always take your part, when my acquaintance used to abuse you, and turn you into ridicule.

Sir Peter — Indeed !

Lady Teazle — Ay, and when my cousin Sophy has called you a stiff, peevish old bachelor, and laughed at me for thinking of marrying one who might be my father, I have always defended you, and said, I didn't think you so ugly by any means.

Sir Peter — Thank you.

Lady Teazle — And I dared say you'd make a very good sort of a husband.

Sir Peter — And you prophesied right ; and we shall now be the happiest couple —

Lady Teazle — And never differ again ?

Sir Peter — No, never ! — though at the same time, indeed, my dear Lady Teazle, you must watch your temper very seriously ; for in all our little quarrels, my dear, if you recollect, my love, you always began first.

Lady Teazle — I beg your pardon, my dear Sir Peter : indeed, you always gave the provocation.

Sir Peter — Now see, my angel ! take care — contradicting isn't the way to keep friends.

Lady Teazle — Then don't you begin it, my love !

Sir Peter — There, now ! you — you are going on. You don't perceive, my life, that you are just doing the very thing which you know always makes me angry.

Lady Teazle — Nay, you know if you will be angry without any reason, my dear —

Sir Peter — There ! now you want to quarrel again.

Lady Teazle — No, I'm sure I don't : but, if you will be so peevish —

Sir Peter — There now ! who begins first ?

Lady Teazle — Why, you, to be sure. I said nothing — but there's no bearing your temper.

Sir Peter — No, no, madam : the fault's in your own temper.

Lady Teazle — Ay, you are just what my cousin Sophy said you would be.

Sir Peter — Your cousin Sophy is a forward, impertinent gypsy.

Lady Teazle — You are a great bear, I'm sure, to abuse my relations.

Sir Peter — Now may all the plagues of marriage be doubled on me, if ever I try to be friends with you any more !

Lady Teazle — So much the better.

Sir Peter — No, no, madam : 'tis evident you never cared a pin for me, and I was a madman to marry you — a pert, rural coquette, that had refused half the honest 'squires in the neighborhood !

Lady Teazle — And I am sure I was a fool to marry you — an old dangling bachelor, who was single at fifty, only because he never could meet with any one who would have him.

Sir Peter — Ay, ay, madam ; but you were pleased enough to listen to me : you never had such an offer before.

Lady Teazle — No ! didn't I refuse Sir Tivy Terrier, who everybody said would have been a better match ? for his estate is just as good as yours, and he has broke his neck since we have been married.

Sir Peter — I have done with you, madam ! You are an unfeeling, ungrateful — but there's an end of everything. I believe you capable of everything that is bad. Yes, madam, I now believe the reports relative to you and Charles, madam. Yes, madam, you and Charles are, not without grounds —

Lady Teazle — Take care, Sir Peter ! you had better not insinuate any such thing ! I'll not be suspected without cause, I promise you.

Sir Peter — Very well, madam ! very well ! a separate maintenance as soon as you please. Yes, madam, or a divorce ! I'll make an example of myself for the benefit of all old bachelors. Let us separate, madam.

Lady Teazle — Agreed ! agreed ! And now, my dear Sir

Peter, we are of a mind once more, we may be the happiest couple, and never differ again, you know : ha ! ha ! ha ! Well, you are going to be in a passion, I see, and I shall only interrupt you — so bye ! bye ! *[Exit.]*

Sir Peter — Plagues and tortures ! can't I make her angry either ! Oh, I'm the most miserable fellow ! But I'll not bear her presuming to keep her temper : no ! she may break my heart, but she shan't keep her temper. *[Exit.]*

Scene : A Library in JOSEPH SURFACE'S House.

Enter JOSEPH SURFACE and Servant.

Joseph Surface — No letter from Lady Teazle ?

Servant — No, sir.

Joseph Surface *[aside]* — I am surprised she has not sent, if she is prevented from coming. Sir Peter certainly does not suspect me. Yet I wish I may not lose the heiress, through the scrape I have drawn myself into with the wife ; however, Charles' imprudence and bad character are great points in my favor. *[Knocking without.]*

Servant — Sir, I believe that must be Lady Teazle.

Joseph Surface — Hold ! See whether it is or not, before you go to the door : I have a particular message for you if it should be my brother.

Servant — 'Tis her ladyship, sir ; she always leaves her chair at the milliner's in the next street.

Joseph Surface — Stay, stay ; draw that screen before the window — that will do ; — my opposite neighbor is a maiden lady of so curious a temper. *[Servant draws the screen, and exit.]* I have a difficult hand to play in this affair. Lady Teazle has lately suspected my views on Maria ; but she must by no means be let into that secret, — at least, till I have her more in my power.

Enter LADY TEAZLE.

Lady Teazle — What, sentiment in soliloquy now ? Have you been very impatient ? O Lud ! don't pretend to look grave. I vow I couldn't come before.

Joseph Surface — O madam, punctuality is a species of constancy very unfashionable in a lady of quality.

[Places chairs, and sits after LADY TEAZLE is seated.]

Lady Teazle — Upon my word you ought to pity me. Do you know, Sir Peter is grown so ill-natured to me of late, and so jealous of Charles too — that's the best of the story, isn't it?

Joseph Surface — I am glad my scandalous friends keep that up. [Aside.]

Lady Teazle — I am sure I wish he would let Maria marry him, and then perhaps he would be convinced; don't you, Mr. Surface?

Joseph Surface [aside] — Indeed I do not. — [Aloud] Oh, certainly I do! for then my dear Lady Teazle would also be convinced how wrong her suspicions were of my having any design on the silly girl.

Lady Teazle — Well, well, I'm inclined to believe you. But isn't it provoking to have the most ill-natured things said of one? And there's my friend Lady Sneerwell has circulated I don't know how many scandalous tales of me, and all without any foundation too; that's what vexes me.

Joseph Surface — Ay, madam, to be sure, that is the provoking circumstance — without foundation; yes, yes, there's the mortification, indeed; for, when a scandalous story is believed against one, there certainly is no comfort like the consciousness of having deserved it.

Lady Teazle — No, to be sure, then I'd forgive their malice; but to attack me, who am really so innocent, and who never say an ill-natured thing of anybody — that is, of any friend; and then Sir Peter, too, to have him so peevish, and so suspicious, when I know the integrity of my own heart — indeed 'tis monstrous!

Joseph Surface — But, my dear Lady Teazle, 'tis your own fault if you suffer it. When a husband entertains a groundless suspicion of his wife, and withdraws his confidence from her, the original compact is broken, and she owes it to the honor of her sex to endeavor to outwit him.

Lady Teazle — Indeed! So that, if he suspects me without cause, it follows that the best way of curing his jealousy is to give him reason for't?

Joseph Surface — Undoubtedly — for your husband should never be deceived in you: and in that case it becomes you to be frail in compliment to his discernment.

Lady Teazle — To be sure, what you say is very reasonable, and when the consciousness of my innocence —

Joseph Surface — Ah, my dear madam, there is the great

mistake ! 'tis this very conscious innocence that is of the greatest prejudice to you. What is it makes you negligent of forms, and careless of the world's opinion ? why, the consciousness of your own innocence. What makes you thoughtless in your conduct, and apt to run into a thousand little imprudences ? why, the consciousness of your own innocence. What makes you impatient of Sir Peter's temper, and outrageous at his suspicions ? why, the consciousness of your innocence.

Lady Teazle — 'Tis very true !

Joseph Surface — Now, my dear Lady Teazle, if you would but once make a trifling *faux pas*, you can't conceive how cautious you would grow, and how ready to humor and agree with your husband.

Lady Teazle — Do you think so ?

Joseph Surface — Oh, I am sure on't ; and then you would find all scandal would cease at once, for — in short, your character at present is like a person in a plethora, absolutely dying from too much health.

Lady Teazle — So, so ; then I perceive your prescription is that I must sin in my own defense, and part with my virtue to preserve my reputation ?

Joseph Surface — Exactly so, upon my credit, ma'am.

Lady Teazle — Well, certainly this is the oddest doctrine, and the newest receipt for avoiding calumny !

Joseph Surface — An infallible one, believe me. Prudence, like experience, must be paid for.

Lady Teazle — Why, if my understanding were once convinced —

Joseph Surface — Oh, certainly, madam, your understanding should be convinced. Yes, yes — Heaven forbid I should persuade you to do anything you thought wrong. No, no, I have too much honor to desire it.

Lady Teazle — Don't you think we may as well leave honor out of the argument ? [Rises.

Joseph Surface — Ah, the ill effects of your country education, I see, still remain with you.

Lady Teazle — I doubt they do indeed ; and I will fairly own to you that if I could be persuaded to do wrong, it would be by Sir Peter's ill usage sooner than your honorable logic, after all.

Joseph Surface — Then, by this hand, which he is unworthy of — [Taking her hand.

Reënter Servant.

'Sdeath, you blockhead — what do you want?

Servant — I beg your pardon, sir, but I thought you would not choose Sir Peter to come up without announcing him.

Joseph Surface — Sir Peter! — Oons — the devil!

Lady Teazle — Sir Peter! O Lud! I'm ruined! I'm ruined!

Servant — Sir, 'twasn't I let him in.

Lady Teazle — Oh! I'm quite undone! What will become of me? Now, Mr. Logic — Oh! mercy, sir, he's on the stairs — I'll get behind here — and if ever I'm so imprudent again —

[Goes behind the screen.]

Joseph Surface — Give me that book.

[Sits down. Servant pretends to adjust his chair.]

Enter SIR PETER TEAZLE.

Sir Peter — Ay, ever improving himself — Mr. Surface, Mr. Surface —

[Pats JOSEPH on the shoulder.]

Joseph Surface — Oh, my dear Sir Peter, I beg your pardon — *[Gaping, throws away the book.]* I have been dozing over a stupid book. Well, I am much obliged to you for this call. You haven't been here, I believe, since I fitted up this room. Books, you know, are the only things I am a coxcomb in.

Sir Peter — 'Tis very neat indeed. Well, well, that's proper; and you can make even your screen a source of knowledge — hung, I perceive, with maps.

Joseph Surface — Oh, yes, I find great use in that screen.

Sir Peter — I dare say you must, certainly, when you want to find anything in a hurry.

Joseph Surface — Ay, or to hide anything in a hurry either.

[Aside.]

Sir Peter — Well, I have a little private business —

Joseph Surface — You need not stay.

[To Servant.]

Servant — No, sir.

[Exit.]

Joseph Surface — Here's a chair, Sir Peter — I beg —

Sir Peter — Well, now we are alone, there is a subject, my dear friend, on which I wish to unburden my mind to you — a point of the greatest moment to my peace; in short, my good friend, Lady Teazle's conduct of late has made me very unhappy.

Joseph Surface — Indeed ! I am very sorry to hear it.

Sir Peter — Yes, 'tis but too plain she has not the least regard for me ; but, what's worse, I have pretty good authority to suppose she has formed an attachment to another.

Joseph Surface — Indeed ! you astonish me !

Sir Peter — Yes ! and, between ourselves, I think I've discovered the person.

Joseph Surface — How ! you alarm me exceedingly.

Sir Peter — Ay, my dear friend, I knew you would sympathize with me !

Joseph Surface — Yes, believe me, Sir Peter, such a discovery would hurt me just as much as it would you.

Sir Peter — I am convinced of it. Ah ! it is a happiness to have a friend whom we can trust even with one's family secrets. But have you no guess who I mean ?

Joseph Surface — I haven't the most distant idea. It can't be Sir Benjamin Backbite !

Sir Peter — Oh, no ! What say you to Charles ?

Joseph Surface — My brother ! impossible !

Sir Peter — Oh, my dear friend, the goodness of your own heart misleads you. You judge of others by yourself.

Joseph Surface — Certainly, Sir Peter, the heart that is conscious of its own integrity is ever slow to credit another's treachery.

Sir Peter — True ; but your brother has no sentiment — you never hear him talk so.

Joseph Surface — Yet I can't but think Lady Teazle herself has too much principle.

Sir Peter — Ay ; but what is principle against the flattery of a handsome, lively young fellow ?

Joseph Surface — That's very true.

Sir Peter — And then, you know, the difference of our ages makes it very improbable that she should have any great affection for me ; and if she were to be frail, and I were to make it public, why the town would only laugh at me, the foolish old bachelor, who had married a girl.

Joseph Surface — That's true, to be sure — they would laugh.

Sir Peter — Laugh ! ay, and make ballads, and paragraphs, and the devil knows what of me.

Joseph Surface — No, you must never make it public.

Sir Peter — But then again — that the nephew of my old

friend, Sir Oliver, should be the person to attempt such a wrong, hurts me more nearly.

Joseph Surface — Ay, there's the point. When ingratitude bars the dart of injury, the wound has double danger in it.

Sir Peter — Ay — I, that was, in a manner, left his guardian: in whose house he had been so often entertained; who never in my life denied him — my advice!

Joseph Surface — Oh, 'tis not to be credited! There may be a man capable of such baseness, to be sure; but, for my part, till you can give me positive proofs, I cannot but doubt it. However, if it should be proved on him, he is no longer a brother of mine — I disclaim kindred with him: for the man who can break the laws of hospitality, and tempt the wife of his friend, deserves to be branded as the pest of society.

Sir Peter — What a difference there is between you! What noble sentiments!

Joseph Surface — Yet I cannot suspect Lady Teazle's honor.

Sir Peter — I am sure I wish to think well of her, and to remove all ground of quarrel between us. She has lately reproached me more than once with having made no settlement on her; and, in our last quarrel, she almost hinted that she should not break her heart if I was dead. Now, as we seem to differ in our ideas of expense, I have resolved she shall have her own way, and be her own mistress in that respect for the future; and, if I were to die, she will find I have not been inattentive to her interest while living. Here, my friend, are the drafts of two deeds, which I wish to have your opinion on. By one, she will enjoy eight hundred a year independent while I live; and, by the other, the bulk of my fortune at my death.

Joseph Surface — This conduct, Sir Peter, is indeed truly generous. — [*Aside*] I wish it may not corrupt my pupil.

Sir Peter — Yes, I am determined she shall have no cause to complain, though I would not have her acquainted with the latter instance of my affection yet awhile.

Joseph Surface — Nor I, if I could help it. [*Aside.*]

Sir Peter — And now, my dear friend, if you please, we will talk over the situation of your hopes with Maria.

Joseph Surface [*softly*] — Oh, no, Sir Peter; another time, if you please.

Sir Peter — I am sensibly chagrined at the little progress you seem to make in her affections.

Joseph Surface [*softly*] — I beg you will not mention it.

What are my disappointments when your happiness is in debate!
— [*Aside*] 'Sdeath, I shall be ruined every way!

Sir Peter — And though you are averse to my acquainting Lady Teazle with your passion, I'm sure she's not your enemy in the affair.

Joseph Surface — Pray, Sir Peter, now oblige me. I am really too much affected by the subject we have been speaking of to bestow a thought on my own concerns. The man who is intrusted with his friend's distresses can never —

Reënter Servant.

Well, sir?

Servant — Your brother, sir, is speaking to a gentleman in the street, and says he knows you are within.

Joseph Surface — 'Sdeath, blockhead, I'm not within — I'm out for the day.

Sir Peter — Stay — hold — a thought has struck me: — you shall be at home.

Joseph Surface — Well, well, let him up. — [*Exit Servant.*] He'll interrupt Sir Peter, however. [*Aside.*

Sir Peter — Now, my good friend, oblige me, I entreat you. Before Charles comes, let me conceal myself somewhere, then do you tax him on the point we have been talking, and his answer may satisfy me at once.

Joseph Surface — Oh, fie, Sir Peter! would you have me join in so mean a trick? — to trepan my brother, too?

Sir Peter — Nay, you tell me you are sure he is innocent; if so, you do him the greatest service by giving him an opportunity to clear himself, and you will set my heart at rest. Come, you shall not refuse me: [*going up*] here, behind the screen will be — Hey! what the devil! there seems to be one listener here already — I'll swear I saw a petticoat!

Joseph Surface — Ha! ha! ha! Well, this is ridiculous enough. I'll tell you, Sir Peter, though I hold a man of intrigue to be a most despicable character, yet, you know, it does not follow that one is to be an absolute Joseph either! Hark'ee, 'tis a little French milliner, a silly rogue that plagues me; and having some character to lose, on your coming, sir, she ran behind the screen.

Sir Peter — Ah, Joseph! Joseph! Did I ever think that you — But, egad, she has overheard all I have been saying of my wife.

Joseph Surface — Oh, 'twill never go any farther, you may depend upon it !

Sir Peter — No ! then, faith, let her hear it out. — Here's a closet will do as well.

Joseph Surface — Well, go in there.

Sir Peter — Sly rogue ! sly rogue ! [*Goes into the closet.*]

Joseph Surface — A narrow escape, indeed ! and a curious situation I'm in, to part man and wife in this manner.

Lady Teazle [*peeping*] — Couldn't I steal off ?

Joseph Surface — Keep close, my angel !

Sir Peter [*peeping*] — Joseph, tax him home.

Joseph Surface — Back, my dear friend !

Lady Teazle [*peeping*] — Couldn't you lock Sir Peter in ?

Joseph Surface — Be still, my life !

Sir Peter [*peeping*] — You're sure the little milliner won't blab ?

Joseph Surface — In, in, my dear Sir Peter ! — 'Fore Gad, I wish I had a key to the door.

Enter CHARLES SURFACE.

Charles Surface — Holla ! brother, what has been the matter ? Your fellow would not let me up at first. What ! have you had a Jew or a wench with you ?

Joseph Surface — Neither, brother, I assure you.

Charles Surface — But what has made Sir Peter steal off ? I thought he had been with you.

Joseph Surface — He was, brother ; but, hearing you were coming, he did not choose to stay.

Charles Surface — What ! was the old gentleman afraid I wanted to borrow money of him ?

Joseph Surface — No, sir : but I am sorry to find, Charles, you have lately given that worthy man grounds for great uneasiness.

Charles Surface — Yes, they tell me I do that to a great many worthy men. But how so, pray ?

Joseph Surface — To be plain with you, brother, he thinks you are endeavoring to gain Lady Teazle's affections from him.

Charles Surface — Who, I ? O Lud ! not I, upon my word. — Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! so the old fellow has found out that

he has got a young wife, has he? — or, what is worse, Lady Teazle has found out she has an old husband?

Joseph Surface — This is no subject to jest on, brother. He who can laugh —

Charles Surface — True, true, as you were going to say — then, seriously, I never had the least idea of what you charge me with, upon my honor.

Joseph Surface — Well, it will give Sir Peter great satisfaction to hear this. *[Raising his voice.]*

Charles Surface — To be sure, I once thought the lady seemed to have taken a fancy to me; but, upon my soul, I never gave her the least encouragement. Besides, you know my attachment to Maria.

Joseph Surface — But sure, brother, even if Lady Teazle had betrayed the fondest partiality for you —

Charles Surface — Why, look'ee, Joseph, I hope I shall never deliberately do a dishonorable action; but if a pretty woman was purposely to throw herself in my way — and that pretty woman married to a man old enough to be her father —

Joseph Surface — Well!

Charles Surface — Why, I believe I should be obliged to —

Joseph Surface — What?

Charles Surface — To borrow a little of your morality, that's all. But, brother, do you know now that you surprise me exceedingly, by naming me with Lady Teazle; for, i' faith, I always understood you were her favorite.

Joseph Surface — Oh, for shame, Charles! This retort is foolish.

Charles Surface — Nay, I swear I have seen you exchange such significant glances —

Joseph Surface — Nay, nay, sir, this is no jest.

Charles Surface — Egad, I'm serious! Don't you remember one day, when I called here —

Joseph Surface — Nay, prithee, Charles —

Charles Surface — And found you together —

Joseph Surface — Zounds, sir, I insist —

Charles Surface — And another time when your servant —

Joseph Surface — Brother, brother, a word with you! —

[Aside] Gad, I must stop him.

Charles Surface — Informed, I say, that —

Joseph Surface — Hush! I beg your pardon, but Sir Peter

has overheard all we have been saying. I knew you would clear yourself, or I should not have consented.

Charles Surface — How, Sir Peter! Where is he?

Joseph Surface — Softly, there! [*Points to the closet.*]

Charles Surface — Oh, 'fore Heaven, I'll have him out. Sir Peter, come forth!

Joseph Surface — No, no ——

Charles Surface — I say, Sir Peter, come into court. — [*Pulls in SIR PETER.*] What! my old guardian! — What! turn inquisitor, and take evidence incog.? Oh, fie! Oh, fie!

Sir Peter — Give me your hand, Charles — I believe I have suspected you wrongfully; but you mustn't be angry with Joseph — 'twas my plan!

Charles Surface — Indeed!

Sir Peter — But I acquit you. I promise you I don't think near so ill of you as I did: what I have heard has given me great satisfaction.

Charles Surface — Egad, then, 'twas lucky you didn't hear any more. Wasn't it, Joseph?

Sir Peter — Ah! you would have retorted on him.

Charles Surface — Ay, ay, that was a joke.

Sir Peter — Yes, yes, I know his honor too well.

Charles Surface — But you might as well have suspected him as me in this matter, for all that. Mightn't he, Joseph?

Sir Peter — Well, well, I believe you.

Joseph Surface — Would they were both out of the room! [*Aside.*]

Sir Peter — And in future, perhaps, we may not be such strangers.

Reënter Servant, and whispers JOSEPH SURFACE.

Servant — Lady Sneerwell is below, and says she will come up.

Joseph Surface — Lady Sneerwell! Gad's life! she must not come here. [*Exit Servant.*] Gentlemen, I beg pardon — I must wait on you downstairs: here is a person come on particular business.

Charles Surface — Well, you can see him in another room. Sir Peter and I have not met a long time, and I have something to say to him.

Joseph Surface [*aside*] — They must not be left together.

— [*Aloud*] I'll send Lady Sneerwell away, and return directly.
 [*Aside to SIR PETER*] Sir Peter, not a word of the French milliner.

Sir Peter [*aside to JOSEPH SURFACE*] — I! not for the world! [*Exit JOSEPH SURFACE.*] Ah, Charles, if you associated more with your brother, one might indeed hope for your reformation. He is a man of sentiment. Well, there is nothing in the world so noble as a man of sentiment.

Charles Surface — Psha! he is too moral by half; and so apprehensive of his good name, as he calls it, that I suppose he would as soon let a priest into his house as a wench.

Sir Peter — No, no, — come, come, — you wrong him. No, no! Joseph is no rake, but he is no such saint either, in that respect. — [*Aside*] I have a great mind to tell him — we should have such a laugh at Joseph.

Charles Surface — Oh, hang him! he's a very anchorite, a young hermit!

Sir Peter — Hark'ee — you must not abuse him: he may chance to hear of it again, I promise you.

Charles Surface — Why, you won't tell him?

Sir Peter — No — but — this way. — [*Aside*] Egad, I'll tell him — [*Aloud*] Hark'ee — have you a mind to have a good laugh at Joseph?

Charles Surface — I should like it of all things.

Sir Peter — Then, i' faith, we will! I'll be quit with him for discovering me. He had a girl with him when I called.

[*Whispers.*]

Charles Surface — What! Joseph? you jest.

Sir Peter — Hush! — a little French milliner — and the best of the jest is — she's in the room now.

Charles Surface — The devil she is!

Sir Peter — Hush! I tell you. [*Points to the screen.*]

Charles Surface — Behind the screen! 'Slife, let's unveil her!

Sir Peter — No, no, he's coming: — you shan't indeed!

Charles Surface — Oh, egad, we'll have a peep at the little milliner!

Sir Peter — Not for the world! — Joseph will never forgive me.

Charles Surface — I'll stand by you —

Sir Peter — Odds, here he is!

[*CHARLES SURFACE throws down the screen.*]

Reënter JOSEPH SURFACE.

Charles Surface --- Lady Teazle, by all that's wonderful.

Sir Peter --- Lady Teazle, by all that's damnable!

Charles Surface --- Sir Peter, this is one of the smartest French milliners I ever saw. Egad, you seem all to have been diverting yourselves here at hide and seek, and I don't see who is out of the secret. Shall I beg your ladyship to inform me? Not a word! --- Brother, will you be pleased to explain this matter? What! is Morality dumb too? --- Sir Peter, though I found you in the dark, perhaps you are not so now! All mute! --- Well --- though I can make nothing of the affair, I suppose you perfectly understand one another; so I'll leave you to yourselves. --- [*Going.*] Brother, I'm sorry to find you have given that worthy man grounds for so much uneasiness. --- Sir Peter! there's nothing in the world so noble as a man of sentiment!

[*Exit.*

Joseph Surface --- Sir Peter --- notwithstanding --- I confess --- that appearances are against me --- if you will afford me your patience --- I make no doubt --- but I shall explain everything to your satisfaction.

Sir Peter --- If you please, sir.

Joseph Surface --- The fact is, sir, that Lady Teazle, knowing my pretensions to your ward Maria --- I say, sir, Lady Teazle, being apprehensive of the jealousy of your temper --- and knowing my friendship to the family --- she, sir, I say --- called here --- in order that --- I might explain these pretensions --- but on your coming --- being apprehensive --- as I said --- of your jealousy --- she withdrew --- and this, you may depend on it, is the whole truth of the matter.

Sir Peter --- A very clear account, upon my word; and I dare swear the lady will vouch for every article of it.

Lady Teazle --- For not one word of it, Sir Peter!

Sir Peter --- How! don't you think it worth while to agree in the lie?

Lady Teazle --- There is not one syllable of truth in what that gentleman has told you.

Sir Peter --- I believe you, upon my soul, ma'am!

Joseph Surface [*aside to* LADY TEAZLE] --- 'Sdeath, madam, will you betray me?

Lady Teazle --- Good Mr. Hypocrite, by your leave, I'll speak for myself.

Sir Peter — Ay, let her alone, sir ; you'll find she'll make out a better story than you, without prompting.

Lady Teazle — Hear me, Sir Peter ! — I came here on no matter relating to your ward, and even ignorant of this gentleman's pretensions to her. But I came, seduced by his insidious arguments, at least to listen to his pretended passion, if not to sacrifice your honor to his baseness.

Sir Peter — Now, I believe, the truth is coming, indeed !

Joseph Surface — The woman's mad !

Lady Teazle — No, sir ; she has recovered her senses, and your own arts have furnished her with the means. — Sir Peter, I do not expect you to credit me — but the tenderness you expressed for me, when I am sure you could not think I was a witness to it, has so penetrated to my heart, that had I left the place without the shame of this discovery, my future life should have spoken the sincerity of my gratitude. As for that smooth-tongued hypocrite, who would have seduced the wife of his too credulous friend, while he affected honorable addresses to his ward — I behold him now in a light so truly despicable, that I shall never again respect myself for having listened to him.

[*Exit.*]

Joseph Surface — Notwithstanding all this, Sir Peter, Heaven knows —

Sir Peter — That you are a villain ! and so I leave you to your conscience.

Joseph Surface — You are too rash, Sir Peter ; you shall hear me. The man who shuts out conviction by refusing to —

Sir Peter — Oh, damn your sentiments !

[*Exeunt SIR PETER and JOSEPH SURFACE, talking.*]



THE CALIPH VATHEK.

By WILLIAM BECKFORD.

[WILLIAM BECKFORD, an eccentric English millionaire and author, was born at Fonthill, Wiltshire, in 1760, and on the death of his father, who was twice lord mayor of London, inherited a vast fortune, producing an annual revenue of over £100,000. After a grand tour of the Continent he entered Parliament, and in 1787 published, in French, "The History of Vathek," an Oriental romance, of which Byron said, "Even 'Rasselas' must bow before it ; the Happy Valley will not bear a comparison with the Hall of Eblis." An English translation was

published anonymously in 1784, and has superseded the original. Beckford erected a vast mansion at Fonthill and a palatial residence at Bath, the former being sold in 1822 for £330,000. In addition to "Vathek," Beckford wrote: "Memoirs of Extraordinary Painters," "Italy, with Sketches of Portugal and Spain," "Recollections," etc. He died May 2, 1844.]

VATHEK, ninth Caliph of the race of the Abassides, was the son of Motassem, and the grandson of Haroun Al Raschid. From an early accession to the throne, and the talents he possessed to adorn it, his subjects were induced to expect that his reign would be long and happy. His figure was pleasing and majestic; but when he was angry one of his eyes became so terrible that no person could bear to behold it, and the wretch upon whom it was fixed instantly fell backward, and sometimes expired. For fear, however, of depopulating his dominions and making his palace desolate, he but rarely gave way to his anger.

Being much addicted to women and the pleasures of the table, he sought by his affability to procure agreeable companions; and he succeeded the better as his generosity was unbounded, and his indulgences unrestrained, for he was by no means scrupulous, nor did he think with the Caliph Omar Ben Abdalaziz, that it was necessary to make a hell of this world to enjoy Paradise in the next.

He surpassed in magnificence all his predecessors. The palace of Alkoremmi, which his father Motassem had erected on the hill of Pied Horses, and which commanded the whole city of Samarah, was in his idea far too scanty; he added therefore five wings, or rather other palaces, which he destined for the particular gratification of each of his senses.

In the first of these were tables continually covered with the most exquisite dainties, which were supplied both by night and by day according to their constant consumption, whilst the most delicious wines and the choicest cordials flowed forth from a hundred fountains that were never exhausted. This palace was called "The Eternal or Unsatiating Banquet."

The second was styled "The Temple of Melody, or the Nectar of the Soul." It was inhabited by the most skillful musicians and admired poets of the time, who not only displayed their talents within, but dispersing in bands without, caused every surrounding scene to reverberate their songs, which were continually varied in the most delightful succession.

The palace named "The Delight of the Eyes, or the Support

of Memory," was one entire enchantment. Rarities collected from every corner of the earth were there found in such profusion as to dazzle and confound, but for the order in which they were arranged. One gallery exhibited the pictures of the celebrated Mani, and statues that seemed to be alive. Here a well-managed perspective attracted the sight, there the magic of optics agreeably deceived it; whilst the naturalist on his part exhibited, in their several classes, the various gifts that Heaven has bestowed on our globe. In a word, Vathek omitted nothing in this palace that might gratify the curiosity of those who resorted to it, although he was not able to satisfy his own, for he was of all men the most curious.

"The Palace of Perfumes," which was termed likewise "The Incentive to Pleasure," consisted of various halls where the different perfumes which the earth produces were kept perpetually burning in censers of gold. Flambeaux and aromatic lamps were here lighted in open day. But the too powerful effects of this agreeable delirium might be avoided by descending into an immense garden, where an assemblage of every fragrant flower diffused through the air the purest odors.

The fifth palace, denominated "The Retreat of Joy, or the Dangerous," was frequented by troops of young females beautiful as the houris and not less seducing, who never failed to receive with caresses all whom the Caliph allowed to approach them; for he was by no means disposed to be jealous, as his own women were secluded within the palace he inhabited himself.

Notwithstanding the sensuality in which Vathek indulged, he experienced no abatement in the love of his people, who thought that a sovereign immersed in pleasure was not less tolerable to his subjects than one that employed himself in creating them foes. But the unquiet and impetuous disposition of the Caliph would not allow him to rest there; he had studied so much for his amusement in the lifetime of his father, as to acquire a great deal of knowledge, though not a sufficiency to satisfy himself; for he wished to know everything, even sciences that did not exist. He was fond of engaging in disputes with the learned, but liked them not to push their opposition with warmth; he stopped the mouths of those with presents whose mouths could be stopped, whilst others, whom his liberality was unable to subdue, he sent to prison to cool their blood, — a remedy that often succeeded.

Vathek discovered also a predilection for theological controversy, but it was not with the orthodox that he usually held. By this means he induced the zealots to oppose him, and then persecuted them in return; for he resolved at any rate to have reason on his side.

The great prophet Mahomet, whose vicars the caliphs are, beheld with indignation from his abode in the seventh heaven the irreligious conduct of such a vicegerent. "Let us leave him to himself," said he to the Genii, who are always ready to receive his commands; "let us see to what lengths his folly and impiety will carry him; if he run into excess we shall know how to chastise him. Assist him, therefore, to complete the tower which, in imitation of Nimrod, he hath begun, not, like that great warrior, to escape being drowned, but from the insolent curiosity of penetrating the secrets of Heaven; he will not divine the fate that awaits him."

The Genii obeyed, and when the workmen had raised their structure a cubit in the daytime, two cubits more were added in the night. The expedition with which the fabric arose was not a little flattering to the vanity of Vathek. He fancied that even insensible matter showed a forwardness to subserve his designs, not considering that the successes of the foolish and wicked form the first rod of their chastisement.

His pride arrived at its height when, having ascended for the first time the eleven thousand stairs of his tower, he cast his eyes below and beheld men not larger than pismires, mountains than shells, and cities than beehives. The idea which such an elevation inspired of his own grandeur completely bewildered him; he was almost ready to adore himself, till, lifting his eyes upward, he saw the stars as high above him as they appeared when he stood on the surface of the earth. He consoled himself, however, for this transient perception of his littleness, with the thought of being great in the eyes of others, and flattered himself that the light of his mind would extend beyond the reach of his sight, and transfer to the stars the decrees of his destiny.

With this view the inquisitive Prince passed most of his nights on the summit of his tower, till he became an adept in the mysteries of astrology, and imagined that the planets had disclosed to him the most marvelous adventures, which were to be accomplished by an extraordinary personage from a country altogether unknown. Prompted by motives of curiosity he had

always been courteous to strangers, but from this instant he redoubled his attention, and ordered it to be announced by sound of trumpet, through all the streets of Samarah, that no one of his subjects, on peril of displeasure, should either lodge or detain a traveler, but forthwith bring him to the palace.

Not long after this proclamation there arrived in his metropolis a man so hideous that the very guards who arrested him were forced to shut their eyes as they led him along. The Caliph himself appeared startled at so horrible a visage, but joy succeeded to this emotion of terror when the stranger displayed to his view such rarities as he had never before seen, and of which he had no conception.

In reality nothing was ever so extraordinary as the merchandise this stranger produced; most of his curiosities, which were not less admirable for their workmanship than splendor, had, besides, their several virtues described on a parchment fastened to each. There were slippers which enabled the feet to walk; knives that cut without the motion of a hand; sabers which dealt the blow at the person they were wished to strike, and the whole enriched with gems that were hitherto unknown.

The sabers, whose blades emitted a dazzling radiance, fixed more than all the Caliph's attention, who promised himself to decipher at his leisure the uncouth characters engraven on their sides. Without, therefore, demanding their price, he ordered all the coined gold to be brought from his treasury, and commanded the merchant to take what he pleased; the stranger complied with modesty and silence.

Vathek, imagining that the merchant's taciturnity was occasioned by the awe which his presence inspired, encouraged him to advance, and asked him, with an air of condescension, "Who he was? whence he came? and where he obtained such beautiful commodities?" The man, or rather monster, instead of making a reply, thrice rubbed his forehead, which, as well as his body, was blacker than ebony, four times clapped his paunch, the projection of which was enormous, opened wide his huge eyes, which glowed like firebrands, began to laugh with a hideous noise, and discovered his long amber-colored teeth bestreaked with green.

The Caliph, though a little startled, renewed his inquiries, but without being able to procure a reply; at which, beginning to be ruffled, he exclaimed: "Knowest thou, varlet, who I am?"

and at whom thou art aiming thy gibes?" Then, addressing his guards, "Have ye heard him speak? is he dumb?"

"He hath spoken," they replied, "though but little."

"Let him speak again then," said Vathek, "and tell me who he is, from whence he came, and where he procured these singular curiosities, or I swear by the ass of Balaam that I will make him rue his pertinacity."

The menace was accompanied by the Caliph with one of his angry and perilous glances, which the stranger sustained without the slightest emotion, although his eyes were fixed on the terrible eye of the Prince.

No words can describe the amazement of the courtiers when they beheld this rude merchant withstand the encounter unshocked. They all fell prostrate with their faces on the ground to avoid the risk of their lives, and continued in the same abject posture till the Caliph exclaimed in a furious tone: "Up, cowards! seize the miscreant! see that he be committed to prison and guarded by the best of my soldiers! Let him, however, retain the money I gave him. It is not my intent to take from him his property, I only want him to speak."

No sooner had he uttered these words than the stranger was surrounded, pinioned with strong fetters, and hurried away to the prison of the great tower, which was encompassed by seven empalements of iron bars, and armed with spikes in every direction longer and sharper than spits.

The Caliph, nevertheless, remained in the most violent agitation; he sat down indeed to eat, but of the three hundred covers that were daily placed before him could taste of no more than thirty-two. A diet to which he had been so little accustomed was sufficient of itself to prevent him from sleeping; what then must be its effect when joined to the anxiety that preyed upon his spirits? At the first glimpse of dawn he hastened to the prison, again to importune this intractable stranger; but the rage of Vathek exceeded all bounds on finding the prison empty, the grates burst asunder, and his guards lying lifeless around him. In the paroxysm of his passion he fell furiously on the poor carcasses, and kicked them till evening without intermission. His courtiers and viziers exerted their efforts to soothe his extravagance, but finding every expedient ineffectual they all united in one vociferation: "The Caliph is gone mad! the Caliph is out of his senses!"

This outcry, which soon resounded through the streets of

Samarah, at length reaching the ears of Carathis his mother, she flew in the utmost consternation to try her ascendancy on the mind of her son. Her tears and caresses called off his attention, and he was prevailed upon by her entreaties to be brought back to the palace.

Carathis, apprehensive of leaving Vathek to himself, caused him to be put to bed, and seating herself by him, endeavored by her conversation to heal and compose him. Nor could any one have attempted it with better success, for the Caliph not only loved her as a mother, but respected her as a person of superior genius; it was she who had induced him, being a Greek herself, to adopt all the sciences and systems of her country, which good Mussulmans hold in such thorough abhorrence. Judicial astrology was one of those systems in which Carathis was a perfect adept; she began therefore with reminding her son of the promise which the stars had made him, and intimated an intention of consulting them again.

"Alas!" sighed the Caliph, as soon as he could speak, "what a fool have I been! not for the kicks bestowed on my guards who so tamely submitted to death, but for never considering that this extraordinary man was the same the planets had foretold, whom, instead of illtreating, I should have conciliated by all the arts of persuasion."

"The past," said Carathis, "cannot be recalled, but it behooves us to think of the future; perhaps you may again see the object you so much regret; it is possible the inscriptions on the sabers will afford information. Eat, therefore, and take thy repose, my dear son; we will consider, to-morrow, in what manner to act."

Vathek yielded to her counsel as well as he could, and arose in the morning with a mind more at ease. The sabers he commanded to be instantly brought, and poring upon them through a green glass, that their glittering might not dazzle, he set himself in earnest to decipher the inscriptions; but his reiterated attempts were all of them nugatory; in vain did he beat his head and bite his nails, not a letter of the whole was he able to ascertain. So unlucky a disappointment would have undone him again, had not Carathis by good fortune entered the apartment.

"Have patience, son!" said she; "you certainly are possessed of every important science, but the knowledge of languages is a trifle at best, and the accomplishment of none but

a pedant. Issue forth a proclamation that you will confer such rewards as become your greatness upon any one that shall interpret what you do not understand, and what it is beneath you to learn; you will soon find your curiosity gratified."

"That may be," said the Caliph; "but in the mean time I shall be horribly disgusted by a crowd of smatterers, who will come to the trial as much for the pleasure of retailing their jargon as from the hope of gaining the reward. To avoid this evil, it will be proper to add that I will put every candidate to death who shall fail to give satisfaction; for, thank Heaven! I have skill enough to distinguish between one that translates and one that invents."

"Of that I have no doubt," replied Carathis; "but to put the ignorant to death is somewhat severe, and may be productive of dangerous effects; content yourself with commanding their beards to be burnt,—beards in a state are not quite so essential as men."

The Caliph submitted to the reasons of his mother, and sending for Morakanabad, his prime vizier, said: "Let the common criers proclaim, not only in Samarah, but throughout every city in my empire, that whosoever will repair hither and decipher certain characters which appear to be inexplicable, shall experience the liberality for which I am renowned; but that all who fail upon trial shall have their beards burnt off to the last hair. Let them add also that I will bestow fifty beautiful slaves, and as many jars of apricots from the isle of Kirmith, upon any man that shall bring me intelligence of the stranger."

The subjects of the Caliph, like their sovereign, being great admirers of women and apricots from Kirmith, felt their mouths water at these promises, but were totally unable to gratify their hankering, for no one knew which way the stranger had gone.

As to the Caliph's other requisition, the result was different. The learned, the half-learned, and those who were neither, but fancied themselves equal to both, came boldly to hazard their beads, and all shamefully lost them.

The exaction of these forfeitures, which found sufficient employment for the eunuchs, gave them such a smell of singed hair as greatly to disgust the ladies of the seraglio, and make it necessary that this new occupation of their guardians should be transferred into other hands.

At length, however, an old man presented himself whose beard was a cubit and a half longer than any that had appeared

before him. The officers of the palace whispered to each other, as they ushered him in, "What a pity such a beard should be burnt!" Even the Caliph, when he saw it, concurred with them in opinion, but his concern was entirely needless. This venerable personage read the characters with facility, and explained them verbatim as follows: "We were made where everything good is made; we are the least of the wonders of a place where all is wonderful and deserving the sight of the first potentate on earth."

"You translate admirably!" cried Vathek; "I know to what these marvelous characters allude. Let him receive as many robes of honor and thousands of sequins of gold, as he hath spoken words. I am in some measure relieved from the perplexity that embarrassed me!"

Vathek invited the old man to dine, and even to remain some days in the palace. Unluckily for him he accepted the offer, for the Caliph, having ordered him next morning to be called, said: "Read again to me what you have read already; I cannot hear too often the promise that is made me, the completion of which I languish to obtain."

The old man forthwith put on his green spectacles, but they instantly dropped from his nose on perceiving that the characters he had read the day preceding had given place to others of different import.

"What ails you?" asked the Caliph; "and why these symptoms of wonder?"

"Sovereign of the world," replied the old man, "these sabers hold another language to-day from that they yesterday held."

"How say you?" returned Vathek — "but it matters not! Tell me, if you can, what they mean."

"It is this, my Lord," rejoined the old man: "Woe to the rash mortal who seeks to know that of which he should remain ignorant, and to undertake that which surpasseth his power!"

"And woe to thee!" cried the Caliph, in a burst of indignation; "to-day thou art void of understanding; begone from my presence, they shall burn but the half of thy beard, because thou wert yesterday fortunate in guessing; — my gifts I never resume."

The old man, wise enough to perceive he had luckily escaped, considering the folly of disclosing so disgusting a truth, immediately withdrew and appeared not again.

But it was not long before Vathek discovered abundant

reason to regret his precipitation; for though he could not decipher the characters himself, yet by constantly poring upon them he plainly perceived that they every day changed, and unfortunately no other candidate offered to explain them. This perplexing occupation inflamed his blood, dazzled his sight, and brought on a giddiness and debility that he could not support. He failed not, however, though in so reduced a condition, to be often carried to his tower, as he flattered himself that he might there read in the stars which he went to consult something more congenial to his wishes: but in this his hopes were deluded; for his eyes, dimmed by the vapors of his head, began to subserve his curiosity so ill that he beheld nothing but a thick dun cloud, which he took for the most direful of omens.

Agitated with so much anxiety, Vathek entirely lost all firmness; a fever seized him, and his appetite failed. Instead of being one of the greatest eaters he became as distinguished for drinking. So insatiable was the thirst which tormented him, that his mouth, like a funnel, was always open to receive the various liquors that might be poured into it, and especially cold water, which calmed him more than every other.

This unhappy prince being thus incapacitated for the enjoyment of any pleasure, commanded the palaces of the five senses to be shut up, forbore to appear in public, either to display his magnificence or administer justice, and retired to the inmost apartment of his harem. As he had ever been an indulgent husband, his wives, overwhelmed with grief at his deplorable situation, incessantly offered their prayers for his health and unremittingly supplied him with water.

In the mean time the Princess Carathis, whose affliction no words can describe, instead of restraining herself to sobbing and tears, was closeted daily with the Vizier Morakanabad, to find out some cure or mitigation of the Caliph's disease. Under the persuasion that it was caused by enchantment, they turned over together, leaf by leaf, all the books of magic that might point out a remedy, and caused the horrible stranger, whom they accused as the enchanter, to be everywhere sought for with the strictest diligence.

At the distance of a few miles from Samarah stood a high mountain, whose sides were swarded with wild thyme and basil, and its summit overspread with so delightful a plain, that it

might be taken for the paradise destined for the faithful. Upon it grew a hundred thickets of eglantine and other fragrant shrubs, a hundred arbors of roses, jessamine and honeysuckle, as many clumps of orange trees, cedar and citron, whose branches, interwoven with the palm, the pomegranate, and the vine, presented every luxury that could regale the eye or the taste. The ground was strewed with violets, harebells, and pansies, in the midst of which sprang forth tufts of jonquils, hyacinths, and carnations, with every other perfume that impregnates the air. Four fountains, not less clear than deep, and so abundant as to slake the thirst of ten armies, seemed profusely placed here to make the scene more resemble the garden of Eden, which was watered by the four sacred rivers. Here the nightingale sang the birth of the rose, her well-beloved, and at the same time lamented its short-lived beauty; whilst the turtle deplored the loss of more substantial pleasures, and the wakeful lark hailed the rising light that reanimates the whole creation. Here more than anywhere the mingled melodies of birds expressed the various passions they inspired, as if the exquisite fruits which they pecked at pleasure had given them a double energy.

To this mountain Vathek was sometimes brought for the sake of breathing a purer air, and especially to drink at will of the four fountains, which were reputed in the highest degree salubrious and sacred to himself. His attendants were his mother, his wives, and some eunuchs, who assiduously employed themselves in filling capacious bowls of rock crystal, and emulously presenting them to him; but it frequently happened that his avidity exceeded their zeal, insomuch that he would prostrate himself upon the ground to lap up the water, of which he could never have enough.

One day when this unhappy prince had been long lying in so debasing a posture, a voice, hoarse but strong, thus addressed him: "Why assumest thou the function of a dog, O Caliph, so proud of thy dignity and power?"

At this apostrophe he raised his head and beheld the stranger that had caused him so much affliction. Inflamed with anger at the sight, he exclaimed:—

"Accursed Giaour! what comest thou hither to do? Is it not enough to have transformed a prince remarkable for his agility into one of those leather barrels which the Bedouin Arabs carry on their camels when they traverse the deserts?"

Perceivest thou not that I may perish by drinking to excess no less than by a total abstinence?"

"Drink then this draught," said the stranger, as he presented to him a phial of a red and yellow mixture; "and, to satiate the thirst of thy soul as well as of thy body, know that I am an Indian, but from a region of India which is wholly unknown."

The Caliph, delighted to see his desires accomplished in part, and flattering himself with the hope of obtaining their entire fulfillment, without a moment's hesitation swallowed the potion, and instantaneously found his health restored, his thirst appeased, and his limbs as agile as ever.

In the transports of his joy Vathek leaped upon the neck of the frightful Indian, and kissed his horrid mouth and hollow cheeks as though they had been the coral lips, and the lilies and roses, of his most beautiful wives; whilst they, less terrified than jealous at the sight, dropped their veils to hide the blush of mortification that suffused their foreheads.

Nor would the scene have closed here, had not Carathis, with all the art of insinuation, a little repressed the raptures of her son. Having prevailed upon him to return to Samarah, she caused a herald to precede him, whom she commanded to proclaim as loudly as possible: "The wonderful stranger hath appeared again, he hath healed the Caliph, he hath spoken! he hath spoken!"

Forthwith all the inhabitants of this vast city quitted their habitations, and ran together in crowds to see the procession of Vathek and the Indian, whom they now blessed as much as they had before execrated, incessantly shouting: "He hath healed our sovereign, he hath spoken! he hath spoken!" Nor were these words forgotten in the public festivals which were celebrated the same evening, to testify the general joy; for the poets applied them as a chorus to all the songs they composed.

The Caliph in the mean while caused the palaces of the senses to be again set open; and, as he found himself prompted to visit that of taste in preference to the rest, immediately ordered a splendid entertainment, to which his great officers and favorite courtiers were all invited. The Indian, who was placed near the Prince, seemed to think that as a proper acknowledgment of so distinguished a privilege he could neither eat, drink, nor talk too much. The various dainties were no sooner served up than they vanished, to the great mortification of Vathek, who

piqued himself on being the greatest eater alive, and at this time in particular had an excellent appetite.

The rest of the company looked round at each other in amazement; but the Indian without appearing to observe it quaffed large bumpers to the health of each of them, sang in a style altogether extravagant, related stories at which he laughed immoderately, and poured forth extemporaneous verses, which would not have been thought bad but for the strange grimaces with which they were uttered. In a word his loquacity was equal to that of a hundred astrologers, he ate as much as a hundred porters, and caroused in proportion.

The Caliph, notwithstanding the table had been thirty times covered, found himself incommoded by the voraciousness of his guest, who was now considerably declined in the prince's esteem. Vathek, however, being unwilling to betray the chagrin he could hardly disguise, said in a whisper to Bababalouk, the chief of his eunuchs: "You see how enormous his performances in every way are: what would be the consequence should he get at my wives! Go! redouble your vigilance, and be sure look well to my Circassians, who would be more to his taste than all of the rest."

The bird of the morning had thrice renewed his song when the hour of the Divan sounded. Vathek in gratitude to his subjects having promised to attend, immediately arose from table and repaired thither, leaning upon his vizier, who could scarcely support him, so disordered was the poor Prince by the wine he had drunk, and still more by the extravagant vagaries of his boisterous guest.

The viziers, the officers of the crown and of the law, arranged themselves in a semicircle about their sovereign and preserved a respectful silence, whilst the Indian, who looked as cool as if come from a fast, sat down without ceremony on the step of the throne, laughing in his sleeve at the indignation with which his temerity had filled the spectators.

The Caliph, however, whose ideas were confused and his head embarrassed, went on administering justice at haphazard, till at length the prime vizier, perceiving his situation, hit upon a sudden expedient to interrupt the audience and rescue the honor of his master, to whom he said in a whisper: "My Lord, the Princess Carathis, who hath passed the night in consulting the planets, informs you that they portend you evil, and the danger is urgent. Beware lest this stranger, whom you have

so lavishly recompensed for his magical gewgaws, should make some attempt on your life ; his liquor, which at first had the appearance of effecting your cure, may be no more than a poison of a sudden operation. Slight not this surmise, ask him at least of what it was compounded, whence he procured it, and mention the sabers, which you seem to have forgotten."

Vathek, to whom the insolent airs of the stranger became every moment less supportable, intimated to his vizier by a wink of acquiescence that he would adopt his advice, and at once turning towards the Indian said : "Get up, and declare in full Divan of what drugs the liquor was compounded you enjoined me to take, for it is suspected to be poison ; add also the explanation I have so earnestly desired concerning the sabers you sold me, and thus show your gratitude for the favors heaped on you."

Having pronounced these words in as moderate a tone as a caliph well could, he waited in silent expectation for an answer. But the Indian, still keeping his seat, began to renew his loud shouts of laughter, and exhibit the same horrid grimaces he had shown them before, without vouchsafing a word in reply. Vathek, no longer able to brook such insolence, immediately kicked him from the steps ; instantly descending, repeated his blow, and persisted with such assiduity as incited all who were present to follow his example. Every foot was aimed at the Indian, and no sooner had any one given him a kick than he felt himself constrained to reiterate the stroke.

The stranger afforded them no small entertainment ; for, being both short and plump, he collected himself into a ball, and rolled round on all sides at the blows of his assailants, who pressed after him wherever he turned with an eagerness beyond conception, whilst their numbers were every moment increasing. The ball, indeed, in passing from one apartment to another, drew every person after it that came in its way, insomuch that the whole palace was thrown into confusion and resounded with a tremendous clamor. The women of the harem, amazed at the uproar, flew to their blinds to discover the cause ; but no sooner did they catch a glimpse of the ball than, feeling themselves unable to refrain, they broke from the clutches of their eunuchs, who to stop their flight pinched them till they bled, but in vain ; whilst themselves, though trembling with terror at the escape of their charge, were as incapable of resisting the attraction.

The Indian, after having traversed the halls, galleries,

chambers, kitchens, gardens, and stables of the palace, at last took his course through the courts; whilst the Caliph, pursuing him closer than the rest, bestowed as many kicks as he possibly could, yet not without receiving now and then one, which his competitors in their eagerness designed for the ball.

Carathis, Morakanabad, and two or three old viziers, whose wisdom had hitherto withstood the attraction, wishing to prevent Vathek from exposing himself in the presence of his subjects, fell down in his way to impede the pursuit; but he, regardless of their obstruction, leaped over their heads and went on as before. They then ordered the Muezzins to call the people to prayers, both for the sake of getting them out of the way, and of endeavoring by their petitions to avert the calamity; but neither of these expedients was a whit more successful; the sight of this fatal ball was alone sufficient to draw after it every beholder. The Muezzins themselves, though they saw it but at a distance, hastened down from their minarets and mixed with the crowd, which continued to increase in so surprising a manner that scarce an inhabitant was left in Samarah, except the aged, the sick confined to their beds, and infants at the breast, whose nurses could run more nimbly without them. Even Carathis, Morakanabad, and the rest were all become of the party.

The shrill screams of the females, who had broken from their apartments and were unable to extricate themselves from the pressure of the crowd, together with those of the eunuchs jostling after them, terrified lest their charge should escape from their sight, increased by the execrations of husbands urging forward and menacing both, kicks given and received, stumblings and overthrows at every step,—in a word, the confusion that universally prevailed rendered Samarah like a city taken by storm and devoted to absolute plunder.

At last the cursed Indian, who still preserved his rotundity of figure, after passing through all the streets and public places, and leaving them empty, rolled onwards to the plain of Catoul, and traversed the valley at the foot of the mountain of the Four Fountains.

As a continual fall of water had excavated an immense gulf in the valley, whose opposite side was closed in by a steep acclivity, the Caliph and his attendants were apprehensive lest the ball should bound into the chasm, and, to prevent it, redoubled their efforts, but in vain. The Indian persevered in

his onward direction, and, as had been apprehended, glancing from the precipice with the rapidity of lightning, was lost in the gulf below.

Vathek would have followed the perfidious Giaour, had not an invisible agency arrested his progress. The multitude that pressed after him were at once checked in the same manner, and a calm instantaneously ensued. They all gazed at each other with an air of astonishment; and, notwithstanding that the loss of veils and turbans, together with torn habits and dust blended with sweat, presented a most laughable spectacle, there was not one smile to be seen; on the contrary all, with looks of confusion and sadness, returned in silence to Samarah and retired to their inmost apartments, without ever reflecting that they had been impelled by an invisible power into the extravagance for which they reproached themselves; for it is but just that men, who so often arrogate to their own merit the good of which they are but instruments, should attribute to themselves the absurdities which they could not prevent.

The Caliph was the only person that refused to leave the valley. He commanded his tents to be pitched there, and stationed himself on the very edge of the precipice, in spite of the representations of Carathis and Morakanabad, who pointed out the hazard of its brink giving way, and the vicinity to the Magician that had so severely tormented him. Vathek derided all their remonstrances, and, having ordered a thousand flambeaux to be lighted, and directed his attendants to proceed in lighting more, lay down on the slippery margin and attempted, by help of this artificial splendor, to look through that gloom which all the fires of the empyrean had been insufficient to pervade. One while he fancied to himself voices arising from the depth of the gulf; at another he seemed to distinguish the accents of the Indian, but all was no more than the hollow murmur of waters, and the din of the cataracts that rushed from steep to steep down the sides of the mountain.

Having passed the night in this cruel perturbation, the Caliph at daybreak retired to his tent, where, without taking the least sustenance, he continued to doze till the dusk of evening began again to come on. He then resumed his vigils as before, and persevered in observing them for many nights together. At length, fatigued with so successful an employment, he sought relief from change. To this end he sometimes paced with hasty strides across the plain, and, as he wildly

gazed at the stars, reproached them with having deceived him ; but lo ! on a sudden the clear blue sky appeared streaked over with streams of blood, which reached from the valley even to the city of Samarah. As this awful phenomenon seemed to touch his tower, Vathek at first thought of repairing thither to view it more distinctly ; but feeling himself unable to advance, and being overcome with apprehension, he muffled up his face in his robe.

Terrifying as these prodigies were, this impression upon him was no more than momentary, and served only to stimulate his love of the marvelous. Instead therefore of returning to his palace, he persisted in the resolution of abiding where the Indian vanished from his view. One night, however, while he was walking as usual on the plain, the moon and the stars at once were eclipsed, and a total darkness ensued ; the earth trembled beneath him, and a voice came forth, the voice of the Giaour, who, in accents more sonorous than thunder, thus addressed him : “ Wouldest thou devote thyself to me ? Adore then the terrestrial influences, and abjure Mahomet. On these conditions I will bring thee to the palace of subterranean fire ; there shalt thou behold in immense depositories the treasures which the stars have promised thee, and which will be conferred by those Intelligences whom thou shalt thus render propitious. It was from thence I brought my sabers, and it is there that Soliman Ben Daoud reposes, surrounded by the talismans that control the world.”

The astonished Caliph trembled as he answered, yet in a style that showed him to be no novice in preternatural adventures : “ Where art thou ? be present to my eyes ; dissipate the gloom that perplexes me and of which I deem thee the causes after the many flambeaux I have burnt to discover thee, thou mayst at least grant a glimpse of thy horrible visage.”

“ Abjure then Mahomet,” replied the Indian, “ and promise me full proofs of thy sincerity ; otherwise thou shalt never behold me again.”

The unhappy Caliph, instigated by insatiable curiosity, lavished his promises in the utmost profusion. The sky immediately brightened ; and by the light of the planets, which seemed almost to blaze, Vathek beheld the earth open, and at the extremity of a vast black chasm a portal of ebony, before which stood the Indian, still blacker, holding in his hand a golden key that caused the lock to resound.

"How," cried Vathek, "can I descend to thee without the certainty of breaking my neck? come take me, and instantly open the portal."

"Not so fast," replied the Indian, "impatient Caliph! Know that I am parched with thirst, and cannot open this door till my thirst be thoroughly appeased. I require the blood of fifty of the most beautiful sons of thy viziers and great men, or neither can my thirst nor thy curiosity be satisfied. Return to Samarah, procure for me this necessary libation, come back hither, throw it thyself into this chasm, and then shalt thou see!"

Having thus spoken, the Indian turned his back on the Caliph, who, incited by the suggestion of demons, resolved on the direful sacrifice. He now pretended to have regained his tranquillity, and set out for Samarah amidst the acclamations of a people who still loved him, and forbore not to rejoice when they believed him to have recovered his reason. So successfully did he conceal the emotion of his heart, that even Carathis and Morakanabad were equally deceived with the rest. Nothing was heard of but festivals and rejoicings; the ball, which no tongue had hitherto ventured to mention, was again brought on the tapis; a general laugh went round, though many, still smarting under the hands of the surgeon from the hurts received in that memorable adventure, had no great reason for mirth.

The prevalence of this gay humor was not a little grateful to Vathek, as perceiving how much it conduced to his project. He put on the appearance of affability to every one, but especially to his viziers, and the grandees of his court, whom he failed not to regale with a sumptuous banquet, during which he insensibly inclined the conversation to the children of his guests. Having asked with a good-natured air who of them were blessed with the handsomest boys, every father at once asserted the pretensions of his own, and the contest imperceptibly grew so warm that nothing could have witholden them from coming to blows but their profound reverence for the person of the Caliph. Under the pretense, therefore, of reconciling the disputants, Vathek took upon him to decide, and with this view commanded the boys to be brought.

It was not long before a troop of these poor children made their appearance, all equipped by their fond mothers with such ornaments as might give the greatest relief to their beauty, or

most advantageously display the graces of their age. But whilst this brilliant assemblage attracted the eyes and hearts of every one besides, the Caliph scrutinized each in his turn with a malignant avidity that passed for attention, and selected from their number the fifty whom he judged the Giaour would prefer.

With an equal show of kindness as before, he proposed to celebrate a festival on the plain for the entertainment of his young favorites, who he said ought to rejoice still more than all at the restoration of his health, on account of the favors he intended for them.

The Caliph's proposal was received with the greatest delight, and soon published through Samarah; litters, camels, and horses were prepared. Women and children, old men and young, every one placed himself in the station he chose. The cavalcade set forward, attended by all the confectioners in the city and its precincts; the populace following on foot composed an amazing crowd, and occasioned no little noise; all was joy, nor did any one call to mind what most of them had suffered when they first traveled the road they were now passing so gayly.

The evening was serene, the air refreshing, the sky clear, and the flowers exhaled their fragrance; the beams of the declining sun, whose mild splendor reposed on the summit of the mountain, shed a glow of ruddy light over its green declivity and the white flocks sporting upon it; no sounds were audible, save the murmurs of the Four Fountains, and the reeds and voices of shepherds, calling to each other from different eminences.

The lovely innocents proceeding to the destined sacrifice added not a little to the hilarity of the scene; they approached the plain full of sportiveness, some coursing butterflies, others culling flowers, or picking up the shining little pebbles that attracted their notice. At intervals they nimbly started from each other, for the sake of being caught again and mutually imparting a thousand caresses.

The dreadful chasm, at whose bottom the portal of ebony was placed, began to appear at a distance; it looked like a black streak that divided the plain. Morakanabad and his companions took it for some work which the Caliph had ordered; unhappy men! little did they surmise for what it was destined.

Vathek, not liking they should examine it too nearly, stopped the procession, and ordered a spacious circle to be formed on this side, at some distance from the accursed chasm. The bodyguard of eunuchs was detached to measure out the lists intended for the games, and prepare ringles for the lines to keep off the crowd. The fifty competitors were soon stripped, and presented to the admiration of the spectators the suppleness and grace of their delicate limbs; their eyes sparkled with a joy which those of their fond parents reflected. Every one offered wishes for the little candidate nearest his heart, and doubted not of his being victorious; a breathless suspense awaited the contest of these amiable and innocent victims.

The Caliph, availing himself of the first moment to retire from the crowd, advanced towards the chasm, and there heard, yet not without shuddering, the voice of the Indian, who, gnashing his teeth, eagerly demanded: "Where are they? where are they? perceivest thou not how my mouth waters?"

"Relentless Giaour!" answered Vathek, with emotion, "can nothing content thee but the massacre of these lovely victims? Ah! wert thou to behold their beauty it must certainly move thy compassion."

"Perdition on thy compassion, babbler!" cried the Indian. "Give them me, instantly give them, or my portal shall be closed against thee forever!"

"Not so loudly," replied the Caliph, blushing.

"I understand thee," returned the Giaour, with the grin of an ogre; "thou wantest to summon up more presence of mind; I will for a moment forbear."

During this exquisite dialogue the games went forward with all alacrity, and at length concluded just as the twilight began to overcast the mountains. Vathek, who was still standing on the edge of the chasm, called out, with all his might: "Let my fifty little favorites approach me separately, and let them come in the order of their success. To the first I will give my diamond bracelet, to the second my collar of emeralds, to the third my aigret of rubies, to the fourth my girdle of topazes, and to the rest each a part of my dress, even down to my slippers."

This declaration was received with reiterated acclamations, and all extolled the liberality of a Prince who would thus strip himself for the amusement of his subjects and the encouragement of the rising generation.

The Caliph in the mean while undressed himself by degrees,

and, raising his arm as high as he was able, made each of the prizes glitter in the air; but whilst he delivered it with one hand to the child, who sprang forward to receive it, he with the other pushed the poor innocent into the gulf, where the Giaour with a sullen muttering incessantly repeated, "More! more!"

This dreadful device was executed with so much dexterity that the boy who was approaching him remained unconscious of the fate of his forerunner; and as to spectators, the shades of evening, together with their distance, precluded them from perceiving any object distinctly. Vathek, having in this manner thrown in the last of the fifty, and expecting that the Giaour, on receiving them would have presented the key, already fancied himself as great as Soliman, and consequently above being amenable for what he had done: when, to his utter amazement, the chasm closed, and the ground became as entire as the rest of the plain.

No language could express his rage and despair. He execrated the perfidy of the Indian, loaded him with the most infamous invectives, and stamped with his foot as resolving to be heard; he persisted in this demeanor till his strength failed him, and then fell on the earth like one void of sense. His viziers and grandees, who were nearer than the rest, supposed him at first to be sitting on the grass at play with their amiable children; but at length prompted by doubt, they advanced towards the spot and found the Caliph alone, who wildly demanded what they wanted.

"Our children! our children!" cried they.

"It is assuredly pleasant," said he, "to make me accountable for accidents; your children while at play fell from the precipice that was here, and I should have experienced their fate had I not been saved by a sudden start back."

At these words the fathers of the fifty boys cried out aloud, the mothers repeated their exclamations an octave higher, whilst the rest, without knowing the cause, soon drowned the voices of both with still louder lamentations of their own.

"Our Caliph," said they, and the report soon circulated, "Our Caliph has played us this trick to gratify his accursed Giaour. Let us punish him for his perfidy! let us avenge ourselves! let us avenge the blood of the innocent! let us throw this cruel Prince into the gulf that is near, and let his name be mentioned no more!"

At this rumor and these menaces, Carathis, full of consternation, hastened to Morakanabad and said: "Vizier, you have lost two beautiful boys, and must necessarily be the most afflicted of fathers; but you are virtuous, save your master."

"I will brave every hazard," replied the vizier, "to rescue him from his present danger, but afterwards will abandon him to his fate. Bababalouk," continued he, "put yourself at the head of your eunuchs, disperse the mob, and, if possible, bring back this unhappy Prince to his palace." Bababalouk and his fraternity, felicitating each other in a low voice on their disability of ever being fathers, obeyed the mandate of the vizier; who, seconding their exertions to the utmost of his power, at length accomplished his generous enterprise, and retired as he resolved, to lament at his leisure.

No sooner had the Caliph reëntered his palace than Carathis commanded the doors to be fastened; but perceiving the tumult to be still violent, and hearing the imprecations which resounded from all quarters, she said to her son: "Whether the populace be right or wrong, it behooves you to provide for your safety; let us retire to your own apartment, and from thence through the subterranean passage, known only to ourselves, into your tower; there, with the assistance of the mutes who never leave it, we may be able to make some resistance. Bababalouk, supposing us to be still in the palace, will guard its avenues for his own sake; and we shall soon find, without the counsels of that blubberer Morakanabad, what expedient may be best to adopt."

Vathek, without making the least reply, acquiesced in his mother's proposal, and repeated as he went: "Nefarious Giaour! where art thou? hast thou not yet devoured those poor children? where are thy sabers? thy golden key? thy talismans?"

Carathis, who guessed from these interrogations a part of the truth, had no difficulty to apprehend in getting at the whole, as soon as he should be a little composed in his tower. She said to her son: "This Giaour, it must be confessed, is somewhat sanguinary in his taste, but the terrestrial powers are always terrible; nevertheless, what the one hath promised and the others can confer will prove a sufficient indemnification; no crimes should be thought too dear for such a reward; forbear then to revile the Indian; you have not fulfilled the conditions to which his services are annexed; for instance, is not a sacri-

fice to the subterranean Genii required ? and should we not be prepared to offer it as soon as the tumult is subsided ? This charge I will take on myself, and have no doubt of succeeding by means of your treasures, which, as there are now so many others in store, may without fear be exhausted."

Accordingly the Princess, who possessed the most consummate skill in the art of persuasion, went immediately back through the subterranean passage ; and presenting herself to the populace from a window of the palace, began to harangue them with all the address of which she was mistress, whilst Bababalouk showered money from both hands amongst the crowd, who by these united means were soon appeased.



WILLIAM BLAKE'S POEMS.

[WILLIAM BLAKE, English artist and poet, was born in London, November 28, 1757. He became an illustrator, engraver, print-seller, and Royal Academician, and wrote many volumes of poetry illustrated by himself. He was a child-like mystic, who believed himself inspired by spirits. He published : "Poetical Sketches" (1783), "Songs of Innocence" and "Prophetic Books" (1789), "Marriage of Heaven and Hell" (1790), "Songs of Experience" and "Book of Orizen" (1794), "Book of Los" (1795), "Book of Aharia" (1795), "Jerusalem" and "Milton" (1804), etc. He died August 12, 1827.]

THE MENTAL TRAVELER.

I TRAVELED through a land of men
A land of men and women too;
And heard and saw such dreadful things
As cold earth wanderers never knew.

For there the babe is born in joy
That was begotten in dire woe;
Just as we reap in joy the fruit
Which we in bitter tears did sow.

And if the babe is born a boy,
He's given to a woman old,
Who nails him down upon a rock,
Catches his shrieks in cups of gold.

She binds iron thorns around his head
She pierces both his hands and feet,

She cuts his heart out at his side,
To make it feel both cold and heat.

Her fingers number every nerve
Just as a miser counts his gold;
She lives upon his shrieks and cries,
And she grows young as he grows old.

Till he becomes a bleeding youth,
And she becomes a virgin bright;
Then he rends up his manacles,
And binds her down for his delight.

He plants himself in all her nerves
Just as a husbandman his mold,
And she becomes his dwelling place
And garden fruitful seventyfold.

An aged shadow soon he fades,
Wandering round an earthly cot,
Full-fillèd all with gems and gold
Which he by industry had got.

And these are the gems of the human soul,
The rubies and pearls of a lovesick eye,
The countless gold of the aching heart,
The martyr's groan and the lover's sigh.

They are his meat, they are his drink;
He feeds the beggar and the poor;
To the wayfaring traveler
Forever open is his door.

His grief is their eternal joy,
They make the roofs and walls to ring;
Till from the fire upon the hearth
A little female babe doth spring.

And she is all of solid fire
And gems and gold, that none his hand
Dares stretch to touch her baby form,
Or wrap her in his swaddling band.

But she comes to the man she loves,
If young or old or rich or poor;
They soon drive out the aged host,
A beggar at another's door.

He wanders weeping far away,
Until some other take him in;
Oft blind and age-bent, sore distressed,
Until he can a maiden win.

And, to allay his freezing age,
The poor man takes her in his arms;
The cottage fades before his sight,
The garden and its lovely charms.

The guests are scattered through the land;
For the eye altering alters all;
The senses roll themselves in fear,
And the flat earth becomes a ball.

The stars, sun, moon, all shrink away,
A desert vast without a bound,
And nothing left to eat or drink,
And a dark desert all around.

The honey of her infant lips,
The bread and wine of her sweet smile,
The wild game of her roving eye,
Do him to infancy beguile.

For as he eats and drinks he grows
Younger and younger every day,
And on the desert wild they both
Wander in terror and dismay.

Like the wild stag she flees away;
Her fear plants many a thicket wild,
While he pursues her night and day,
By various arts of love beguiled;

By various arts of love and hate,
Till the wild desert's planted o'er
With labyrinths of wayward love,
Where roam the lion, wolf, and boar.

Till he becomes a wayward babe,
And she a weeping woman old;
Then many a lover wanders here,
The sun and stars are nearer rolled;

The trees bring forth sweet ecstasy
To all who in the desert roam;

Till many a city there is built,
And many a pleasant shepherd's home.

But, when they find the frowning babe,
Terror strikes through the region wide:
They cry — "The babe — the babe is born!"
And flee away on every side.

For who dare touch the frowning form,
His arm is withered to its root:
Bears, lions, wolves, all howling flee,
And every tree doth shed its fruit.

And none can touch that frowning form
Except it be a woman old;
She nails him down upon the rock,
And all is done as I have told.

THE HUMAN ABSTRACT.

Pity would be no more
If we did not make somebody poor,
And Mercy no more could be
If all were as happy as we.

And mutual fear brings Peace,
Till the selfish loves increase;
Then Cruelty knits a snare,
And spreads his baits with care.

He sits down with holy fears,
And waters the ground with tears;
Then Humility takes its root
Underneath his foot.

Soon spreads the dismal shade
Of Mystery over his head,
And the caterpillar and fly
Feed on the Mystery.

And it bears the fruit of Deceit,
Ruddy and sweet to eat,
And the raven his nest has made
In its thickest shade.

The gods of the earth and sea
Sought through nature to find this tree,

But their search was all in vain :
There grows one in the human Brain.

SEED SOWING.

"Thou hast a lapful of seed,
And this is a fair country.
Why dost thou not cast thy seed,
And live in it merrily ? "

"Shall I cast it on the sand,
And turn it into fruitful land ?
For on no other ground can I sow my seed
Without tearing up some stinking weed."

THE TIGER.

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry ?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes ?
On what wings dare he aspire ?
What the hand dare seize the fire ?

And what shoulder and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart ?
And, when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand and what dread feet ?

What the hammer ? what the chain ?
In what furnace was thy brain ?
What the anvil ? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp ?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile his work to see ?
Did He who made the lamb make thee ?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry ?

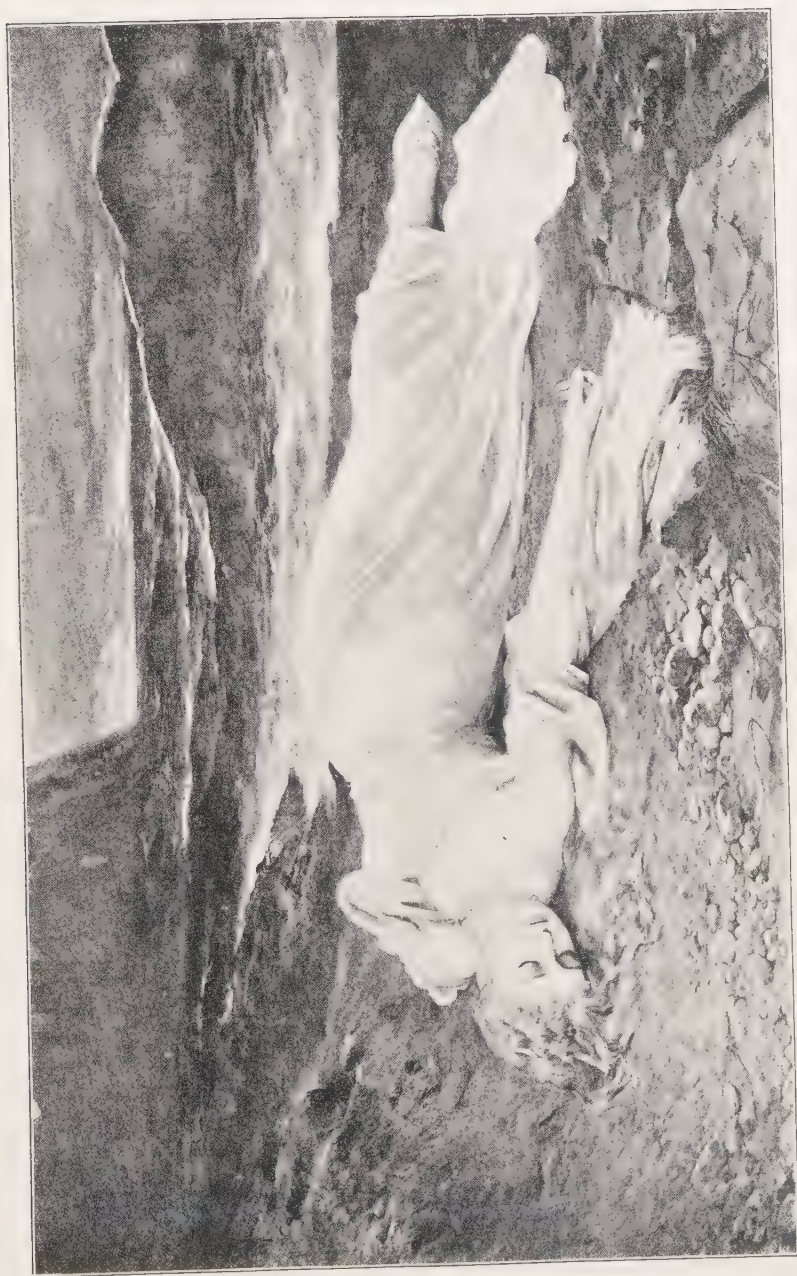
THE SHIPWRECK AND VIRGINIA'S DEATH.

By BERNARDIN DE SAINT PIERRE.

(From "Paul and Virginia.")

[JACQUES HENRI BERNARDIN SAINT PIERRE, the author of "Paul and Virginia," was born at Havre, January 19, 1737; died at Éragny, near Pontoise, January 21, 1814. His education was irregular, and though he wished to become a missionary he was forced by circumstances to take up the life of an engineer, which he later abandoned to devote himself to literature. He was eccentric, melancholy, and sentimental, and though he wrote much that is good, his only work of genius was "Paul and Virginia" (1788). His other works are: "Voyage à l'île de France" (1773), "Études de la Nature" (3 vols., 1784), "Vœux d'un Solitaire" (1789), and "La Chaumière Indienne" (1791).]

ONE morning, at break of day (it was the 24th December, 1744), Paul when he arose perceived a white flag hoisted upon the Mountain of Discovery. This flag he knew to be the signal of a vessel descried at sea. He instantly flew to the town to learn if this vessel brought any tidings of Virginia, and waited there till the return of the pilot, who was gone, according to custom, to board the ship. The pilot did not return till the evening, when he brought the Governor information that the signaled vessel was the "Saint-Geran," of seven hundred tons' burthen, and commanded by a captain of the name of Aubin; that she was now four leagues out at sea, but would probably anchor at Port Louis the following afternoon, if the wind became fair: at present there was a calm. The pilot then handed to the Governor a number of letters which the "Saint-Geran" had brought from France, among which was one addressed to Madame de la Tour, in the handwriting of Virginia. Paul seized upon the letter, kissed it with transport, and, placing it in his bosom, flew to the plantation. No sooner did he perceive from a distance the family, who were awaiting his return upon the Rock of Adieus, then he waved the letter aloft in the air, without being able to utter a word. No sooner was the seal broken, than they all crowded round Madame de la Tour, to hear the letter read. Virginia informed her mother that she had experienced much ill usage from her aunt, who, after having in vain urged her to a marriage against her inclination, had disinherited her, and had sent her back at a time when she would probably reach the Mauritius during the hurricane season. In vain, she added, had she endeavored



THE CORPSE OF VIRGINIA

to soften her aunt, by representing what she owed to her mother, and to her early habits: she was treated as a romantic girl, whose head had been turned by novels. She could now only think of the joy of again seeing and embracing her beloved family, and would have gratified her ardent desire at once by landing in the pilot's boat, if the captain had allowed her; but that he had objected, on account of the distance, and of a heavy swell, which, notwithstanding the calm, reigned in the open sea.

As soon as the letter was finished, the whole of the family, transported with joy, repeatedly exclaimed, "Virginia is arrived!" and mistresses and servants embraced each other. Madame de la Tour said to Paul, "My son, go and inform our neighbor of Virginia's arrival." Domingo immediately lighted a torch of bois de ronde, and he and Paul bent their way towards my dwelling.

It was about ten o'clock at night, and I was just going to extinguish my lamp and retire to rest, when I perceived through the palisades round my cottage a light in the woods. Soon after, I heard the voice of Paul calling me. I instantly arose, and had hardly dressed myself, when Paul, almost beside himself, and panting for breath, sprang on my neck, crying: "Come along, come along! Virginia is arrived. Let us go to the port: the vessel will anchor at break of day."

Scarcely had he uttered the words, when we set off. As we were passing through the woods of the Sloping Mountain, and were already on the road which leads from the Shaddock Grove to the port, I heard some one walking behind us. It proved to be a negro, and he was advancing with hasty steps. When he had reached us, I asked him whence he came, and whither he was going with such expedition. He answered: "I come from that part of the island called Golden Dust; and am sent to the port, to inform the Governor that a ship from France has anchored under the Isle of Amber. She is firing guns of distress, for the sea is very rough." Having said this, the man left us, and pursued his journey without any further delay.

I then said to Paul: "Let us go towards the quarter of the Golden Dust, and meet Virginia there. It is not more than three leagues from hence." We accordingly bent our course towards the northern part of the island. The heat was suffocating. The moon had risen, and was surrounded by

three large black circles. A frightful darkness shrouded the sky ; but the frequent flashes of lightning discovered to us long rows of thick and gloomy clouds, hanging very low, and heaped together over the center of the island, being driven in with great rapidity from the ocean, although not a breath of air was perceptible upon the land. As we walked along, we thought we heard peals of thunder ; but on listening more attentively, we perceived that it was the sound of cannon at a distance, repeated by the echoes. These ominous sounds, joined to the tempestuous aspect of the heavens, made me shudder. I had little doubt of their being signals of distress from a ship in danger. In about half an hour the firing ceased, and I found the silence still more appalling than the dismal sounds which had preceded it.

We hastened on without uttering a word, or daring to communicate to each other our mutual apprehensions. At midnight, by great exertion, we arrived at the seashore, in that part of the island called Golden Dust. The billows were breaking against the beach with a horrible noise, covering the rocks and the strand with foam of a dazzling whiteness, blended with sparks of fire. By these phosphoric gleams we distinguished, notwithstanding the darkness, a number of fishing canoes, drawn up high upon the beach.

At the entrance of a wood, a short distance from us, we saw a fire, round which a party of the inhabitants were assembled. We repaired thither, in order to rest ourselves till the morning. While we were seated near this fire, one of the standers-by related, that late in the afternoon he had seen a vessel in the open sea, driven towards the island by the currents ; that the night had hidden it from his view ; and that two hours after sunset he had heard the firing of signal guns of distress, but that the surf was so high that it was impossible to launch a boat to go off to her ; that a short time after, he thought he perceived the glimmering of the watch lights on board the vessel, which he feared, by its having approached so near the coast, had steered between the mainland and the little island of Amber, mistaking the latter for the Point of Endeavor, near which vessels pass in order to gain Port Louis ; and that, if this were the case, which, however, he would not take upon himself to be certain of, the ship, he thought, was in very great danger. Another islander then informed us that he had frequently crossed the channel which separates the Isle of Amber

from the coast, and had sounded it; that the anchorage was very good, and that the ship would there lie as safely as in the best harbor. "I would stake all I am worth upon it," said he, "and if I were on board, I should sleep as sound as on shore." A third bystander declared that it was impossible for the ship to enter that channel, which was scarcely navigable for a boat. He was certain, he said, that he had seen the vessel at anchor beyond the Isle of Amber; so that, if the wind arose in the morning, she could either put to sea or gain the harbor. Other inhabitants gave different opinions upon this subject, which they continued to discuss in the usual desultory manner of the indolent creoles. Paul and I observed a profound silence. We remained on this spot till break of day, but the weather was too hazy to admit of our distinguishing any object at sea, everything being covered with fog. All we could descry to seaward was a dark cloud, which they told us was the Isle of Amber, at the distance of a quarter of a league from the coast. On this gloomy day we could only discern the point of land on which we were standing, and the peaks of some inland mountains which started out occasionally from the midst of the clouds that hung around them.

At about seven in the morning we heard the sound of drums in the woods: it announced the approach of the Governor, Monsieur de la Bourdonnais, who soon after arrived on horseback, at the head of a detachment of soldiers armed with muskets, and a crowd of islanders and negroes. He drew up his soldiers upon the beach, and ordered them to make a general discharge. This was no sooner done than we perceived a glimmering light upon the water, which was instantly followed by the report of a cannon. We judged that the ship was at no great distance, and all ran towards that part whence the light and sound proceeded. We now discerned through the fog the hull and yards of a large vessel. We were so near to her that, notwithstanding the tumult of the waves, we could distinctly hear the whistle of the boatswain and the shouts of the sailors, who cried out three times, *VIVE LE ROI!* this being the cry of the French in extreme danger, as well as in exuberant joy; — as though they wished to call their prince to their aid, or to testify to him that they are prepared to lay down their lives in his service.

As soon as the "Saint-Geran" perceived that we were near enough to render her assistance, she continued to fire guns

regularly at intervals of three minutes. Monsieur de la Bourdonnais caused great fires to be lighted at certain distances upon the strand, and sent to all the inhabitants of the neighborhood in search of provisions, planks, cables, and empty barrels. A number of people soon arrived, accompanied by their negroes loaded with provisions and cordage, which they had brought from the plantations of Golden Dust, from the district of La Flaque, and from the river of the Rampart. One of the most aged of these planters, approaching the Governor, said to him, "We have heard all night hollow noises in the mountain; in the woods, the leaves of the trees are shaken, although there is no wind; the sea birds seek refuge upon the land: it is certain that all these signs announce a hurricane." "Well, my friends," answered the Governor, "we are prepared for it, and no doubt the vessel is also."

Everything, indeed, presaged the near approach of the hurricane. The center of the clouds in the zenith was of a dismal black, while their skirts were tinged with a copper-colored hue. The air resounded with the cries of tropic birds, petrels, frigate birds, and innumerable other sea fowl which, notwithstanding the obscurity of the atmosphere, were seen coming from every point of the horizon to seek for shelter in the island.

Towards nine in the morning we heard in the direction of the ocean the most terrific noise, like the sound of thunder mingled with that of torrents rushing down the steep slopes of lofty mountains. A general cry was heard of "There is the hurricane!"—and the next moment a frightful gust of wind dispelled the fog which covered the Isle of Amber and its channel. The "Saint-Geran" then presented herself to our view, her deck crowded with people, her yards and topmasts lowered down, and her flag half-mast high, moored by four cables at her bow and one at her stern. She had anchored between the Isle of Amber and the mainland, inside the chain of reefs which encircles the island, and which she had passed through in a place where no vessel had ever passed before. She presented her head to the waves that rolled in from the open sea, and as each billow rushed into the narrow strait where she lay, her bow lifted to such a degree as to show her keel; and at the same moment her stern, plunging into the water, disappeared altogether from our sight, as if it were swallowed up by the surges. In this position, driven by the winds and waves towards the

shore, it was equally impossible for her to return by the passage through which she had made her way; or, by cutting her cables, to strand herself upon the beach, from which she was separated by sand banks and reefs of rocks. Every billow which broke upon the coast advanced roaring to the bottom of the bay, throwing up heaps of shingle to the distance of fifty feet upon the land; then, rushing back, laid bare its sandy bed, from which it rolled immense stones, with a hoarse and dismal noise. The sea, swelled by the violence of the wind, rose higher every moment; and the whole channel between this island and the Isle of Amber was soon one vast sheet of white foam, full of yawning pits of black and deep billows. Heaps of this foam, more than six feet high, were piled up at the bottom of the bay; and the winds which swept its surface carried masses of it over the steep sea bank, scattering it upon the land to the distance of half a league. These innumerable white flakes, driven horizontally even to the very foot of the mountains, looked like snow issuing from the bosom of the ocean. The appearance of the horizon portended a lasting tempest: the sky and the water seemed blended together. Thick masses of clouds, of a frightful form, swept across the zenith with the swiftness of birds, while others appeared motionless as rocks. Not a single spot of blue sky could be discerned in the whole firmament; and a pale yellow gleam only lightened up all the objects of the earth, the sea, and the skies.

From the violent rolling of the ship, what we all dreaded happened at last. The cables which held her bow were torn away; she then swung to a single hawser, and was instantly dashed upon the rocks, at the distance of half a cable's length from the shore. A general cry of horror issued from the spectators. Paul rushed forward to throw himself into the sea, when, seizing him by the arm, —

"My son," I exclaimed, "would you perish?" — "Let me go to save her," he cried, "or let me die!"

Seeing that despair had deprived him of reason, Domingo and I, in order to preserve him, fastened a long cord round his waist, and held it fast by the end. Paul then precipitated himself towards the "Saint-Geran," now swimming, and now walking upon the rocks. Sometimes he had hopes of reaching the vessel, which the sea, by the reflux of its waves, had left almost dry, so that you could have walked round it on foot: but suddenly the billows, returning with fresh fury, shrouded

it beneath mountains of water, which then lifted it upright upon its keel. The breakers at the same moment threw the unfortunate Paul far upon the beach, his legs bathed in blood, his bosom wounded, and himself half dead. The moment he had recovered the use of his senses, he arose, and returned with new ardor towards the vessel, the parts of which now yawned asunder from the violent strokes of the billows. The crew then, despairing of their safety, threw themselves in crowds into the sea upon yards, planks, hencoops, tables, and barrels. At this moment we beheld an object which wrung our hearts with grief and pity: a young lady appeared in the stern gallery of the "Saint-Geran," stretching out her arms towards him who was making so many efforts to join her. It was Virginia. She had discovered her lover by his intrepidity. The sight of this amiable girl, exposed to such horrible danger, filled us with unutterable despair. As for Virginia, with a firm and dignified mien she waved her hand, as if bidding us an eternal farewell. All the sailors had flung themselves into the sea, except one, who still remained upon the deck, and who was naked, and strong as Hercules.

This man approached Virginia with respect, and kneeling at her feet, attempted to force her to throw off her clothes; but she repulsed him with modesty, and turned away her head. Then were heard redoubled cries from the spectators, "Save her!—save her!—do not leave her!" But at that moment a mountain billow, of enormous magnitude, engulfed itself between the Isle of Amber and the coast, and menaced the shattered vessel, towards which it rolled bellowing, with its black sides and foaming head.

At this terrible sight the sailor flung himself into the sea, and Virginia, seeing death inevitable, crossed her hands upon her breast, and, raising upwards her serene and beauteous eyes, seemed an angel prepared to take her flight to heaven.

Oh, day of horror! Alas! everything was swallowed up by the relentless billows. The surge threw some of the spectators, whom an impulse of humanity had prompted to advance towards Virginia, far up on the beach, and also the sailor who had endeavored to save her life. This man, who had escaped from almost certain death, kneeling on the sand, exclaimed, "Oh my God! Thou hast saved my life, but I would have given it willingly for that excellent young lady, who persevered in not undressing herself as I had done."

Domingo and I drew the unfortunate Paul to the shore. He was senseless, and blood was flowing from his mouth and ears. The Governor ordered him to be put into the hands of a surgeon, while we, on our part, wandered along the beach, in hopes that the sea would throw up the corpse of Virginia. But the wind having suddenly changed, as it frequently happens during hurricanes, our search was in vain; and we had the grief of thinking that we should not be able to bestow on this sweet and unfortunate girl the last sad duties. We retired from the spot overwhelmed with dismay, and our minds wholly occupied by one cruel loss, although numbers had perished in the wreck. Some of the spectators seemed tempted, from the fatal destiny of this virtuous girl, to doubt the existence of Providence; for there are in life such terrible, such unmerited evils, that even the hope of the wise is sometimes shaken.

In the mean time, Paul, who began to recover his senses, was taken to a house in the neighborhood, till he was in a fit state to be removed to his own home. Thither I bent my way with Domingo, to discharge the melancholy duty of preparing Virginia's mother and her friend for the disastrous event which had happened. When we had reached the entrance of the valley of the river of Fan-Palms, some negroes informed us that the sea had thrown up many pieces of the wreck in the opposite bay. We descended towards it; and one of the first objects which struck my sight upon the beach was the corpse of Virginia. The body was half covered with sand, and preserved the attitude in which we had seen her perish. Her features were not sensibly changed; her eyes were closed, and her countenance was still serene; but the pale purple hues of death were blended on her cheek with the blush of virgin modesty. One of her hands was placed upon her clothes; and the other, which she held on her heart, was fast closed, and so stiffened that it was with difficulty I took from its grasp a small box. How great was my emotion when I saw it contained the picture of Paul which she had promised him never to part with while she lived!

At the sight of this last mark of the fidelity and tenderness of the unfortunate girl, I wept bitterly. As for Domingo, he beat his breast, and pierced the air with his shrieks. With heavy hearts we then carried the body of Virginia to a fisherman's hut, and gave it in charge to some poor Malabar women, who carefully washed away the sand.

THE BROTHERS.

By GEORGE CRABBE.

[GEORGE CRABBE, English poet, was born at Aldeburgh, on the Suffolk sea-board, December 25, 1754. Having failed to establish himself as a physician in his native town, he went up to London to make a trial of literature. After a hard struggle with poverty he obtained the assistance of Burke, and was introduced to Fox, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Lord Thurlow, and the publisher Dodsley, who brought out "The Library" (1781). At Burke's suggestion, Crabbe entered the Church, became domestic chaplain to the Duke of Rutland at Belvoir Castle, and from 1813 until his death, February 3, 1832, was rector of Trowbridge in Wiltshire. His principal works are: "The Village," "The Parish Register," "The Borough," and "Tales of the Hall."]

THAN old *George Fletcher*, on the British coast
Dwelt not a seaman who had more to boast:
Kind, simple, and sincere — he seldom spoke,
But sometimes sang and chorused — "Hearts of oak!"
In dangers steady, with his lot content,
His days in labor and in love were spent.

He left a son so like him, that the old
With joy exclaimed, "'Tis Fletcher we behold;"
But to his brother, when the kinsmen came
And viewed his form, they grudged the father's name.
George was a bold, intrepid, careless lad,
With just the failings that his father had;
Isaac was weak, attentive, slow, exact,
With just the virtues that his father lacked.

George lived at sea: upon the land a guest —
He sought for recreation, not for rest;
While, far unlike, his brother's feeble form
Shrank from the cold, and shuddered at the storm;
Still with the seaman's to connect his trade,
The boy was bound where blocks and ropes were made.

George, strong and sturdy, had a tender mind,
And was to *Isaac* pitiful and kind;
A very father, till his art was gained,
And then a friend unwearied he remained;
He saw his brother was of spirit low,
His temper peevish, and his motions slow;
Not fit to bustle in a world, or make
Friends to his fortune for his merit's sake;
But the kind sailor could not boast the art
Of looking deeply in the human heart;
Else had he seen that this weak brother knew



GEORGE CRABBE

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What men to court — what objects to pursue;
That he to distant gain the way discerned,
And none so crooked but his genius learned.

Isaac was poor, and this the brother felt;
He hired a house, and there the landman dwelt,
Wrought at his trade, and had an easy home,
For there would George with cash and comforts come:
And when they parted, Isaac looked around
Where other friends and helpers might be found.

He wished for some port place, and one might fall,
He wisely thought, if he should try for all;
He had a vote — and were it well applied,
Might have its worth — and he had views beside;
Old Burgess Steel was able to promote
An humble man who served him with a vote;
For Isaac felt not what some tempers feel,
But bowed and bent the neck to Burgess Steel;
And great attention to a lady gave,
His ancient friend, a maiden spare and grave;
One whom the visage long and look demure
Of Isaac pleased — he seemed sedate and pure;
And his soft heart conceived a gentle flame
For her who waited on this virtuous dame:
Not an outrageous love, a scorching fire,
But friendly liking and chastised desire;
And thus he waited, patient in delay,
In present favor and in fortune's way.

George then was coasting — war was yet delayed,
And what he gained was to his brother paid;
Nor asked the seaman what he saved or spent,
But took his grog, wrought hard, and was content;
Till war awaked the land, and George began
To think what part became a useful man:
“Pressed, I must go; why, then, 'tis better far
At once to enter like a British tar,
Than a brave captain and the foe to shun,
As if I feared the music of a gun.”
“Go not!” said Isaac — “you shall wear disguise.”
“What!” said the seaman, “clothe myself with lies!”
“Oh! but there's danger.” — “Danger in the fleet?
You cannot mean, good brother, of defeat;
And other dangers I at land must share —
So now adieu! and trust a brother's care.”

Isaac awhile demurred — but, in his heart,
So might he share, he was disposed to part:

The better mind will sometimes feel the pain
 Of benefactions — favor is a chain ;
 But they the feeling scorn, and what they wish, disdain ; —
 While beings formed in coarser mold will hate
 The helping hand they ought to venerate :
 No wonder George should in this cause prevail,
 With one contending who was glad to fail :
 “Isaac, farewell ! do wipe that doleful eye ;
 Crying we came, and groaning we may die ;
 Let us do something ’twixt the groan and cry :
 And hear me, brother, whether pay or prize,
 One half to thee I give and I devise ;
 For thou hast oft occasion for the aid
 Of learned physicians, and they will be paid ;
 Their wives and children men support at sea,
 And thou, my lad, art wife and child to me :
 Farewell ! I go where hope and honor call,
 Nor does it follow that who fights must fall.”

Isaac here made a poor attempt to speak,
 And a huge tear moved slowly down his cheek ;
 Like Pluto’s iron drop, hard sign of grace,
 It slowly rolled upon the rueful face,
 Forced by the striving will alone its way to trace.

Years fled — war lasted — George at sea remained,
 While the slow landman still his profits gained :
 A humble place was vacant — he besought
 His patron’s interest, and the office caught ;
 For still the virgin was his faithful friend,
 And one so sober could with truth commend,
 Who of his own defects most humbly thought,
 And their advice with zeal and reverence sought :
 Whom thus the mistress praised, the maid approved,
 And her he wedded whom he wisely loved.

No more he needs assistance — but, alas !
 He fears the money will for liquor pass ;
 Or that the seaman might to flatterers lend,
 Or give support to some pretended friend :
 Still he must write — he wrote, and he confessed
 That, till absolved, he should be sore distressed ;
 But one so friendly would, he thought, forgive
 The hasty deed — Heaven knew how he should live ;
 “But you,” he added, “as a man of sense,
 Have well considered danger and expense :
 I ran, alas ! into the fatal snare,
 And now for trouble must my mind prepare ;

And how, with children, I shall pick my way
Through a hard world, is more than I can say :
Then change not, brother, your more happy state,
Or on the hazard long deliberate."

George answered gravely, "It is right and fit,
In all our crosses, humbly to submit :
Your apprehensions are unwise, unjust ;
Forbear repining, and expel distrust."
He added, "Marriage was the joy of life,"
And gave his service to his brother's wife ;
Then vowed to bear in all expense a part,
And thus concluded, "Have a cheerful heart."

Had the glad Isaac been his brother's guide,
In the same terms the seaman had replied ;
At such reproofs the crafty landman smiled,
And softly said, "This creature is a child."

Twice had the gallant ship a capture made—
And when in port the happy crew were paid,
Home went the sailor, with his pockets stored,
Ease to enjoy, and pleasure to afford ;
His time was short, joy shone in every face,
Isaac half fainted in the fond embrace :
The wife resolved her honored guest to please,
The children clung upon their uncle's knees ;
The grog went round, the neighbors drank his health,
And George exclaimed, "Ah ! what to this is wealth ?
Better," said he, "to bear a loving heart,
Than roll in riches — but we now must part !"

All yet is still — but hark ! the winds o'ersweep
The rising waves, and howl upon the deep ;
Ships late becalmed on mountain billows ride —
So life is threatened and so man is tried.

Ill were the tidings that arrived from sea,
The worthy George must now a cripple be :
His leg was lopped ; and though his heart was sound,
Though his brave captain was with glory crowned,
Yet much it vexed him to repose on shore,
An idle log, and be of use no more :
True, he was sure that Isaac would receive
All of his brother that the foe might leave ;
To whom the seaman his design had sent,
Ere from the port the wounded hero went :
His wealth and expectations told, he "knew
Wherein they failed, what Isaac's love would do ;
That he the grog and cabin would supply,

Where George at anchor during life would lie."

The landman read — and, reading grew distressed: —

"Could he resolve t' admit so poor a guest?

Better at Greenwich might the sailor stay,

Unless his purse could for his comforts pay."

So Isaac judged, and to his wife appealed,

But yet acknowledged it was best to yield:

"Perhaps his pension, with what sums remain

Due or unsquandered may the man maintain;

Refuse we must not." — With a heavy sigh

The lady heard, and made her kind reply: —

"Nor would I wish it, Isaac, were we sure

How long this crazy building will endure;

Like an old house, that every day appears

About to fall, he may be propped for years;

For a few months, indeed, we might comply,

But these old battered fellows never die."

The hand of Isaac, George on entering took,

With love and resignation in his look;

Declared his comfort in the fortune past,

And joy to find his anchor safely cast:

"Call then my nephews, let the grog be brought,

And I will tell them how the ship was fought."

Alas! our simple seaman should have known

That all the care, the kindness, he had shown,

Were from his brother's heart, if not his memory, flown:

All swept away, to be perceived no more,

Like idle structures on the sandy shore,

The chance amusement of the playful boy,

That the rude billows in their rage destroy.

Poor George confessed, though loath the truth to find,

Slight was his knowledge of a brother's mind:

The vulgar pipe was to the wife offense,

The frequent grog to Isaac an expense;

Would friends like hers, she questioned, "choose to come

Where clouds of poisoned fume defiled a room?

This could their lady friend, and Burgess Steel

(Teased with his worship's asthma), bear to feel?

Could they associate or converse with him —

A loud, rough sailor with a timber limb?"

Cold as he grew, still Isaac strove to show,

By well-feigned care, that cold he could not grow;

And when he saw his brother look distressed,

He strove some petty comforts to suggest;

On his wife solely their neglect to lay,

And then t' excuse it, is a woman's way ;
He too was chidden when her rules he broke,
And then she sickened at the scent of smoke.

George, though in doubt, was still consoled to find
His brother wishing to be reckoned kind :
That Isaac seemed concerned by his distress,
Gave to his injured feelings some redress ;
But none he found disposed to lend an ear
To stories all were once intent to hear :
Except his nephew, seated on his knee,
He found no creature cared about the sea ;
But George indeed — for George they called the boy,
When his good uncle was their boast and joy —
Would listen long, and would contend with sleep,
To hear the woes and wonders of the deep ;
Till the fond mother cried — "That man will teach
The foolish boy his loud and boisterous speech."
So judged the father — and the boy was taught
To shun the uncle, whom his love had sought.

The mask of kindness now but seldom worn,
George felt each evil harder to be borne ;
And cried (vexation growing day by day),
"Ah! brother Isaac! What! I'm in the way!"
"No! on my credit, look ye, no! but I
Am fond of peace, and my repose would buy
On any terms — in short, we must comply :
My spouse had money — she must have her will —
Ah! brother, marriage is a bitter pill."

George tried the lady — "Sister, I offend."
"Me?" she replied — "Oh no! you may depend
On my regard — but watch your brother's way,
Whom I, like you, must study and obey."

"Ah!" thought the seaman, "what a head was mine,
That easy berth at Greenwich to resign!
I'll to the parish" — but a little pride,
And some affection, put the thought aside.

Now gross neglect and open scorn he bore
In silent sorrow — but he felt the more :
The odious pipe he to the kitchen took,
Or strove to profit by some pious book.

When the mind stoops to this degraded state,
New griefs will darken the dependent's fate ;
"Brother!" said Isaac, "you will sure excuse
The little freedom I'm compelled to use :
My wife's relations — (curse the haughty crew!) —

Affect such niceness, and such dread of you:
 You speak so loud — and they have natures soft —
 Brother — I wish — do go upon the loft!"

Poor George obeyed, and to the garret fled,
 Where not a being saw the tears he shed:
 But more was yet required, for guests were come,
 Who could not dine if he disgraced the room.
 It shocked his spirit to be esteemed unfit
 With an own brother and his wife to sit;
 He grew rebellious — at the vestry spoke
 For weekly aid — they heard it as a joke:
 "So kind a brother, and so wealthy — you
 Apply to us? — No! this will never do:
 Good neighbor Fletcher," said the Overseer,
 "We are engaged — you can have nothing here!"

George muttered something in despairing tone,
 Then sought his loft, to think and grieve alone;
 Neglected, slighted, restless on his bed,
 With heart half broken, and with scraps ill fed;
 Yet was he pleased that hours for play designed
 Were given to ease his ever-troubled mind;
 The child still listened with increasing joy,
 And he was soothed by the attentive boy.

At length he sickened, and his duteous child
 Watched o'er his sickness, and his pains beguiled;
 The mother bade him from the loft refrain,
 But, though with caution, yet he went again;
 And now his tales the sailor feebly told,
 His heart was heavy, and his limbs were cold:
 The tender boy came often to entreat
 His good kind friend would of his presents eat;
 Purloined or purchased, for he saw, with shame,
 The food untouched that to his uncle came;
 Who, sick in body and in mind, received
 The boy's indulgence, gratified and grieved.

"Uncle will die!" said George: — the piteous wife
 Exclaimed, "she saw no value in his life;
 But, sick or well, to my commands attend,
 And go no more to your complaining friend."
 The boy was vexed, he felt his heart reprove
 The stern decree. — What! punished for his love!
 No! he would go, but softly, to the room
 Stealing in silence — for he knew his doom.

Once in a week the father came to say,
 "George, are you ill?" and hurried him away;

Yet to his wife would on their duties dwell,
And often cry, "Do use my brother well:"
And something kind, no question, Isaac meant,
Who took vast credit for the vague intent.

But, truly kind, the gentle boy essayed
To cheer his uncle, firm, although afraid;
But now the father caught him at the door,
And, swearing — yes, the man in office swore,
And cried, "Away! How! brother, I'm surprised
That one so old can be so ill advised:
Let him not dare to visit you again,
Your cursed stories will disturb his brain;
Is it not vile to court a foolish boy
Your own absurd narrations to enjoy?
What! sullen! — ha! George Fletcher! you shall see,
Proud as you are, your bread depends on me!"

He spoke, and, frowning, to his dinner went,
Then cooled and felt some qualms of discontent:
And thought on times when he compelled his son
To hear these stories, nay, to beg for one;
But the wife's wrath o'ercame the brother's pain,
And shame was felt, and conscience rose, in vain.

George yet stole up; he saw his uncle lie
Sick on the bed, and heard his heavy sigh;
So he resolved, before he went to rest,
To comfort one so dear and so distressed;
Then watched his time, but, with a childlike art,
Betrayed a something treasured at his heart:
Th' observant wife remarked, "The boy is grown
So like your brother, that he seems his own:
So close and sullen! and I still suspect
They often meet: — do watch them and detect."

George now remarked that all was still as night,
And hastened up with terror and delight;
"Uncle!" he cried, and softly tapped the door,
"Do let me in" — but he could add no more;
The careful father caught him in the fact,
And cried, "You serpent! is it thus you act?
Back to your mother!" and, with hasty blow,
He sent th' indignant boy to grieve below;
Then at the door an angry speech began —
"Is this your conduct? Is it thus you plan?
Seduce my child, and make my house a scene
Of vile dispute — What is it that you mean?
George, are you dumb? do learn to know your friends,

And think awhile on whom your bread depends.
 What! not a word? be thankful I am cool —
 But, sir, beware, nor longer play the fool.
 Come! brother, come! what is it that you seek
 By this rebellion? — Speak, you villain, speak!
 Weeping, I warrant — sorrow makes you dumb:
 I'll ope your mouth, impostor! if I come:
 Let me approach — I'll shake you from the bed,
 You stubborn dog — Oh God! my brother's dead!"

Timid was Isaac, and in all the past
 He felt a purpose to be kind at last:
 Nor did he mean his brother to depart
 Till he had shown this kindness of his heart:
 But day by day he put the cause aside,
 Induced by av'rice, peevishness, or pride.

But now awakened, from this fatal time
 His conscience Isaac felt, and found his crime:
 He raised to George a monumental stone,
 And there retired to sigh and think alone;
 An ague seized him, he grew pale, and shook —
 "So," said his son, "would my poor uncle look."
 "And so, my child, shall I like him expire."
 "No! you have physic and a cheerful fire."
 "Unhappy sinner! yes, I'm well supplied
 With every comfort my cold heart denied."
 He viewed his brother now, but not as one
 Who vexed his wife by fondness for her son;
 Not as with wooden limb, and seaman's tale,
 The odious pipe, vile grog, or humbler ale:
 He now the worth and grief alone can view
 Of one so mild, so generous, and so true;
 "The frank, kind brother, with such open heart, —
 And I to break it — 'twas a demon's part!"
 So Isaac now, as led by conscience, feels,
 Nor his unkindness palliates or conceals;
 "This is your folly," said his heartless wife:
 "Alas! my folly cost my brother's life;
 It suffered him to languish and decay —
 My gentle brother, whom I could not pay,
 And therefore left to pine, and fret his life away!"

He takes his son, and bids the boy unfold
 All the good uncle of his feelings told,
 All he lamented — and the ready tear
 Falls as he listens, soothed, and grieved to hear.

"Did he not curse me, child?" — "He never cursed,

But could not breathe, and said his heart would burst."
"And so will mine;" — "Then, father, you must pray:
My uncle said it took his pains away."

Repeating thus his sorrows, Isaac shows
That he, repenting, feels the debt he owes,
And from this source alone his every comfort flows.
He takes no joy in office, honors, gain;
They make him humble, nay, they give him pain:
"These from my heart," he cries, "all feeling drove;
They made me cold to nature, dead to love."
He takes no joy in home, but sighing, sees
A son in sorrow, and a wife at ease;
He takes no joy in office — see him now,
And Burgess Steel has but a passing bow;
Of one sad train of gloomy thoughts possessed,
He takes no joy in friends, in food, in rest —
Dark are the evil days, and void of peace the best.
And thus he lives, if living be to sigh,
And from all comforts of the world to fly,
Without a hope in life — without a wish to die.



THE MUTINEERS OF THE "BOUNTY."

(From the story as compiled by Barrow.)

THE MUTINY.

"IN the morning of the 28th April [1789], the north-westernmost of the Friendly Islands, called Tofoa, bearing northeast, I was steering to the westward with a ship in most perfect order, all my plants in a most flourishing condition, all my men and officers in good health; and, in short, everything to flatter and insure my most sanguine expectations. On leaving the deck I gave directions for the course to be steered during the night. The master had the first watch; the gunner, the middle watch; and Mr. Christian, the morning watch. This was the turn of duty for the night.

"Just before sunrising on Tuesday the 28th, while I was yet asleep, Mr. Christian, officer of the watch, Charles Churchill, ship's corporal, John Mills, gunner's mate, and Thomas Burkitt, seaman, came into my cabin, and, seizing me, tied my hands with a cord behind my back, threatening me with instant death

if I spoke or made the least noise. I called, however, as loud as I could, in hopes of assistance; but they had already secured the officers who were not of their party, by placing sentinels at their doors. There were three men at my cabin door, besides the four within; Christian had only a cutlass in his hand, the others had muskets and bayonets. I was hauled out of bed, and forced on deck in my shirt, suffering great pain from the tightness with which they had tied my hands¹ [behind my back, held by Fletcher Christian, and Charles Churchill, with a bayonet at my breast, and two men, Alexander Smith and Thomas Burkitt, behind me, with loaded muskets cocked and bayonets fixed]. I demanded the reason of such violence, but received no other answer than abuse for not holding my tongue. The master, the gunner, Mr. Elphinstone, the master's mate, and Nelson, were kept confined below; and the fore hatchway was guarded by sentinels. The boatswain and carpenter, and also Mr. Samuel the clerk, were allowed to come upon deck, where they saw me standing abaft the mizzen-mast, with my hands tied behind my back, under a guard, with Christian at their head. The boatswain was ordered to hoist the launch out, with a threat, if he did not do it instantly, to take care of himself.

"When the boat was out, Mr. Hayward and Mr. Hallet, two of the midshipmen, and Mr. Samuel, were ordered into it. I demanded what their intention was in giving this order, and endeavored to persuade the people near me not to persist in such acts of violence; but it was to no effect—'Hold your tongue, sir, or you are dead this instant,' was constantly repeated to me."

The master by this time had sent to request that he might come on deck, which was permitted; but he was soon ordered back again to his cabin.

"[When I exerted myself in speaking loud, to try if I could rally any with a sense of duty in them, I was saluted with—'D——n his eyes, the ——, blow his brains out;,' while Christian was threatening me with instant death if I did not hold my tongue.]

"I continued my endeavors to turn the tide of affairs, when Christian changed the cutlass which he had in his hand, for a bayonet that was brought to him, and, holding me with a strong gripe by the cord that tied my hands, he threatened, with many

¹ The words within brackets are in the original dispatch.

oaths, to kill me immediately, if I would not be quiet; the villains round me had their pieces cocked and bayonets fixed. Particular persons were called on to go into the boat, and were hurried over the side; whence I concluded that with these people I was to be set adrift. I therefore made another effort to bring about a change, but with no other effect than to be threatened with having my brains blown out.

"The boatswain and seamen who were to go in the boat were allowed to collect twine, canvas, lines, sails, cordage, and an eight-and-twenty-gallon cask of water; and Mr. Samuel got one hundred and fifty pounds of bread, with a small quantity of rum and wine, also a quadrant and compass; but he was forbidden, on pain of death, to touch either map, ephemeris, book of astronomical observations, sextant, timekeeper, or any of my surveys or drawings.

"The mutineers having forced those of the seamen whom they meant to get rid of into the boat, Christian directed a dram to be served to each of his own crew. I then unhappily saw that nothing could be done to effect the recovery of the ship: there was no one to assist me, and every endeavor on my part was answered with threats of death.

"The officers were next called upon deck, and forced over the side into the boat, while I was kept apart from every one, abaft the mizzenmast; Christian, armed with a bayonet, holding me by the bandage that secured my hands. The guard round me had their pieces cocked; but on my daring the ungrateful wretches to fire, they uncocked them.

"Isaac Martin, one of the guard over me, I saw, had an inclination to assist me, and, as he fed me with shaddock (my lips being quite parched), we explained our wishes to each other by our looks; but this being observed, Martin was removed from me. He then attempted to leave the ship, for which purpose he got into the boat; but with many threats they obliged him to return.

"The armorer, Joseph Coleman, and two of the carpenters, M'Intosh and Norman, were also kept contrary to their inclination; and they begged of me, after I was astern in the boat, to remember that they declared they had no hand in the transaction. Michael Byrne, I am told, likewise wanted to leave the ship.

"It is of no moment for me to recount my endeavors to bring back the offenders to a sense of their duty; all I could do was by speaking to them in general; but it was to no purpose, for

I was kept securely bound, and no one except the guard suffered to come near me.

"To Mr. Samuel (clerk) I am indebted for securing my journals and commission, with some material ship papers. Without these I had nothing to certify what I had done, and my honor and character might have been suspected, without my possessing a proper document to have defended them. All this he did with great resolution, though guarded and strictly watched. He attempted to save the timekeeper, and a box with my surveys, drawings, and remarks for fifteen years past, which were numerous ; when he was hurried away with 'D——n your eyes, you are well off to get what you have.'

"It appeared to me that Christian was sometime in doubt whether he should keep the carpenter or his mates : at length he determined on the latter, and the carpenter was ordered into the boat. He was permitted, but not without some opposition, to take his tool chest.

"Much altercation took place among the mutinous crew during the whole business : some swore, 'I'll be d——d if he does not find his way home, if he gets anything with him ;' and when the carpenter's chest was carrying away, 'D——n my eyes, he will have a vessel built in a month ;' while others laugh at the helpless situation of the boat, being very deep, and so little room for those who were in her. As for Christian, he seemed as if meditating destruction on himself and every one else.

"I asked for arms ; but they laughed at me, and said I was well acquainted with the people among whom I was going, and therefore did not want them ; four cutlasses, however, were thrown into the boat after we were veered astern.

"The officers and men being in the boat, they only waited for me, of which the master at arms informed Christian ; who then said, 'Come, Captain Bligh, your officers and men are now in the boat, and you must go with them ; if you attempt to make the least resistance, you will instantly be put to death ;' and, without further ceremony, with a tribe of armed ruffians about me, I was forced over the side, when they untied my hands. Being in the boat, we were veered astern by a rope. A few pieces of pork were thrown to us, and some clothes, also the cutlasses I have already mentioned ; and it was then that the armorer and carpenters called out to me to remember that they had no hand in the transaction. After having undergone a great deal of ridicule, and been kept for some time to make

sport for these unfeeling wretches, we were at length cast adrift in the open ocean."

THE OPEN-BOAT NAVIGATION.

Christian had intended to send away his captain and associates in the cutter, and ordered that it should be hoisted out for that purpose, which was done: a small wretched boat, that could hold but eight or ten men at the most, with a very small additional weight; and what was still worse, she was so worm-eaten and decayed, especially in the bottom planks, that the probability was, she would have gone down before she had proceeded a mile from the ship. In this "rotten carcass of a boat," not unlike that into which Prospero and his lovely daughter were "hoist,"

not rigged,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it,

did Christian intend to cast adrift his late commander and his eighteen innocent companions, or as many of them as she would stow, to find, as they inevitably must have found, a watery grave. But the remonstrances of the master, boatswain, and carpenter prevailed on him to let those unfortunate men have the launch, into which nineteen persons were thrust, whose weight, together with that of the few articles they were permitted to take, brought down the boat so near to the water as to endanger her sinking with but a moderate swell of the sea; and, to all human appearance, in no state to survive the length of voyage they were destined to perform over the wide ocean, but which they did most miraculously survive.

The first consideration of Lieutenant Bligh and his eighteen unfortunate companions, on being cast adrift in their open boat, was to examine the state of their resources. The quantity of provisions which they found to have been thrown into the boat by some few kind-hearted messmates, amounted to one hundred and fifty pounds of bread, sixteen pieces of pork, each weighing two pounds, six quarts of rum, six bottles of wine, with twenty-eight gallons of water, and four empty barricoes. Being so near to the island of Tofoa, it was resolved to seek there a supply of breadfruit and water, to preserve, if possible, the above-mentioned stock entire; but after

rowing along the coast, they discovered only some cocoanut trees on the top of high precipices, from which, with much danger, owing to the surf, and great difficulty in climbing the cliffs, they succeeded in obtaining about twenty nuts. The second day they made excursions into the island, but without success. They met, however, with a few natives, who came down with them to the cove where the boat was lying; and others presently followed. They made inquiries after the ship, and Bligh unfortunately advised they should say that the ship had overset and sunk, and that they only were saved. The story might be innocent, but it was certainly indiscreet to put the people in possession of their defenseless situation; however, they brought in small quantities of breadfruit, plantains, and cocoanuts, but little or no water could be procured. These supplies, scanty as they were, served to keep up the spirits of the men: "they no longer," says Bligh, "regarded me with those anxious looks, which had constantly been directed towards me, since we lost sight of the ship: every countenance appeared to have a degree of cheerfulness, and they all seemed determined to do their best."

The numbers of the natives having so much increased as to line the whole beach, they began knocking stones together, which was known to be the preparatory signal for an attack. With some difficulty on account of the surf, the seamen succeeded in getting the things that were on shore into the boat, together with all the men, except John Norton, quartermaster, who was casting off the stern-fast. The natives immediately rushed upon this poor man, and actually stoned him to death. A volley of stones was also discharged at the boat, and every one in it was more or less hurt. This induced the people to push out to sea with all the speed they were able to give to the launch; but, to their surprise and alarm, several canoes, filled with stones, followed close after them and renewed the attack; against which, the only return the unfortunate men in the boat could make, was with the stones of the assailants that lodged in her; a species of warfare in which they were very inferior to the Indians. The only expedient left was to tempt the enemy to desist from the pursuit, by throwing overboard some clothes, which fortunately induced the canoes to stop and pick them up; and night coming on, they returned to the shore, leaving the party in the boat to reflect on their unhappy situation.

The men now entreated their commander to take them

towards home; and on being told that no hope of relief could be entertained till they reached Timor, a distance of full twelve hundred leagues, they all readily agreed to be content with an allowance, which, on calculation of their resources, the commander informed them would not exceed one ounce of bread, and a quarter of a pint of water, per day. Recommending them, therefore, in the most solemn manner, not to depart from their promise in this respect, "we bore away," says Bligh, "across a sea where the navigation is but little known, in a small boat twenty-three feet long from stem to stern, deeply laden with eighteen men. I was happy, however, to see that every one seemed better satisfied with our situation than myself. It was about eight o'clock at night on the 2d May, when we bore away under a reefed lug foresail; and having divided the people into watches, and got the boat into a little order, we returned thanks to God for our miraculous preservation; and, in full confidence of his gracious support, I found my mind more at ease than it had been for some time past."

At daybreak on the 3d, the forlorn and almost hopeless navigators saw with alarm the sun to rise fiery and red,—a sure indication of a severe gale of wind; and, accordingly, at eight o'clock it blew a violent storm, and the sea ran so very high that the sail was becalmed when between the seas, and too much to have set when on the top of the sea; yet it is stated that they could not venture to take it in, as they were in very imminent danger and distress, the sea curling over the stern of the boat, and obliging them to bale with all their might. "A situation," observes the commander, "more distressing has, perhaps, seldom been experienced."

The bread, being in bags, was in the greatest danger of being spoiled by the wet, the consequence of which, if not prevented, must have been fatal, as the whole party would inevitably be starved to death, if they should fortunately escape the fury of the waves. It was determined, therefore, that all superfluous clothes, with some rope and spare sails, should be thrown overboard, by which the boat was considerably lightened. The carpenter's tool chest was cleared, and the tools stowed in the bottom of the boat, and the bread secured in the chest. All the people being thoroughly wet and cold, a teaspoonful of rum was served out to each person, with a quarter of a breadfruit, which is stated to have been scarcely eatable, for dinner. Bligh having determined to preserve sacredly, and

at the peril of his life, the engagement they entered into, and to make their small stock of provisions last eight weeks, let the daily proportion be ever so small.

The sea continuing to run even higher than in the morning, the fatigue of baling became very great; the boat was necessarily kept before the sea. The men were constantly wet, the night very cold, and at daylight their limbs were so benumbed that they could scarcely find the use of them. At this time a teaspoonful of rum served out to each person was found of great benefit to all. Five small cocoanuts were distributed for dinner, and every one was satisfied; and in the evening, a few broken pieces of breadfruit were served for supper, after which prayers were performed.

On the night of the 4th and morning of the 5th the gale had abated: the first step to be taken was to examine the state of the bread, a great part of which was found to be damaged and rotten—but even this was carefully preserved for use. The boat was now running among some islands, but, after their reception at Tofoa, they did not venture to land. On the 6th, they still continued to see islands at a distance; and this day, for the first time, they hooked a fish, to their great joy; "but," says the commander, "we were miserably disappointed by its being lost in trying to get it into the boat." In the evening each person had an ounce of the damaged bread, and a quarter of a pint of water, for supper.

Lieutenant Bligh observes, "It will readily be supposed our lodgings were very miserable, and confined for want of room;" but he endeavored to remedy the latter defect by putting themselves at watch and watch; so that one half always sat up, while the other lay down on the boat's bottom or upon a chest, but with nothing to cover them except the heavens. Their limbs, he says, were dreadfully cramped, for they could not stretch them out; and the nights were so cold, and they were so constantly wet, that, after a few hours' sleep, they were scarcely able to move. At dawn of day on the 7th, being very wet and cold, he says, "I served a spoonful of rum and a morsel of bread for breakfast."

In the course of this day they passed close to some rocky isles, from which two large sailing canoes came swiftly after them, but in the afternoon gave over the chase. They were of the same construction as those of the Friendly Islands, and the land seen for the last two days was supposed to be the Fejee

Islands. But being constantly wet, Bligh says, "It is with the utmost difficulty I can open a book to write; and I feel truly sensible I can do no more than point out where these lands are to be found, and give some idea of their extent." Heavy rain came on in the afternoon, when every person in the boat did his utmost to catch some water, and thus succeeded in increasing their stock to thirty-four gallons, besides quenching their thirst for the first time they had been able to do so since they had been at sea: but it seems an attendant consequence of the heavy rain caused them to pass the night very miserably; for being extremely wet, and having no dry things to shift or cover themselves, they experienced cold and shiverings scarcely to be conceived.

On the 8th, the allowance issued was an ounce and a half of pork, a teaspoonful of rum, half a pint of cocoanut milk, and an ounce of bread. The rum, though so small in quantity, is stated to have been of the greatest service. In the afternoon they were employed in cleaning out the boat, which occupied them until sunset before they got everything dry and in order. "Hitherto," Bligh says, "I had issued the allowance by guess; but I now made a pair of scales with two cocoanut shells; and having accidentally some pistol balls in the boat, twenty-five of which weighed one pound or sixteen ounces, I adopted one of these balls as the proportion of weight that each person should receive of bread at the times I served it. I also amused all hands with describing the situations of New Guinea and New Holland, and gave them every information in my power, that in case any accident should happen to me, those who survived might have some idea of what they were about, and be able to find their way to Timor, which at present they knew nothing of more than the name, and some not even that. At night I served a quarter of a pint of water and half an ounce of bread for supper."

On the morning of the 9th, a quarter of a pint of cocoanut milk and some of the decayed bread were served for breakfast; and for dinner, the kernels of four cocoanuts, with the remainder of the rotten bread, which, he says, was eatable only by such distressed people as themselves. A storm of thunder and lightning gave them about twenty gallons of water. "Being miserably wet and cold, I served to the people a teaspoonful of rum each, to enable them to bear with their distressing situation. The weather continued extremely bad, and the wind in-

creased ; we spent a very miserable night, without sleep, except such as could be got in the midst of rain."

The following day, the 10th, brought no relief except that of its light. The sea broke over the boat so much that two men were kept constantly baling, and it was necessary to keep the boat before the waves for fear of its filling. The allowance now served regularly to each person was one twenty-fifth part of a pound of bread and a quarter of a pint of water, at eight in the morning, at noon, and at sunset. To-day was added about half an ounce of pork for dinner, which, though any moderate person would have considered only as a mouthful, was divided into three or four.

The morning of the 11th did not improve. "At daybreak I served to every person a teaspoonful of rum, our limbs being so much cramped that we could scarcely move them. Our situation was now extremely dangerous, the sea frequently running over our stern, which kept us baling with all our strength. At noon the sun appeared, which gave us as much pleasure as is felt when it shows itself on a winter's day in England.

"In the evening of the 12th it still rained hard, and we again experienced a dreadful night. At length the day came, and showed a miserable set of beings, full of wants, without anything to relieve them. Some complained of great pain in their bowels, and every one of having almost lost the use of his limbs. The little sleep we got was in no way refreshing, as we were constantly covered with the sea and rain. The weather continuing, and no sun affording the least prospect of getting our clothes dried, I recommended to every one to strip and wring them through the sea water, by which means they received a warmth that, while wet with rain water, they would not have." The shipping of seas and constant baling continued : and though the men were shivering with wet and cold, the commander was under the necessity of informing them that he could no longer afford them the comfort they had derived from the teaspoonful of rum.

On the 13th and 14th the stormy weather and heavy sea continued unabated ; and on these days they saw distant land, and passed several islands. The sight of these islands, it may well be supposed, served only to increase the misery of their situation. They were as men very little better than starving with plenty in their view ; yet, to attempt procuring any relief was considered to be attended with so much danger that the

prolongation of life, even in the midst of misery, was thought preferable, while there remained hopes of being able to surmount their hardships.

The whole day and night of the 15th were still rainy; the latter was dark, not a star to be seen by which the steerage could be directed, and the sea was continually breaking over the boat. On the next day, the 16th, was issued for dinner an ounce of salt pork, in addition to their miserable allowance of one twenty-fifth part of a pound of bread. The night was again truly horrible, with storms of thunder, lightning, and rain; not a star visible, so that the steerage was quite uncertain.

On the morning of the 17th, at dawn of day, "I found," says the commander, "every person complaining, and some of them solicited extra allowance, which I positively refused. Our situation was miserable; always wet, and suffering extreme cold in the night, without the least shelter from the weather. The little rum we had was of the greatest service: when our nights were particularly distressing, I generally served a teaspoonful or two to each person, and it was always joyful tidings when they heard of my intentions. The night was again a dark and dismal one, the sea constantly breaking over us, and nothing but the wind and waves to direct our steerage. It was my intention, if possible, to make the coast of New Holland to the southward of Endeavor Straits, being sensible that it was necessary to preserve such a situation as would make a southerly wind a fair one; that we might range along the reefs till an opening should be found into smooth water, and we the sooner be able to pick up some refreshments."

On the 18th the rain abated, when, at their commander's recommendation, they all stripped, and wrung their clothes through the sea water, from which, as usual, they derived much warmth and refreshment; but every one complained of violent pains in their bones. At night the heavy rain recommenced, with severe lightning, which obliged them to keep baling without intermission. The same weather continued through the 19th and 20th; the rain constant—at times a deluge—the men always baling; the commander, too, found it necessary to issue for dinner only half an ounce of pork.

At dawn of day, Lieutenant Bligh states that some of his people seemed half dead; that their appearances were horrible; "and I could look," says he, "no way, but I caught the eye of some one in distress. Extreme hunger was now too

evident ; but no one suffered from thirst, nor had we much inclination to drink, that desire perhaps being satisfied through the skin. The little sleep we got was in the midst of water, and we constantly awoke with severe cramps and pains in our bones. At noon the sun broke out and revived every one."

"During the whole of the afternoon of the 21st we were so covered with rain and salt water that we could scarcely see. We suffered extreme cold, and every one dreaded the approach of night. Sleep, though we longed for it, afforded no comfort; for my own part, I almost lived without it. On the 22d our situation was extremely calamitous. We were obliged to take the course of the sea, running right before it, and watching with the utmost care, as the least error in the helm would in a moment have been our destruction. It continued through the day to blow hard, and the foam of the sea kept running over our stern and quarters.

"The misery we suffered this night exceeded the preceding. The sea flew over us with great force, and kept us baling with horror and anxiety. At dawn of day I found every one in a most distressed condition, and I began to fear that another such night would put an end to the lives of several, who seemed no longer able to support their sufferings. I served an allowance of *two* teaspoonfuls of rum; after drinking which, and having wrung our clothes and taken our breakfast of bread and water, we became a little refreshed.

"On the evening of the 24th, the wind moderated, and the weather looked much better, which rejoiced all hands, so that they ate their scanty allowance with more satisfaction than for some time past. The night also was fair; but being always wet with the sea, we suffered much from the cold. I had the pleasure to see a fine morning produce some cheerful countenances; and for the first time during the last fifteen days, we experienced comfort from the warmth of the sun. We stripped and hung up our clothes to dry, which were by this time become so threadbare that they could not keep out either wet or cold. In the afternoon we had many birds about us, which are never seen far from land, such as boobies and noddies."

As the sea now began to run fair, and the boat shipped but little water, Lieutenant Bligh took the opportunity to examine into the state of their bread; and it was found that, according to the present mode of living, there was a sufficient quantity remaining for twenty-nine days' allowance, by which time there

was every reason to expect they would be able to reach Timor. But as this was still uncertain, and it was possible that, after all, they might be obliged to go to Java, it was determined to proportion the allowance, so as to make the stock hold out six weeks. "I was apprehensive," he says, "that this would be ill received, and that it would require my utmost resolution to enforce it; for, small as the quantity was which I intended to take away for our future good, yet it might appear to my people like robbing them of life; and some who were less patient than their companions, I expected, would very ill brook it. However, on my representing the necessity of guarding against delays that might be occasioned by contrary winds, or other causes, and promising to enlarge upon the allowance as we got on, they cheerfully agreed to my proposal." It was accordingly settled that every person should receive one twenty-fifth part of a pound of bread for breakfast, and the same quantity for dinner as usual, but that the proportion for supper should be discontinued; this arrangement left them forty-three days' consumption.

On the 25th, about noon, some noddies came so near to the boat that one of them was caught by hand. This bird was about the size of a small pigeon. "I divided it," says Bligh, "with its entrails, into eighteen portions, and by a well-known method at sea, of '*Who shall have this?*' it was distributed with the allowance of bread and water for dinner, and eaten up, bones and all, with salt water for sauce. In the evening, several boobies flying very near to us, we had the good fortune to catch one of them. The bird is as large as a duck. They are the most presumptive proof of being near land of any sea fowl we are acquainted with. I directed the bird to be killed for supper, and the blood to be given to three of the people who were the most distressed for want of food. The body, with the entrails, beak, and feet, I divided into eighteen shares, and with the allowance of bread, which I made a merit of granting, we made a good supper compared with our usual fare.

"On the next day, the 26th, we caught another booby, so that Providence appeared to be relieving our wants in an extraordinary manner. The people were overjoyed at this addition to their dinner, which was distributed in the same manner as on the preceding evening; giving the blood to those who were the most in want of food. To make the bread a little savory, most of the men frequently dipped it in salt water; but I

generally broke mine into small pieces, and ate it in my allowance of water, out of a cocoanut shell, with a spoon, economically avoiding to take too large a piece at a time; so that I was as long at dinner as if it had been a much more plentiful meal."

The weather was now serene, which, nevertheless, was not without its inconveniences; for, it appears, they began to feel distress of a different kind from that which they had hitherto been accustomed to suffer. The heat of the sun was now so powerful that several of the people were seized with a languor and faintness, which made life indifferent. But the little circumstance of catching two boobies in the evening, trifling as it may appear, had the effect of raising their spirits. The stomachs of these birds contained several flying fish, and small cuttlefish, all of which were carefully saved to be divided for dinner the next day; which were accordingly divided, with their entrails, and the contents of their maws, into eighteen portions; and as the prize was a very valuable one, it was distributed as before, by calling out, "*Who shall have this?*" — "so that to-day," says the Lieutenant, "with the usual allowance of bread at breakfast and dinner, I was happy to see that every person thought he had feasted." From the appearance of the clouds in the evening, Mr. Bligh had no doubt they were then near the land, and the people amused themselves with conversing on the probability of what they would meet with on it.

Accordingly, at one in the morning of the 28th, the person at the helm heard the sound of breakers. It was the "barrier reef" which runs along the eastern coast of New Holland, through which it now became their anxious object to discover a passage: Mr. Bligh says this was now become absolutely necessary, without a moment's loss of time. The idea of getting into smooth water and finding refreshments kept up the people's spirits. The sea broke furiously over the reef in every part; within, the water was so smooth and calm that every man already anticipated the heartfelt satisfaction he was about to receive, as soon as he should have passed the barrier. At length a break in the reef was discovered, a quarter of a mile in width; and through this the boat rapidly passed with a strong stream running to the westward, and came immediately into smooth water, and all the past hardships seemed at once to be forgotten.

They now returned thanks to God for his generous protec-

tion, and with much content took their miserable allowance of the twenty-fifth part of a pound of bread, and a quarter of a pint of water for dinner.

The coast now began to show itself very distinctly, and in the evening they landed on the sandy point of an island, when it was soon discovered there were oysters on the rocks, it being low water. The party sent out to reconnoiter returned highly rejoiced at having found plenty of oysters and fresh water. By the help of a small magnifying glass, a fire was made; and among the things that had been thrown into the boat was a tinderbox and a piece of brimstone, so that in future they had the ready means of making a fire. One of the men, too, had been so provident as to bring away with him from the ship a copper pot; and thus, with a mixture of oysters, bread, and pork, a stew was made, of which each person received a full pint. It is remarked that the oysters grew so fast to the rocks that it was with great difficulty they could be broken off: but they at length discovered it to be the most expeditious way to open them where they were fixed.

The general complaints among the people were a dizziness in the head, great weakness in the joints, and violent *tenesmus*; but none of them are stated to have been alarming; and, notwithstanding their sufferings from cold and hunger, all of them retained marks of strength. Mr. Bligh had cautioned them not to touch any kind of berry or fruit that they might find; yet it appears they were no sooner out of sight than they began to make free with three different kinds that grew all over the island, eating without any reserve. The symptoms of having eaten too much began at last to frighten some of them; they fancied they were all poisoned, and regarded each other with the strongest marks of apprehension, uncertain what might be the issue of their imprudence: fortunately the fruit proved to be wholesome and good.

"This day (29th May) being," says Lieutenant Bligh, "the anniversary of the restoration of King Charles II., and the name not being inapplicable to our present situation (for we were *restored* to fresh life and strength), I named this 'Restoration Island'; for I thought it probable that Captain Cook might not have taken notice of it."

With oysters and palm tops stewed together the people now made excellent meals, without consuming any of their bread. In the morning of the 30th, Mr. Bligh saw with great delight

a visible alteration in the men for the better, and he sent them away to gather oysters, in order to carry a stock of them to sea; for he determined to put off again that evening. They also procured fresh water, and filled all their vessels to the amount of nearly sixty gallons. On examining the bread, it was found there still remained about thirty-eight days' allowance.

Being now ready for sea, every person was ordered to attend prayers; but just as they were embarking, about twenty naked savages made their appearance, running and hallooing, and beckoning the strangers to come to them; but, as each was armed with a spear or lance, it was thought prudent to hold no communication with them. They now proceeded to the northward, having the continent on their left, and several islands and reefs on their right.

On the 31st they landed on one of these islands, to which was given the name of "Sunday." "I sent out two parties," says Bligh, "one to the northward and the other to the southward, to seek for supplies, and others I ordered to stay by the boat. On this occasion fatigue and weakness so far got the better of their sense of duty, that some of the people expressed their discontent at having worked harder than their companions, and declared that they would rather be without their dinner than go in search of it. One person, in particular, went so far as to tell me, with a mutinous look, that he was as good a man as myself. It was not possible for one to judge where this might have an end, if not stopped in time; to prevent, therefore, such disputes in future, I determined either to preserve my command or die in the attempt; and seizing a cutlass, I ordered him to lay hold of another and defend himself; on which he called out that I was going to kill him, and immediately made concessions. I did not allow this to interfere further with the harmony of the boat's crew, and everything soon became quiet."

On this island they obtained oysters, clams, and dogfish; also a small bean, which Nelson, the botanist, pronounced to be a species of *dolichos*. On the 1st of June, they stopped in the midst of some sandy islands, such as are known by the name of *keys*, where they procured a few clams and beans. Here Nelson was taken very ill with a violent heat in his bowels, a loss of sight, great thirst, and inability to walk. A little wine, which had carefully been saved, with some pieces of bread soaked in it, was given to him in small quantities, and he

soon began to recover. The boatswain and carpenter were also ill, and complained of headache and sickness of the stomach. Others became shockingly distressed with *tenesmus*; in fact there were few without complaints.

A party was sent out by night to catch birds; they returned with only twelve noddies; but it is stated that, had it not been for the folly and obstinacy of one of the party, who separated from the others and disturbed the birds, a great many more might have been taken. The offender was Robert Lamb, who acknowledged, when he got to Java, that he had that night eaten *nine* raw birds, after he separated from his two companions. The birds, with a few clams, were the whole of the supplies afforded at these small islands.

On the 3d of June, after passing several keys and islands, and doubling Cape York, the northeasternmost point of New Holland, at eight in the evening the little boat and her brave crew once more launched into the open ocean. "Miserable," says Lieutenant Bligh, "as our situation was in every respect, I was secretly surprised to see that it did not appear to affect any one so strongly as myself; on the contrary, it seemed as if they had embarked on a voyage to Timor in a vessel sufficiently calculated for safety and convenience. So much confidence gave me great pleasure, and I may venture to assert that to this cause our preservation is chiefly to be attributed. I encouraged every one with hopes that eight or ten days would bring us to a land of safety; and after praying to God for a continuance of his most gracious protection, I served out an allowance of water for supper, and directed our course to the west-southwest.

"We had been just six days on the coast of New Holland, in the course of which we found oysters, a few clams, some birds, and water. But a benefit, probably not less than this, was that of being relieved from the fatigue of sitting constantly in the boat, and enjoying good rest at night. These advantages certainly preserved our lives; and, small as the supply was, I am very sensible how much it alleviated our distresses. Before this time nature must have sunk under the extremes of hunger and fatigue. Even in our present situation, we were most deplorable objects; but the hopes of a speedy relief kept up our spirits. For my own part, incredible as it may appear, I felt neither extreme hunger nor thirst. My allowance contented me, knowing that I could have no

more." In his manuscript journal he adds, "This, perhaps, does not permit me to be a proper judge on a story of miserable people like us being at last driven to the necessity of destroying one another for food; but if I may be allowed, I deny the fact in its greatest extent. I say, I do not believe that, among us, such a thing could happen, but death through famine would be received in the same way as any mortal disease."

On the 5th a booby was caught by the hand, the blood of which was divided among three of the men who were weakest, and the bird kept for next day's dinner; and on the evening of the 6th the allowance for supper was recommenced, according to a promise made when it had been discontinued. On the 7th, after a miserably wet and cold night, nothing more could be afforded than the usual allowance for breakfast; but at dinner each person had the luxury of an ounce of dried clams, which consumed all that remained. The sea was running high and breaking over the boat the whole of this day. Mr. Ledward, the surgeon, and Lawrence Lebogue, an old hardy seaman, appeared to be giving way very fast. No other assistance could be given to them than a teaspoonful or two of wine, that had been carefully saved for such a melancholy occasion, which was not at all unexpected.

On the 8th the weather was more moderate, and a small dolphin was caught, which gave about two ounces to each man: in the night it again blew strong, the boat shipped much water, and they all suffered greatly from wet and cold. The surgeon and Lebogue still continued very ill, and the only relief that could be afforded them was a small quantity of wine, and encouraging them with the hope that a very few days more, at the rate they were then sailing, would bring them to Timor.

"In the morning of the 10th, after a very comfortless night, there was a visible alteration for the worse," says Mr. Bligh, "in many of the people, which gave me great apprehensions. An extreme weakness, swelled legs, hollow and ghastly countenances, a more than common inclination to sleep, with an apparent debility of understanding, seemed to me the melancholy presages of an approaching dissolution. The surgeon and Lebogue, in particular, were most miserable objects; I occasionally gave them a few teaspoonfuls of wine, out of the little that remained, which greatly assisted them. The hope of being

able to accomplish the voyage was our principal support. The boatswain very innocently told me that he really thought I looked worse than any in the boat. The simplicity with which he uttered such an opinion amused me, and I returned him a better compliment."

On the 11th Lieutenant Bligh announced to his wretched companions that he had no doubt they had now passed the meridian of the eastern part of Timor, a piece of intelligence that diffused universal joy and satisfaction. Accordingly, at three in the morning of the following day, Timor was discovered at the distance only of two leagues from the shore.

"It is not possible for me," says this experienced navigator, "to describe the pleasure which the blessing of the sight of this land diffused among us. It appeared scarcely credible to ourselves that, in an open boat, and so poorly provided, we should have been able to reach the coast of Timor in forty-one days after leaving Tofoa, having in that time run, by our log, a distance of three thousand six hundred and eighteen nautical miles; and that, notwithstanding our extreme distress, no one should have perished in the voyage."

On Sunday, the 14th, they came safely to anchor in Coupang Bay, where they were received with every mark of kindness, hospitality, and humanity. The houses of the principal people were thrown open for their reception. The poor sufferers when landed were scarcely able to walk; their condition is described as most deplorable. "The abilities of a painter could rarely, perhaps, have been displayed to more advantage than in the delineation of the two groups of figures which at this time presented themselves to each other. An indifferent spectator (if such could be found) would have been at a loss which most to admire, the eyes of famine sparkling at immediate relief, or the horror of their preservers at the sight of so many specters, whose ghastly countenances, if the cause had been unknown, would rather have excited terror than pity. Our bodies were nothing but skin and bones, our limbs were full of sores, and we were clothed in rags: in this condition, with the tears of joy and gratitude flowing down our cheeks, the people of Timor beheld us with a mixture of horror, surprise, and pity.

"When," continues the commander, "I reflect how providentially our lives were saved at Tofoa, by the Indians delaying their attack; and that, with scarcely anything to support life, we crossed a sea of more than twelve hundred leagues, without

shelter from the inclemency of the weather: when I reflect that, in an open boat, with so much stormy weather, we escaped foundering, that not any of us were taken off by disease, that we had the great good fortune to pass the unfriendly natives of other countries without accident, and at last to meet with the most friendly and best of people to relieve our distresses,—I say, when I reflect on all these wonderful escapes, the remembrance of such great mercies enables me to bear with resignation and cheerfulness the failure of an expedition the success of which I had so much at heart, and which was frustrated at a time when I was congratulating myself on the fairest prospect of being able to complete it in a manner that would fully have answered the intention of His Majesty, and the humane promoters of so benevolent a plan."

Having recruited their strength by a residence of two months among the friendly inhabitants of Coupang, they proceeded to the westward on the 20th August, in a small schooner, which was purchased and armed for the purpose, and arrived on the 1st October in Batavia Road, where Mr. Bligh embarked in a Dutch packet, and was landed on the Isle of Wight on the 14th March, 1790. The rest of the people had passages provided for them in ships of the Dutch East India Company, then about to sail for Europe. All of them, however, did not survive to reach England. Nelson, the botanist, died at Coupang; Mr. Elphinstone, master's mate, Peter Linkletter and Thomas Hall, seamen, died at Batavia; Robert Lamb, seaman (the booby eater), died on the passage; and Mr. Ledward, the surgeon, was left behind, and not afterwards heard of. These six, with John Norton, who was stoned to death, left twelve of the nineteen, forced by the mutineers into the launch, to survive the difficulties and dangers of this unparalleled voyage, and to revisit their native country.

CHARLES DIBDIN'S SEA SONGS.

[CHARLES DIBDIN, English songwright, playwright, and actor, was born at Southampton in 1745; died July 25, 1814. He managed a little theater in London, and was leading man in his own plays, which were interspersed with songs written and set to music by himself. He wrote many hundred songs, some fifty plays and operettas, two novels, a "History of the Stage," and his autobiography (1803).]

POOR JACK.

Go patter to lubbers and swabs, do ye see,
 'Bout danger, and fear, and the like;
 A tight water boat and good sea room give me,
 And it ent to a little I'll strike;
 Though the tempest topgallant masts smack smooth should smite,
 And shiver each splinter of wood,
 Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and bouse everything tight,
 And under reefed foresail we'll scud:
 Avast! nor don't think me a milksop so soft
 To be taken for trifles aback;
 For they say there's a Providence sits up aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!

I heard our good chaplain palaver one day
 About souls, heaven, mercy, and such;
 And, my timbers! what lingo he'd coil and belay,
 Why, 'twas just all as one as High Dutch:
 For he said how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,
 Without orders that come down below;
 And a many fine things that proved clearly to me
 That Providence takes us in tow:
 "For," says he, "do you mind me, let storms e'er so oft
 Take the topsails of sailors aback,
 There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!"

I said to our Poll, for, d'ye see, she would cry,
 When last we weighed anchor for sea —
 "What argufies sniv'ling and piping your eye?
 Why, what a damned fool you must be!
 Can't you see the world's wide, and there's room for us all,
 Both for seamen and lubbers ashore?
 And if to old Davy I should go, friend Poll,
 You never will hear of me more:

What then? all's a hazard: come, don't be so soft;
 Perhaps I may laughing come back,
 For, d'ye see, there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!"

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be every inch
 All as one as a piece of the ship,
 And with her brave the world without offering to flinch,
 From the moment the anchor's atrip.
 As for me, in all weathers, all times, sides, and ends,
 Naught's a trouble from duty that springs,
 For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino's my friend's,
 And as for my life, 'tis the king's:
 Even when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft
 As for grief to be taken aback,
 For the same little cherub that sits up aloft
 Will look out a good berth for poor Jack!

YO, HEAVE, HO!

The boatswain calls, the wind is fair,
 The anchor heaving,
 Our sweethearts leaving,
 We to duty must repair,
 Where our stations well we know.
 Cast off halyards from the cleats,
 Stand by well, clear all the sheets;
 Come, my boys,
 Your handspikes poise,
 And give one general huzza!
 Yet sighing, as you pull away,
 For the tears ashore that flow:
 To the windlass let us go,
 With yo, heave, ho!

The anchor coming now apeak,
 Lest the ship, striving,
 Be on it driving,
 That we the tap'ring yards must seek,
 And back the fore-topsail well we know.
 A pleasing duty! From aloft
 We faintly see those charms, where oft,
 When returning,
 With passion burning,

We fondly gaze, those eyes that seem,
In parting, with big tears to stream.
But come! lest ours as fast should flow,
To the windlass once more go,
With yo, heave, ho!

Now the ship is under way,
The breeze so willing
The canvas filling,
The pressed triangle cracks the stay,
So taught to haul the sheet we know.
And now in trim we gayly sail,
The massy beam receives the gale;
While freed from duty,
To his beauty
(Left on the less'ning shore afar)
A fervent sigh heaves every tar;
To thank those tears for him that flow,
That from his true love he should go,
With yo, heave, ho!

THE SAILOR'S MAXIM.

Of us tars 'tis reported again and again,
That we sail round the world, yet know nothing of men;
And, if this assertion is made with a view
To prove sailors know naught of men's follies, 'tis true.
How should Jack practice treachery, disguise, or foul art,
In whose honest face you may read his fair heart?
Of that maxim still ready example to give,
Better death earned with honor than ignobly to live.

How can *he* wholesome Truth's admonitions defy,
On whose manly brow never sat a foul lie?
Of the fair-born protector, how Virtue offend?
To a foe how be cruel? how ruin a friend?
If danger he risk in professional strife,
There his honor is safe, though he venture his life;
Of that maxim still ready example to give,
Better death earned with honor than ignobly to live.

But to put it at worst, from fair truth could he swerve,
And betray the kind friend he pretended to serve,
While snares laid with craft his fair honor trepan,
Man betray him to error, himself but a man:

Should repentance and shame to his aid come too late,
 Wonder not if in battle he rush on his fate;
 Of that maxim still ready example to give,
 Better death earned with honor than ignobly to live.

GRIEVING'S A FOLLY.

Spanking Jack was so comely, so pleasant, so jolly,
 Though winds blew great guns, still he'd whistle and sing,
 For Jack loved his friend, and was true to his Molly,
 And, if honor gives greatness, was great as a king.
 One night as we drove with two reefs in the mainsail,
 And the scud came on low'ring upon a lee shore,
 Jack went up aloft for to hand the topg'ant sail —
 A spray washed him off, and we ne'er saw him more:
 But grieving's a folly,
 Come let us be jolly;
 If we've troubles on sea, boys, we've pleasures on shore.

Whiffing Tom, still of mischief or fun in the middle,
 Through life in all weathers at random would jog;
 He'd dance, and he'd sing, and he'd play on the fiddle,
 And swig with an air his allowance of grog:
 'Longside of a Don, in the "Terrible" frigate,
 As yardarm and yardarm we lay off the shore,
 In and out whiffing Tom did so caper and jig it,
 That his head was shot off, and we ne'er saw him more:
 But grieving's a folly,
 Come let us be jolly;
 If we've troubles on sea, boys, we've pleasures on shore.

Bonny Ben was to each jolly messmate a brother,
 He was manly and honest, good-natured and free;
 If ever one tar was more true than another
 To his friend and his duty, that sailor was he:
 One day with the davit to weigh the kedg anchor,
 Ben went in the boat on a bold craggy shore —
 He overboard tipped, when a shark and a spanker
 Soon nipped him in two, and we ne'er saw him more:
 But grieving's a folly,
 Come let us be jolly;
 If we've troubles on sea, boys, we've pleasures on shore.

But what of it all, lads? shall we be downhearted
 Because that mayhap we now take our last sup?
 Life's cable must one day or other be parted,
 And Death in safe moorings will bring us all up:

But 'tis always the way on't — one scarce finds a brother
 Fond as pitch, honest, hearty, and true to the core,
 But by battle, or storm, or some damned thing or other,
 He's popped off the hooks, and we ne'er see him more!
 But grieving's a folly,
 Come let us be jolly;
 If we've troubles on sea, boys, we've pleasures on shore.

HONESTY IN TATTERS.

This here's what I does — I, d'ye see, forms a notion
 That our troubles, our sorrows and strife,
 Are the winds and the billows that foment the ocean,
 As we work through the passage of life.
 And for fear on life's sea lest the vessel should founder,
 To lament and to weep, and to wail,
 Is a pop gun that tries to outroar a nine-pounder,
 All the same as a whiff in a gale.
 Why now I, though hard fortune has pretty near starved me,
 And my togs are all ragged and queer,
 Ne'er yet gave the bag to the friend who had served me,
 Or caused ruined beauty a tear.

Now there t'other day, when my messmate deceived me,
 Stole my rhino, my chest, and our Poll,
 Do you think in revenge, while their treachery grieved me,
 I a court-martial called? — Not at all.
 This here on the matter was my way of arg'ing —
 'Tis true they han't left me a cross;
 A vile wife and false friend though are gone by the bargain,
 So the gain d'ye see's more than the loss:
 For though fortune's a jilt, and has pretty near starved me,
 And my togs are all ragged and queer,
 I ne'er yet gave the bag to the friend who had served me,
 Or caused ruined beauty a tear.

The heart's all — when that's built as it should, sound and clever,
 We go 'fore the wind like a fly,
 But if rotten and crank, you may luff up forever,
 You'll always sail in the wind's eye:
 With palaver and nonsense I'm not to be paid off,
 I'm adrift, let it blow then great guns,
 A gale, a fresh breeze, or the old gemman's head off,
 I takes life rough and smooth as it runs:
 Content, though hard fortune has pretty near starved me,
 And my togs are all ragged and queer;

I ne'er yet gave the bag to the friend who had served me,
Or caused ruined beauty a tear.

NATURE AND NANCY.

Let swabs, with their vows, their palaver, and lies,
Sly flattery's silk sails still be trimming,
Swear their Polls be all angels dropped down from the skies—
I your angels don't like — I loves women.
And I loves a warm heart, and a sweet honest mind,
Good as truth, and as lively as fancy;
As constant as honor, as tenderness kind;
In short, I loves Nature and Nancy.

I read in a song about Wenus, I thinks,
All rigged out with her Cupids and Graces:
And how roses and lilies, carnations and pinks,
Was made paint to daub over their faces.
They that loves it may take all such art for their pains—
For mine 'tis another guess fancy;
Give me the rich health, flesh and blood, and blue veins,
That pays the sweet face of my Nancy.

Why, I went to the play, where they talked well at least,
As to act all their parts they were trying;
They were playing at soldiers, and playing at feast,
And some they was playing at dying.
Let 'em hang, drown, or starve, or take poison, d'ye see,
All just for their gig and their fancy;
What to them was but jest is right earnest to me,
For I live and I'd die for my Nancy.

Let the girls then, like so many Algerine Turks,
Dash away, a fine gay painted galley,
With their jacks, and their pennants, and gingerbread works,
All for show, and just nothing for value—
False colors throw out, decked by labor and art,
To take of pert coxcombs the fancy;
They are all for the person, I'm all for the heart—
In short, I'm for Nature and Nancy.

THE STANDING TOAST.

(The last song written by Mr. Dibdin.)

The moon on the ocean was dimmed by a ripple,
Affording a checkered delight,

The gay jolly tars passed the word for the tippie
 And the toast—for 'twas Saturday night:
 Some sweetheart or wife that he loved as his life,
 Each drank, while he wished he could hail her;
 But the standing toast that pleased the most
 Was—The wind that blows, the ship that goes,
 And the lass that loves a sailor!

Some drank the king and his brave ships,
 And some the constitution,
 Some—May our foes and all such rips
 Own English resolution!
 That fate might bless some Poll or Bess,
 And that they soon might hail her:
 But the standing toast that pleased the most
 Was—The wind that blows, the ship that goes,
 And the lass that loves a sailor!

Some drank our queen, and some our land,
 Our glorious land of freedom!
 Some that our tars might never stand
 For our heroes brave to lead 'em!
 That beauty in distress might find
 Such friends as ne'er would fail her:
 But the standing toast that pleased the most
 Was—The wind that blows, the ship that goes,
 And the lass that loves a sailor!



THE NATURAL HISTORY OF SELBORNE.

BY GILBERT WHITE.

[GILBERT WHITE: An English naturalist; born at Selborne, July 18, 1720; died there June 20, 1793. He was educated at Oxford and obtained a fellowship there in 1744, later taking orders in the Church of England. His life was chiefly spent in Selborne, where he was rector from 1785 until his death. He wrote "The Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne" (1789) and "The Naturalists' Calendar, with Observations in Various Branches of Natural History" (1795). His "Letters" were published in 1876.]

LETTERS TO THOMAS PENNANT.

THE PARISH OF SELBORNE.

THE parish of Selborne lies in the extreme eastern corner of the county of Hampshire, bordering on the county of SUSSEX,

and not far from the county of Surrey; is about fifty miles southwest of London, in latitude fifty-one, and near midway between the towns of Alton and Petersfield. Being very large and extensive, it abuts on twelve parishes, two of which are in Sussex — viz., Trotton and Rogate. If you begin from the south and proceed westward, the adjacent parishes are Emshot, Newton Valence, Faringdon, Hartley Mauduit, Great Ward-leham, Kingsley, Hedleigh, Bramshot, Trotton, Rogate, Lysse, and Greatham. The soils of this district are almost as various and diversified as the views and aspects. The high part of the southwest consists of a vast hill of chalk, rising three hundred feet above the village, and is divided into a sheep down, the high wood, and a long hanging wood, called The Hanger. The covert of this eminence is altogether *beech*, the most lovely of all forest trees, whether we consider its smooth rind or bark, its glossy foliage, or graceful pendulous boughs. The down, or sheep walk, is a pleasing parklike spot, of about one mile by half that space, jutting out on the verge of the hill country, where it begins to break down into the plains, and commanding a very engaging view, being an assemblage of hill, dale, woodlands, heath, and water. The prospect is bounded to the southwest and east by the vast range of mountains called the Sussex Downs, by Guild-down near Guildford, and by the downs round Dorking, and Ryegate in Surrey, to the northeast, which altogether, with the country beyond Alton and Farnham, form a noble and extensive outline.

At the foot of this hill, one stage or step from the uplands, lies the village, which consists of one single straggling street, three quarters of a mile in length, in a sheltered vale, and running parallel with The Hanger. The houses are divided from the hill by a vein of stiff clay (good wheat land), yet stand on a rock of white stone, little in appearance removed from chalk; but seems so far from being calcareous, that it endures extreme heat. Yet that the freestone still preserves somewhat that is analogous to chalk is plain from the beeches which descend as low as those rocks extend, and no farther, and thrive as well on them, where the ground is steep, as on the chalks.

The cart way of the village divides, in a remarkable manner, two very incongruous soils. To the southwest is a rank clay, that requires the labor of years to render it mellow; while the gardens to the northeast, and small inclosures behind, consist of a warm, forward, crumbling mold, called black malm, which

seems highly saturated with vegetable and animal manure; and these may perhaps have been the original site of the town, while the woods and coverts might extend down to the opposite bank.

At each end of the village, which runs from southeast to northwest, arises a small rivulet: that at the northwest end frequently fails; but the other is a fine perennial spring, little influenced by drought or wet seasons, called Well-head. This breaks out of some high grounds joining to Nore Hill, a noble chalk promontory, remarkable for sending forth two streams into two different seas. The one to the south becomes a branch of the Arun, running to Arundel, and so sailing into the British Channel: the other to the north. The Selborne stream makes one branch of the Wey; and, meeting the Black-down stream at Hedleigh, and the Alton and Farnham stream at Tilford-bridge, swells into a considerable river, navigable at Godalming; from whence it passes to Guildford, and so into the Thames at Weybridge; and thus at the Nore into the German Ocean.

Our wells, at an average, run to about sixty-three feet, and when sunk to that depth seldom fail; but produce a fine limpid water, soft to the taste, and much commended by those who drink the pure element, but which does not lather well with soap.

To the northwest, north, and east of the village, is a range of fair inclosures, consisting of what is called a white malm, a sort of rotten or rubble stone, which, when turned up to the frost and rain, molders to pieces, and becomes manure to itself. This soil produces good wheat and clover.

Still on to the northeast, and a step lower, is a kind of white land, neither chalk nor clay, neither fit for pasture nor for the plow, yet kindly for hops, which root deep in the freestone, and have their poles and wood for charcoal growing just at hand. The white soil produces the brightest hops.

As the parish still inclines down towards Wolmer Forest, at the juncture of the clays and sand the soil becomes a wet, sandy loam, remarkable for timber, and infamous for roads. The oaks of Temple and Blackmoor stand high in the estimation of purveyors, and have furnished much naval timber; while the trees on the freestone grow large, but are what workmen call shaky, and so brittle as often to fall to pieces in sawing. Beyond the sandy loam the soil becomes a hungry

lean sand, till it mingles with the forest; and will produce little without the assistance of lime and turnips.

THE FOREST OF WOLMER.

Should I omit to describe with some exactness the forest of Wolmer, of which three fifths perhaps lie in this parish, my account of Selborne would be very imperfect, as it is a district abounding with many curious productions, both animal and vegetable; and has often afforded me much entertainment both as a sportsman and as a naturalist.

The royal forest of Wolmer is a tract of land of about seven miles in length, by two and a half in breadth, running nearly from north to south, and is abutted on — to begin to the south, and so to proceed eastward — by the parishes of Greatham, Lysse, Rogate, and Trotton, in the county of Sussex; by Bramshot, Hedleigh, and Kingsley. This royalty consists entirely of sand covered with heath and fern; but is somewhat diversified with hills and dales, without having one standing tree in the whole extent. In the bottoms, where the waters stagnate, are many bogs, which formerly abounded with subterraneous trees; though Dr. Plot says positively that “there never were any fallen trees hidden in the mosses of the southern counties.” But he was mistaken: for I myself have seen cottages on the verge of this wild district, whose timbers consisted of a black, hard wood, looking like oak, which the owners assured me they procured from the bogs by probing the soil with spits, or some such instruments: but the peat is so much cut out, and the moors have been so well examined, that none has been found of late. Besides the oak, I have also been shown pieces of fossil wood of a paler color and softer nature, which the inhabitants called fir: but, upon a nice examination, and trial by fire, I could discover nothing resinous in them; and therefore rather suppose that they were parts of a willow or alder, or some such aquatic tree.

This lonely domain is a very agreeable haunt for many sorts of wild fowls, which not only frequent it in the winter, but breed there in the summer; such as lapwings, snipes, wild ducks, and, as I have discovered within these few years, teals. Partridges in vast plenty are bred in good seasons on the verge of this forest, into which they love to make excursions; and in particular, in the dry summers of 1740 and 1741, and some

years after, they swarmed to such a degree that parties of unreasonable sportsmen killed twenty and sometimes thirty brace in a day.

But there was a nobler species of game in this forest, now extinct, which I have heard old people say abounded much before shooting flying became so common, and that was the heath cock, black game, or grouse. When I was a little boy I recollect one coming now and then to my father's table. The last pack remembered was killed about thirty-five years ago; and within these ten years one solitary gray hen was sprung by some beagles in beating for a hare. The sportsmen cried out "A hen pheasant!" but a gentleman present, who had often seen grouse in the north of England, assured me that it was a gray hen.

Nor does the loss of our black game prove the only gap in the Fauna Selborniensis; for another beautiful link in the chain of beings is wanting: I mean the red deer, which toward the beginning of this century amounted to about five hundred head, and made a stately appearance. There is an old keeper, now alive, named Adams, whose great-grandfather (mentioned in a perambulation taken in 1635), grandfather, father, and self enjoyed the head keepership of Wolmer Forest in succession for more than a hundred years. This person assures me that his father has often told him that Queen Anne, as she was journeying on the Portsmouth road, did not think the forest of Wolmer beneath her royal regard. For she came out of the great road at Lippock, which is just by, and, reposing herself on a bank smoothed for that purpose, lying about half a mile to the east of Wolmer Pond, and still called Queen's Bank, saw with great complacency and satisfaction the whole herd of red deer brought by the keepers along the vale before her, consisting then of about five hundred head. A sight this, worthy the attention of the greatest sovereign! But he farther adds that, by means of the Waltham blacks, or, to use his own expression, as soon as they began blacking, they were reduced to about fifty head, and so continued decreasing till the time of the late Duke of Cumberland. It is now more than thirty years ago that his highness sent down a huntsman, and six yeoman prickers, in scarlet jackets laced with gold, attended by the staghounds; ordering them to take every deer in this forest alive, and to convey them in carts to Windsor. In the course of the summer they caught every stag, some of which showed

extraordinary diversion : but in the following winter, when the hinds were also carried off, such fine chases were exhibited as served the country people for matter of talk and wonder for years afterwards. I saw myself one of the yeoman prickers single out a stag from the herd, and must confess that it was the most curious feat of activity I ever beheld, superior to anything in Mr. Astley's riding school. The exertions made by the horse and deer much exceeded all my expectations ; though the former greatly excelled the latter in speed. When the devoted deer was separated from his companions, they gave him, by their watches, law, as they called it, for twenty minutes ; when, sounding their horns, the stop dogs were permitted to pursue, and a most gallant scene ensued.

POACHING.

Though large herds of deer do much harm to the neighborhood, yet the injury to the morals of the people is of more moment than the loss of their crops. The temptation is irresistible ; for most men are sportsmen by constitution : and there is such an inherent spirit for hunting in human nature, as scarce any inhibitions can restrain. Hence, towards the beginning of this century all this country was wild about deer stealing. Unless he was a hunter, as they affected to call themselves, no young person was allowed to be possessed of manhood or gallantry. The Waltham blacks at length committed such enormities that government was forced to interfere with that severe and sanguinary act called the "Black Act," which now comprehends more felonies than any law that ever was framed before. And, therefore, a late Bishop of Winchester, when urged to re-stock Waltham Chase, refused, from a motive worthy of a prelate, replying "that it had done mischief enough already."

Our old race of deer stealers is hardly extinct yet : it was but a little while ago that, over their ale, they used to recount the exploits of their youth ; such as watching the pregnant hind to her lair, and, when the calf was dropped, paring its feet with a penknife to the quick to prevent its escape, till it was large and flat enough to be killed ; the shooting at one of their neighbors with a bullet in a turnip field by moonshine, mistaking him for a deer, and the losing a dog in the following extraordinary manner. Some fellows, suspecting that a calf

new-fallen was deposited in a certain spot of thick fern, went, with a lurcher, to surprise it; when the parent hind rushed out of the brake, and, taking a vast spring with all her feet close together, pitched upon the neck of the dog, and broke it short in two.

Another temptation to idleness and sporting was a number of rabbits, which possessed all the hillocks and dry places: but these being inconvenient to the huntsmen, on account of their burrows, when they came to take away the deer, they permitted the country people to destroy them all.

Such forests and wastes, when their allurements to irregularities are removed, are of considerable service to neighborhoods that verge upon them, by furnishing them with peat and turf for their firing; with fuel for the burning their lime; and with ashes for their grasses; and by maintaining their geese and their stock of young cattle at little or no expense.

The manor farm of the parish of Greatham has an admitted claim, I see (by an old record taken from the Tower of London), of turning all live stock on the forest, at proper seasons, "*bidentibus exceptis*." The reason, I presume, why sheep are excluded, is, because, being such close grazers, they would pick out all the finest grasses, and hinder the deer from thriving.

Though (by statute 4 and 5, W. and Mary, c. 23) "to burn on any waste, between Candlemas and Midsummer, any grig, ling, heath and furze, goss or fern, is punishable with whipping and confinement in the house of correction;" yet, in this forest, about March or April, according to the dryness of the season, such vast heath fires are lighted up, that they often get to a masterless head, and, catching the hedges, have sometimes been communicated to the underwoods, woods, and coppices, where great damage has ensued. The plea for these burnings is that, when the old coat of heath, etc., is consumed, young will sprout up, and afford much tender browse for cattle; but, where there is large old furze, the fire, following the roots, consumes the very ground; so that for hundreds of acres nothing is to be seen but smother and desolation, the whole circuit round looking like the cinders of a volcano; and, the soil being quite exhausted, no traces of vegetation are to be found for years. These conflagrations, as they take place usually with a northeast or east wind, much annoy this village with their smoke, and often alarm the country; and, once in particular, I remember that a gentleman who lives beyond Andover, coming

to my house, when he got on the downs between that town and Winchester, at twenty-five miles' distance, was surprised much with smoke and a hot smell of fire, and concluded that Alresford was in flames ; but, when he came to that town, he then had apprehensions for the next village, and so on to the end of his journey.

On two of the most conspicuous eminences of this forest stand two arbors or bowers, made of the boughs of oak ; the one called Waldon Lodge, the other Brimstone Lodge : these the keepers renew annually on the feast of St. Barnabas, taking the old materials for a perquisite. The farm called Blackmoor, in this parish, is obliged to find the posts and brushwood for the former ; while the farms at Greatham, in rotation, furnish for the latter ; and are all enjoined to cut and deliver the materials at the spot. This custom I mention, because I look upon it to be of very remote antiquity.

LAKES IN THE FOREST.

On the verge of the forest, as it is now circumscribed, are three considerable lakes, two in Oakhanger, of which I have nothing particular to say ; and one called Bin's, or Bean's Pond, which is worthy the attention of a naturalist or a sportsman. For, being crowded at the upper end with willows, and with the *carex cespitosa*, it affords such a safe and pleasing shelter to wild ducks, teals, snipes, etc., that they breed there. In the winter this covert is also frequented by foxes, and sometimes by pheasants ; and the bogs produce many curious plants. (For which consult Letter XLI. to Mr. Barrington.)

By a perambulation of Wolmer Forest and the Holt, made in 1635, and the eleventh year of Charles I. (which now lies before me), it appears that the limits of the former are much circumscribed. For, to say nothing of the farther side, with which I am not so well acquainted, the bounds on this side, in old times, came into Binswood ; and extended to the ditch of Ward-le-ham Park, in which stands the curious mount called King John's Hill, and Lodge Hill ; and to the verge of Hartley Mauduit, called Mauduit Hatch ; comprehending also Short Heath, Oakhanger, and Oakwoods ; a large district, now private property, though once belonging to the royal domain.

It is remarkable that the term "purlieu" is never once mentioned in this long roll of parchment. It contains, besides the

perambulation, a rough estimate of the value of the timbers, which were considerable, growing at that time in the district of the Holt ; and enumerates the officers, superior and inferior, of those joint forests, for the time being, and their ostensible fees and perquisites. In those days, as at present, there were hardly any trees in Wolmer Forest.

Within the present limits of the forest are three considerable lakes, Hogmer, Cranmer, and Wolmer ; all of which are stocked with carp, tench, eels, and perch : but the fish do not thrive well, because the water is hungry, and the bottoms are a naked sand.

A circumstance respecting these ponds, though by no means peculiar to them, I cannot pass over in silence ; and that is, that instinct by which in summer all the kine, whether oxen, cows, calves, or heifers, retire constantly to the water during the hotter hours ; where, being more exempt from flies, and inhaling the coolness of that element, some belly deep, and some only to mid leg, they ruminate and solace themselves from about ten in the morning till four in the afternoon, and then return to their feeding. During this great proportion of the day they drop much dung, in which insects nestle ; and so supply food for the fish, which would be poorly subsisted but from this contingency. Thus Nature, who is a great economist, converts the recreation of one animal to the support of another ! Thomson, who was a nice observer of natural occurrences, did not let this pleasing circumstance escape him. He says, in his "Summer,"

A various group the herds and flocks compose ;

————— on the grassy bank

Some ruminating lie ; while others stand

Half in the flood, and, often bending, sip

The circling surface.

Wolmer Pond, so called, I suppose, for eminence' sake, is a vast lake for this part of the world, containing, in its whole circumference, 2646 yards, or very near a mile and a half. The length of the northwest and opposite side is about 704 yards, and the breadth of the southwest end about 456 yards. This measurement, which I caused to be made with good exactness, gives an area of about sixty-six acres, exclusive of a large irregular arm at the northeast corner, which we did not take into the reckoning.

On the face of this expanse of waters, and perfectly secure from fowlers, lie all day long, in the winter season, vast flocks of ducks, teals, and widgeons, of various denominations; where they preen and solace, and rest themselves, till towards sunset, when they issue forth in little parties (for in their natural state they are all birds of the night) to feed in the brooks and meadows, returning again with the dawn of the morning. Had this lake an arm or two more, and were it planted round with thick covert (for now it is perfectly naked), it might make a valuable decoy.

Yet neither its extent, nor the clearness of its water, nor the resort of various and curious fowls, nor its picturesque groups of cattle, can render this mere so remarkable as the great quantity of coins that were found in its bed about forty years ago. But, as such discoveries more properly belong to the antiquities of this place, I shall suppress all particulars for the present, till I enter professedly on my series of letters respecting the more remote history of this village and district.

THE NATURALIST'S SUMMER-EVENING WALK.

TO THOMAS PENNANT, ESQUIRE.

—“*equidem credo, quia sit divinitus illis Ingenium.*”

—*VIRG. Georg.*

When day declining sheds a milder gleam,
 What time the May fly haunts the pool or stream;
 When the still owl skims round the grassy mead,
 What time the timorous hare limps forth to feed;
 Then be the time to steal adown the vale,
 And listen to the vagrant cuckoo's tale;
 To hear the clamorous curlew call his mate,
 Or the soft quail his tender pain relate;
 To see the swallow sweep the dark'ning plain
 Belated, to support her infant train;
 To mark the swift in rapid giddy ring
 Dash round the steeple, unsubdued of wing;
 Amusive birds!—say where your hid retreat
 When the frost rages and the tempests beat;
 Whence your return, by such nice instinct led,
 When spring, soft season, lifts her bloomy head?
 Such baffled searches mock man's prying pride,
 The GOD of NATURE is your secret guide!

While deep'ning shades obscure the face of day,
 To yonder bench leaf-sheltered let us stray,
 Till blended objects fail the swimming sight,
 And all the fading landscape sinks in night;
 To hear the drowsy dorr come brushing by
 With buzzing wing, or the shrill cricket cry;
 To see the feeding bat glance through the wood;
 To catch the distant falling of the flood;
 While o'er the cliff th' awakened churn owl hung
 Through the still gloom protracts his chattering song;
 While high in air, and poised upon his wings,
 Unseen, the soft enamored wood lark sings:
 These, NATURE'S works, the curious mind employ,
 Inspire a soothing melancholy joy:
 As fancy warms, a pleasing kind of pain
 Steals o'er the cheek, and thrills the creeping vein!
 Each rural sight, each sound, each smell, combine;
 The tinkling sheep bell or the breath of kine;
 The new-mown hay that scents the swelling breeze,
 Or cottage chimney smoking through the trees.
 The chilling night dews fall:—away, retire!
 For see, the glowworm lights her amorous fire!
 Thus, ere night's veil had half obscured the sky,
 Th' impatient damsel hung her lamp on high:
 True to the signal, by love's meteor led,
 Leander hastened to his Hero's bed.

ECHOES.

SELBORNE, *Feb. 12th, 1778.*

Fortè puer, comitum seductus ab agmine fido,
 Dixerat, Ecquis adest? et, Adest, responderat Echo.
 Hic stupet; utque aciem part es divisit in omnes;
 Voce, Veni, clamat magnâ. Vocat illa vocantem.

In a district so diversified as this, so full of hollow vales and hanging woods, it is no wonder that echoes should abound. Many we have discovered that return the cry of a pack of dogs, the notes of a hunting horn, a tunable ring of bells, or the melody of birds very agreeably; but we were still at a loss for a polysyllabical articulate echo, till a young gentleman, who had parted from his company in a summer evening walk, and was calling after them, stumbled upon a very curious one in a spot where it might least be expected. At first he was

much surprised, and could not be persuaded but that he was mocked by some boy; but repeating his trials in several languages, and finding his respondent to be a very adroit polyglot, he then discerned the deception.

This echo in an evening, before rural noises cease, would repeat ten syllables most articulately and distinctly, especially if quick dactyls were chosen. The last syllables of

Tityre, tu patulæ recubans . . .

were as audibly and intelligibly returned as the first; and there is no doubt, could trial have been made, but that at midnight, when the air is very elastic, and a dead stillness prevails, one or two syllables more might have been obtained; but the distance rendered so late an experiment very inconvenient.

Quick dactyls, we observed, succeeded best; for when we came to try its powers in slow, heavy, embarrassed spondees of the same number of syllables,

Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens . . .

we could perceive a return but of four or five.

All echoes have some one place to which they are returned stronger and more distinct than to any other; and that is always the place that lies at right angles with the object of repercussion, and is not too near, nor too far off. Buildings, or naked rocks, reëcho much more articulately than hanging woods or vales; because in the latter the voice is as it were entangled, and embarrassed in the covert, and weakened in the rebound.

The true object of this echo, as we found by various experiments, is the stone-built, tiled hop kiln in Gally Lane, which measures in front forty feet, and from the ground to the eaves twelve feet. The true *centrum phonicum*, or just distance, is one particular spot in the king's field, in the path to Nore Hill, on the very brink of the steep balk above the hollow cartway. In this case there is no choice of distance; but the path, by mere contingency, happens to be the lucky, the identical spot, because the ground rises or falls so immediately, if the speaker either retires or advances, that his mouth would at once be above or below the object.

We measured this polysyllabical echo with great exactness, and found the distance to fall very short of Dr. Plot's rule for

distinct articulation ; for the Doctor, in his history of Oxfordshire, allows a hundred and twenty feet for the return of each syllable distinctly ; hence this echo, which gives ten distinct syllables, ought to measure four hundred yards, or one hundred and twenty feet to each syllable ; whereas our distance is only two hundred and fifty-eight yards, or near seventy-five feet, to each syllable. Thus our measure falls short of the Doctor's as five to eight ; but then it must be acknowledged that this candid philosopher was convinced afterwards that some latitude must be admitted of in the distance of echoes, according to time and place.

When experiments of this sort are making, it should always be remembered that weather and the time of day have a vast influence on an echo ; for a dull, heavy, moist air deadens and clogs the sound ; and hot sunshine renders the air thin and weak, and deprives it of all its springiness, and a ruffling wind quite defeats the whole. In a still, clear, dewy evening the air is most elastic ; and perhaps the later the hour the more so.

Echo has always been so amusing to the imagination, that the poets have personified her ; and in their hands she has been the occasion of many a beautiful fiction. Nor need the gravest man be ashamed to appear taken with such a phenomenon, since it may become the subject of philosophical or mathematical inquiries.

One should have imagined that echoes, if not entertaining, must at least have been harmless and inoffensive ; yet Virgil advances a strange notion that they are injurious to bees. After enumerating some probable and reasonable annoyances, such as prudent owners would wish far removed from their bee garden, he adds : —

—— aut ubi concava pulsu
Saxa sonant, vocisque offensa resultat imago.

This wild and fanciful assertion will hardly be admitted by the philosophers of these days, especially as they all now seem agreed that insects are not furnished with any organs of hearing at all. But if it should be urged, that though they cannot hear yet perhaps they may feel the repercussions of sounds, I grant it is possible they may. Yet that these impressions are distasteful or hurtful, I deny, because bees in good summers thrive well in my outlet, where the echoes are very strong ; for this village is another Anathoth, a place of responses and echoes.

Besides, it does not appear from experiment that bees are in any way capable of being affected by sounds ; for I have often tried my own with a large speaking trumpet held close to their hives, and with such an exertion of voice as would have hailed a ship at the distance of a mile, and still these insects pursued their various employments undisturbed, and without showing the least sensibility or resentment.

Some time since its discovery this echo is become totally silent, though the object, or hop kiln, remains ; nor is there any mystery in this defect ; for the field between is planted as a hop garden, and the voice of the speaker is totally absorbed and lost among the poles and entangled foliage of the hops. And when the poles are removed in autumn the disappointment is the same ; because a tall quickset hedge, nurtured up for the purpose of shelter to the hop ground, entirely interrupts the impulse and repercussion of the voice ; so that till those obstructions are removed no more of its garrulity can be expected.

Should any gentleman of fortune think an echo in his park or outlet a pleasing incident, he might build one at little or no expense. For whenever he had occasion for a new barn, stable, dog kennel, or like structure, it would be only needful to erect this building on the gentle declivity of a hill, with a like rising opposite to it, at a few hundred yards distance ; and perhaps success might be the easier insured could some canal, lake, or stream intervene. From a seat at the *centrum phonicum* he and his friends might amuse themselves sometimes of an evening with the prattle of this loquacious nymph ; of whose complacency and decent reserve more may be said than can with truth of every individual of her sex.



THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

By SAMUEL ROGERS.

[SAMUEL ROGERS: An English poet ; born at Newington Green, London, July 30, 1763 ; died in London, December 18, 1855. He was carefully educated by private tutors, and when about seventeen years old entered his father's bank, where he remained during the rest of his life, succeeding his father as proprietor in



SAMUEL ROGERS

1793. His best-known poem, "The Pleasures of Memory" (1792), passed through many editions. His other works include: "The Voyage of Columbus" (1812), "Jacqueline" (1813), "Human Life" (1819), and "Italy" (1822).]

SWEET memory, wafted by thy gentle gale,
Oft up the tide of Time I turn my sail,
To view the fairy haunts of long-lost hours,
Blest with far greener shades, far fresher flowers.

Agès and climes remote to Thee impart
What charms in Genius, and refines in Art;
Thee, in whose hand the keys of Science dwell,
The pensive portress of her holy cell;
Whose constant vigils chase the chilling damp
Oblivion steals upon her vestal lamp.

The friends of Reason, and the guides of Youth,
Whose language breathed the eloquence of Truth;
Whose life, beyond preceptive wisdom, taught
The great in conduct, and the pure in thought;
These still exist, by Thee to Fame consigned,
Still speak and act, the models of mankind.

From Thee sweet Hope her airy coloring draws;
And Fancy's flights are subject to thy laws.
From Thee that bosom spring of rapture flows,
Which only Virtue, tranquil Virtue, knows.

When Joy's bright sun has shed his evening ray,
And Hope's delusive meteors cease to play;
When clouds on clouds the smiling prospect close,
Still thro' the gloom thy star serenely glows:
Like yon fair orb, she gilds the brow of night
With the mild magic of reflected light.

The beauteous maid, that bids the world adieu,
Oft of that world will snatch a fond review;
Oft at the shrine neglect her beads, to trace
Some social scene, some dear, familiar face,
Forgot, when first a father's stern control
Chased the gay visions of her opening soul:
And ere, with iron tongue, the vesper bell,
Bursts thro' the cypress walk, the convent cell,
Oft will her warm and wayward heart revive,
To love and joy still tremblingly alive;

The whispered vow, the chaste caress prolong,
Weave the light dance, and swell the choral song;
With rapt ear drink the enchanting serenade,
And, as it melts along the moonlight glade,
To each soft note return as soft a sigh,
And bless the youth that bids her slumbers fly.

But not till Time has calmed the ruffled breast,
Are these fond dreams of happiness confest.
Not till the rushing winds forget to rave,
Is heaven's sweet smile reflected on the wave.

From Guinea's coast pursue the lessening sail,
And catch the sounds that sadden every gale.
Tell, if thou canst, the sum of sorrows there,
Mark the fixt gaze, the wild and frenzied glare,
The racks of thought, and freezings of despair!
But pause not then — beyond the western wave,
Go, view the captive bartered as a slave!
Crushed till his high, heroic spirit bleeds,
And from his nerveless frame indignantly recedes.

Yet here, even here, with pleasures long resigned,
Lo! MEMORY bursts the twilight of the mind:
Her dear delusions soothe his sinking soul,
When the rude scourge presumes its base control;
And over Futurity's blank page diffuse
The full reflection of their vivid hues.
'Tis but to die, and then, to weep no more,
Then will he wake on Congo's distant shore;
Beneath his plantain's ancient shade, renew
The simple transports that with freedom flew;
Catch the cool breeze that musky Evening blows,
And quaff the palm's rich nectar as it glows;
The oral tale of elder time rehearse,
And chant the rude, traditionary verse,
With those, the loved companions of his youth,
When life was luxury, and friendship truth.

Ah! why should Virtue dread the frowns of Fate?
Hers what no wealth can win, no power create!
A little world of clear and cloudless day,
Nor wrecked by storms, nor moldered by decay;
A world, with MEMORY's ceaseless sunshine blest,
The home of Happiness, an honest breast.

But most we mark the wonders of her reign,
When Sleep has locked the senses in her chain.
When sober Judgment has his throne resigned,
She smiles away the chaos of the mind;
And, as warm Fancy's bright Elysium glows,
From Her each image springs, each color flows.
She is the sacred guest! the immortal friend!
Oft seen o'er sleeping Innocence to bend,
In that dead hour of night to Silence given,
Whispering seraphic visions of her heaven.

When the blithe son of Savoy, roving round,
With humble wares and pipe of merry sound,
From his green vale and sheltered cabin hies,
And scales the Alps to visit foreign skies;
Tho' far below the forked lightnings play,
And at his feet the thunder dies away,
Oft, in the saddle rudely rocked to sleep,
While his mule browses on the dizzy steep,
With MEMORY's aid, he sits at home, and sees
His children sport beneath their native trees,
And bends, to hear their cherub voices call,
O'er the loud fury of the torrent's fall.

But can her smile with gloomy Madness dwell?
Say, can she chase the horrors of his cell?
Each fiery flight on Frenzy's wing restrain,
And mold the coinage of the fevered brain?
Pass but that grate, which scarce a gleam supplies,
There in the dust the wreck of Genius lies!
He whose arresting hand sublimely wrought
Each bold conception in the sphere of thought;
Who from the quarried mass, like PHIDIAS, drew
Forms ever fair, creations ever new!

But, as he fondly snatched the wreath of Fame,
The specter Poverty unnerved his frame.
Cold was her grasp, a withering scowl she wore:
And Hope's soft energies were felt no more.
Yet still how sweet the soothings of his art!
From the rude stone what bright ideas start!
Even now he claims the amaranthine wreath,
With scenes that glow, with images that breathe!
And whence these scenes, these images, declare.
Whence but from Her who triumphs o'er despair?

Awake, arise! with grateful fervor fraught,
 Go, spring the mine of elevated thought.
 He who, thro' Nature's various walks, surveys
 The good and fair her faultless line portrays;
 Whose mind, profaned by no unhallowed guest,
 Culls from the crowd the purest and the best;
 May range, at will, bright Fancy's golden clime,
 Or, musing, mount where Science sits sublime,
 Or wake the spirit of departed Time.
 Who acts thus wisely, mark the moral muse,
 A blooming Eden in his life reviews!
 So richly cultured every native grace,
 Its scanty limits he forgets to trace:
 But the fond fool, when evening shades the sky,
 Turns but to start, and gazes but to sigh!
 The weary waste, that lengthened as he ran,
 Fades to a blank, and dwindles to a span!

Ah! who can tell the triumphs of the mind,
 By truth illumined, and by taste refined?
 When Age has quenched the eye and closed the ear,
 Still nerved for action in her native sphere,
 Oft will she rise — with searching glance pursue
 Some long-loved image vanished from her view;
 Dart thro' the deep recesses of the past,
 O'er dusky forms in chains of slumber cast;
 With giant grasp fling back the folds of night,
 And snatch the faithless fugitive to light.

So thro' the grove the impatient mother flies,
 Each sunless glade, each secret pathway tries;
 Till the light leaves the truant boy disclose,
 Long on the wood moss stretched in sweet repose.

Nor yet to pleasing objects are confined
 The silent feasts of the reflective mind.
 Danger and death a dread delight inspire;
 And the bald veteran glows with wonted fire,
 When, richly bronzed by many a summer sun,
 He counts his scars, and tells what deeds were done.

Go, with old Thames, view Chelsea's glorious pile;
 And ask the shattered hero, whence his smile?
 Go, view the splendid domes of Greenwich, go;
 And own what raptures from Reflection flow.



THE THAMES BELOW LONDON BRIDGE

From a photo by G. W. Wilson & Co., Ltd., Aberdeen

Hail, noblest structures imaged in the wave!
A nation's grateful tribute to the brave.
Hail, blest retreats from war and shipwreck, hail!
That oft arrest the wondering stranger's sail.
Long have ye heard the narratives of age,
The battle's havoc, and the tempest's rage;
Long have ye known Reflection's genial ray
Gild the calm close of Valor's various day.

Time's sombrous touches soon correct the piece,
Mellow each tint, and bid each discord cease:
A softer tone of light pervades the whole,
And breathes a pensive languor o'er the soul. . . .

But is Her magic only felt below?
Say, thro' what brighter realms she bids it flow;
To what pure beings, in a nobler sphere,
She yields delight but faintly imaged here:
All that till now their rapt researches knew,
Not called in slow succession to review;
But, as a landscape meets the eye of day,
At once presented to their glad survey!

Each scene of bliss revealed, since chaos fled,
And dawning light its dazzling glories spread;
Each chain of wonders that sublimely glowed,
Since first Creation's choral anthem flowed;
Each ready flight, at Mercy's smile divine,
To distant worlds that undiscovered shine;
Full on her tablet flings its living rays,
And all, combined, with blest effulgence blaze.

There thy bright train, immortal friendship, soar;
No more to part, to mingle tears no more!
And, as the softening hand of Time endears
The joys and sorrows of our infant years,
So there the soul, released from human strife,
Smiles at the little cares and ills of life;
Its lights and shades, its sunshine and its showers;
As at a dream that charmed her vacant hours!

Oft may the spirits of the dead descend,
To watch the silent slumbers of a friend;
To hover round his evening walk unseen,
And hold sweet converse on the dusky green;

To hail the spot where first their friendship grew,
 And heaven and nature opened to their view!
 Oft, when he trims his cheerful hearth, and sees
 A smiling circle emulous to please;
 There may these gentle guests delight to dwell,
 And bless the scene they loved in life so well!

Oh thou! with whom my heart was wont to share
 From Reason's dawn each pleasure and each care;
 With whom, alas! I fondly hoped to know
 The humble walks of happiness below;
 If thy blest nature now unites above
 An angel's pity with a brother's love,
 Still o'er my life preserve thy mild control,
 Correct my views, and elevate my soul;
 Grant me thy peace and purity of mind,
 Devout yet cheerful, active yet resigned;
 Grant me, like thee, whose heart knew no disguise,
 Whose blameless wishes never aimed to rise,
 To meet the changes Time and Chance present,
 With modest dignity and calm content.
 When thy last breath, ere Nature sunk to rest,
 Thy meek submission to thy God expressed;
 When thy last look, ere thought and feeling fled,
 A mingled gleam of hope and triumph shed;
 What to thy soul its glad assurance gave,
 Its hope in death, its triumph o'er the grave?
 The sweet Remembrance of unblemished youth,
 The inspiring voice of Innocence and Truth!

Hail, MEMORY, hail! in thy exhaustless mine
 From age to age unnumbered treasures shine!
 Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
 And Place and Time are subject to thy sway!
 Thy pleasures most we feel, when most alone;
 The only pleasures we can call our own.
 Lighter than air, Hope's summer visions die,
 If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky;
 If but a beam of sober Reason play,
 Lo, Fancy's fairy frostwork melts away!
 But can the wiles of Art, the grasp of Power
 Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?
 These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,
 Pour round her path a stream of living light;
 And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,
 Where Virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest!

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